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BISHOP SMYTHIES

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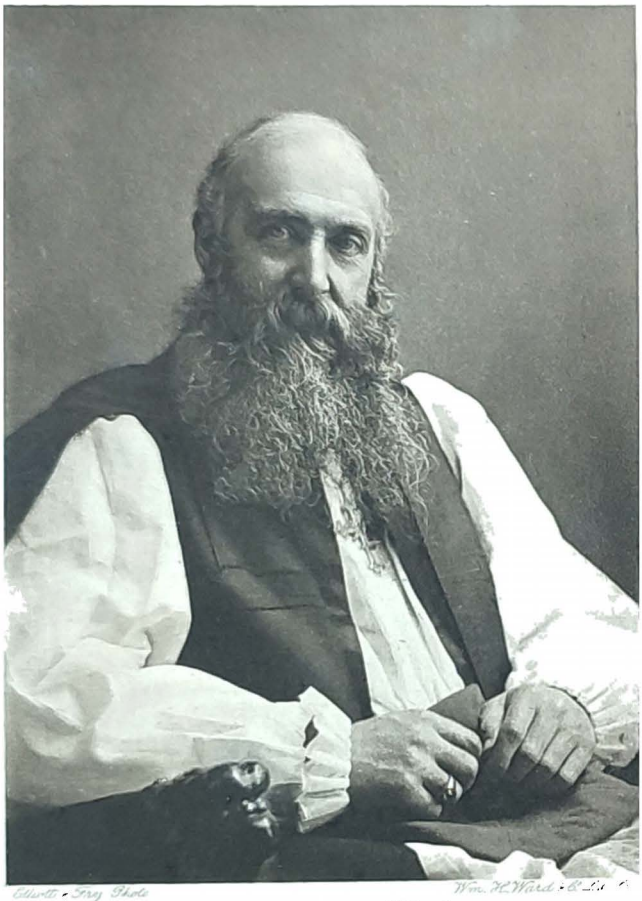

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The Life

OF

Charles Alan Smythies

BISHOP OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION

TO CENTRAL AFRICA

BY G. W.

EDITED BY

EDWARD FRANCIS RUSSELL, M.A.

ST ALBAN'S, HOLBORN

SECOND EDITION

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Office of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa

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1899

Semper quidem operæ pretium fuit illustres Sanctorum describere vitas, ut sint in speculum et exemplum, ac quoddam veluti condimentum vitæ hominum super terram. Per hoc enim quodammodo apud nos etiam post mortem vivunt, multosque ex his, qui viventes mortui sunt, ad veram provocant et revocant vitam. Verum nunc maxime id requirit raritas sanctitatis, et nostra plane ætas inops virorum.—S. BERNARDUS (*De Vita S. Malachiæ.*)

PREFACE

SOME apology is due from me to the kinsfolk and friends of Bishop Smythies, who, shortly after his death, entrusted to my care the preparation of the story of his life. I owed the honourable trust, probably, to the fact that a very intimate friendship bound me to the Bishop. He cared for me, I think: I know that I loved him, and with a love full of veneration and gratitude, so that it was a joy at all times to serve him. Such an affection for a friend is not a bad qualification for the task of telling what that friend was and did. It is the pledge of many things, yet has its limitations, as I ought to have known and now have learned. The best will in the world cannot make the day longer, nor can it give the power, if a man has it not in some degree already, of using for continuous work scraps of uncertain leisure in a life of many interruptions. And so it came to pass that at the close of last year—three years and a half after the Bishop's death—I found myself with my task still on my hands, and still far from completion. The documents had been collected, copied, and arranged, but only the first chapter was

actually written, and how the remaining chapters were to be done I could by no means tell.

At this point of my perplexity, to my great satisfaction, help appeared, and from the best possible quarter—from Africa itself. In October 1897, Miss Gertrude Ward,[1] a member of the Universities' Mission, serving as nurse at Magila, was sent home by the doctors to recruit after repeated attacks of African fever. The air of England proved so excellent a restorative that in February of this year I felt that I might without scruple appeal to her to take up and complete the task in which I had practically failed. I knew her competence—indeed all readers of *African Tidings* know it—and she had lived among the peoples among whom the Bishop lived. Miss Ward most kindly gave up for this a large part of her holiday in England. The result is in the reader's hand. With the exception of Chapter I. all is Miss Ward's work, and so careful, so skilful was the workmanship that almost nothing was left for an editor to do, save to approve. I hope the Bishop's friends will count my failure pardonable, even a 'happy fault,' since the delay has in the end brought to this memorial of the Bishop more things and better things than I had power to give.

. . . . . .

A complaint has been made against historians that they leave us, for the most part, to imagine how their heroes 'were housed and clothed, what was their manner of speech, and how they filled up the blank intervals of time between their mighty deeds.'[2] And the complaint is

[1] A sister of Mr. T. Humphry Ward.

[2] Lotze, *Microcosmus*, ii. 1.

a just one; for these and like details of everyday life bring us into relation with the doer of the mighty deeds, with the man himself, and it is the man himself that we really long to know. He is, if only we can get at him, far more interesting than his deeds: in truth the best of him may often remain unexpressed in deeds; he has lacked opportunity or has been thwarted by circumstance. We ask therefore of the historian, and in particular of the biographer, that he shall tell us not only the story of the acts and achievements of his subject, the 'stout and gallant deeds' which he wrought *en grand costume*—in full dress—upon the public stage, but also the story of his common days, in the undress of familiar life, and how he impressed those with whom his life was cast. Deeper yet, the writer will earn our gratitude who can show us something of the inner, spiritual life of his hero, the life which is the man himself, and from which all his real influence has issued as from a springing well. A careful reader will find, I think, a good deal of this kind of information, by glimpse and suggestion, throughout the following chapters. In the communications from the late Bishop Maples, the late Archdeacon Jones-Bateman, and Mr. Dale, he will find something more precise. These men had exceptional opportunities for observing the Bishop: they saw him under the most varied conditions, and under the most trying conditions; not only at his best times, but at his worst; wearied to death, stricken with fever, or a prey to the strange tricks which the East African climate plays upon the European mind. Their testimony is exceptionally valuable. In comparison with their opportunities of observing

the Bishop my own were small—they were restricted to his visits to England, when, to my happiness, he was wont for a time to be my guest. Even in this narrow area of observation some things have come under my notice which may contribute to the more defined, more complete portraiture of the man himself. I will therefore set them down as simply and as truly as I can.

Those who met the Bishop for the first time were struck at once by his commanding presence; not his stature only, but his stateliness, a manner dignified and courteous and singularly gracious. A glance at the frontispiece of this book will help those who never saw him to understand this. In height he stood about 6 feet 2 or 3 inches, but his well-proportioned limbs and body took off all appearance of tallness or burliness. An American bishop who met him at the Lambeth Conference said of him, in a sermon preached at Washington, 'He was one of the manliest men I ever looked on—the picture of manly beauty—a face loving and gentle as that of St. John.' This blending of strength and gentleness in his face and manner has been often noticed, as for instance by Canon Scott Holland, who once in public spoke of his 'imperial meekness,' his 'superb benignity.' No one who has seen the Bishop will count the description, with its seeming incongruities of attribute, an exaggeration or a paradox.

This fine physique was all that it seemed to be. Few men could equal his powers of work and endurance. Even in his curate days at Roath his walking won the admiration of his 'boys.' One of them describes his walks in terms which might stand for an exact description of his

later 'form' on the great journeys to and from Nyasa: 'With head in air and in incessant movement to this side and that, keenly observant of every passing thing, he strode ahead of us like a war-horse.' A fortnight spent with him in Cornwall, on the occasion of one of his visits to England, left with me a profound conviction of his unusual powers, and also, I may say, some sympathy with the companions of his travels. He seemed never able to pass a hill without climbing it, partly, I think, from a certain inward satisfaction at overcoming difficulty, but chiefly from the delight he took in the wide outlook and sense of space which are to be had only on the heights.

This amplitude of nature was traceable all through the man, within as well as outwardly. Everything was on a big scale, in generous measure, as if in view—as no doubt it was—of the exalted place that he was called to fill. Faber speaks of St. Vincent de Paul as the 'saint of wide-open arms, and heart capacious as a sea.' I do not wish for a moment to compare the Bishop with that great saint, but I can honestly say that I never knew a man who came nearer to this description of him. Men of very varied character and views felt themselves, at first touch, in easy, friendly, trustful relation with him. His voice and manner and whole aspect seemed to welcome them. None felt this more than those critics of great discernment in this matter—the children. They had no awe of this big man, and never scrupled to demand his entire attention to their small concerns. There was room, too, in his heart not only for those who shared his faith, or had no faith at all, but—a

harder thing—for those whose faith and methods were cast in a mould very different from his own. He could be happy with such persons, really admire their zeal and the good results of their work, and, so far as he could without sacrifice of principle, he helped them. Among his papers I find an acknowledgment of a donation to the Salvation Army, and the last cheque he ever drew was in favour of the Bible Society. His work at home generally included a visit to Ireland. It will be a surprise to some to know that his preaching and speaking were greatly appreciated there. The generous Irish people, at least the 'Church of Ireland' people, are not always so tolerant towards ecclesiastics so pronounced. What favour he won was won honestly and never at the cost of compromise. 'I cannot play the Protestant,' he said; yet he could, and did without pretence, find much in common with many who pass under that elastic name. If they loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, it was passport enough.

It is not my purpose to 'edit' my friend, but to make him known as I knew him; so I take note here of a point which may seem at variance with my claim for him. It has been said that the Bishop showed at times towards those who worked under him a certain imperiousness of temper, an impatience of contradiction and intolerance of opinion that differed from his own. It is not without interest to note that precisely the same charge was made against another great African prelate who had many characteristics in common with our Bishop—Cardinal Lavigerie. There was probably a measure of truth in the charge in the case of both. 'Je suis Basque,' said the Cardinal, 'et, à ce titre,

entêté lorsqu'il le faut.' And Bishop Smythies was wont, in his own case, to acknowledge something more than obstinacy—flashes of quick temper, some over-severity of rebuke, an irritation with prejudiced or slow-moving minds. These things did not happen often, but they did happen, and the Bishop sincerely deplored them, and on occasion would apologise for them with pathetic penitence. One who knew him well in the Roath days said of him, 'Charles Smythies was not naturally a saint, but a man with all a man's difficulties. He fought his way to the front, into calm, into maturity, by dint of sustained hard work.' The old nature lived on beneath the new, chained but not dead, and there were moments of revolt, not easily or always quelled. Also it should not be forgotten that he was set to govern, and authority must not be, so Bacon teaches us, 'facile,' yielding lightly to persuasion. He could be stern, no doubt, but behind it all there lay real tenderness, an almost womanly tenderness, that needed often but a word to fill his eyes with tears. I do not think that the Bishop could have gained his long, deep, immovable patience with the wild African nature at any price short of this bitter struggle with himself.[1]

Of his courage there is no need to speak; the evidence of it is plain enough throughout the book. Mr. Coles once asked him if he ever felt any fear of the wild beasts. He replied, 'Only once, when I got separated from the bearers' (on the way to Nyasa), 'and for two or three days we had to live on some lemon-drops, and the wine I had

[1] More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more.'—WORDSWORTH.

to celebrate with. Then I got weak, and when I heard the creatures it affected my nerves, but never at any other time.' Under even the most disconcerting circumstances he never seemed to lose his self-possession, not even at Potsdam, at the German Emperor's levee, when throughout the evening, in the midst of a brilliant throng of notabilities, he was doomed to carry everywhere his tall black hat!

In his work as Bishop, apart from the government of his huge missionary diocese, he laid most stress, I think, upon his teaching office, and next to that upon the work of the education of the native ministry. He had learned from the Gospel that the mission of a Bishop was not only to shepherd but also to feed Christ's sheep; and so he set himself to teach and preach and speak incessantly. In England he almost never refused an invitation to preach, if a free time could be found.

In the ordinary sense of the word, he would not have been called an eloquent preacher, but he was certainly a very forcible, very impressive, very persuasive preacher. As you listened to him you felt all the while that here was one whose chief concern was not so much with his ideas as with you; there was no research after choice words, or any of the common tricks of rhetoric, or any thought about himself, but simply the urgent desire to impart to you some spiritual good. He took no pains about the style[1] and garnish of his sermons; he had not the time

[1] 'A great many preachers die of style: that is, of trying to soar; when if they would only consent to go afoot, as their ideas do, they might succeed and live.'—HORACE BUSHNELL.

for this, even if he had the will. As a rule, about half an hour spent alone was all the 'proximate' preparation he could give. His subjects, naturally few in number, had become by frequent repetition very familiar to him; they were well in hand, and all he needed was to gain the grace of God to make his words profitable to those who heard him.

Whatever qualifying word should be used about his preaching, there is no doubt that, as a platform speaker upon missionary subjects, he was excellent. He had the art of putting things in a very genial, interesting, and attractive way. And then his hearers knew that he who was asking them to give their life or goods for the great cause, had himself given all he asked.[1] The aureole of sacrifice was about his person and his words, and made them exceedingly persuasive. At the great meeting of missionary bishops at St. James' Hall, at the time of the Lambeth Conference, no one was listened to more attentively or received more enthusiastic applause.

Apart from his study of Scripture and theology he read not much, and a book lasted him a long time. Of novelists his favourite was Marion Crawford, but a novel never really captured him. As a rule he preferred to make, first-hand, his own studies in men and manners, his own 'criticism of life.' Hence the 'give and take' of social intercourse were to him, as a rule, more really informing, more entertaining, and a more real refreshment than a book.

[1] The income of the Bishopric of the Universities' Mission was 300*l.* a year. Of this Bishop Smythies, during the ten years of his Episcopate, never kept a penny, but returned all to the Treasurers of the Mission.

Of all the works of the Mission the one that had, perhaps, the most cherished place in his heart was his work with the native ministry. He felt that the future of Christianity in East Africa lay with them, that Africa could only be really won to Christ by Africans. For a time a European clergy must occupy the ground, and help in the discovery and the training of those among the natives whom God is calling to the priesthood. But their work is only a temporary expedient, beset with many, almost insurmountable, difficulties—the difficulty of understanding and being understood by the native mind, the difficulty of climate, the inevitable expense of maintenance and such-like. He looked for the rise of an African Church, complete in its organisation and independent; all its sacred offices, from the highest to the lowest, filled by Africans, and its rites more rich and more adapted to the African nature than our own. His favourite resting place was his room, an upper room in the College at Kiungani, with a beautiful outlook over the sea on to the distant shore of the mainland. Here, surrounded by the young native teachers and the young aspirants for holy orders, he found his most delightful employment. He had them incessantly about him; he watched and tested their vocation, lectured to them, supervised and helped them in their studies, and guided them in their moral and spiritual life. At a public meeting in London, one of them, now a priest, speaking of his bishop, said, 'You call him, "My Lord"; I call him, "My Father"'; and the name expresses precisely the happy relation of mutual affection and mutual service which existed between these keen, intelligent young natives and their spiritual chief.

The last act of the Bishop in Africa was, on the morning of his departure from Zanzibar, to send for the four natives who were shortly to be ordained. He was then in hospital, and they knelt by his bed—his death-bed ; he had a word for each, and then he blessed them.

I cannot bring myself to speak of the inner spiritual life of the Bishop, though of course it stood as root to all he did, to all that men saw and wondered at in him. Of that inner life St. Paul has said that 'it is buried out of sight with Christ in God';[1] there it is best left, or rather it is best for me to leave it.

Of his spiritual habits, I have nothing singular to record. He was most careful to secure at least the first two hours of each morning, before the day's work began, for communion with God. In this time he celebrated the Holy Eucharist, made his Meditation, and said the Morning Office. This was his minimum of necessary provision for the day, and he was extremely unwilling to allow anything to interfere with it. During his stay with me I served him every morning at the altar of our church, and learned from him with what profound reverence and recollection a priest should accomplish this, the most sacred action of his ministry. That our Lord was present, really, truly, and substantially, in His Sacrament was one of his deepest and most cherished convictions, and in that Sacrament he found a never-failing source of strength and consolation.

It is not surprising that in a life so beset, so full of affairs, and in such incessant movement, he should feel

[1] Col. iii. 3.

the absolute necessity of an occasional escape into solitude and silence.

He shared Vinet's conviction that to be incessantly occupied with matters directly or indirectly spiritual does not by any means of necessity make a man spiritual.[1] Indeed, it were nearer to the truth to say that the result may very easily be the reverse of this. What is habitually said or done becomes in time automatic—it can go on independently of our volition—and this in spiritual things is fatal. As a measure of self-protection the Bishop, not content with his annual Retreat, was wont from time to time to disappear into some religious house, there in quiet to review his ideals, his methods, and motives, and to refresh his sense of the unseen, eternal things.

I dare not hope that this little Memoir will satisfy the love of those who knew the Bishop. In their memory he lives as something greater, nobler, more lovable—more human, more divine—than all that we have told of him. This is inevitable. How can we recapture and detain in words a life that has gone from us, especially a life so full, so rich, so fine as his? These men of God are His good gift in particular to their own generation; they bloom for their hour, then disappear, but their influence remains

[1] Il faut avouer que notre activité extérieure, loin de suffire à entretenir en nous la flamme sacrée, menace de l'éteindre. Qui ne connaît, pour l'avoir éprouvé, l'inévitable effet de l'habitude? L'habitude peut nous rendre chers et nécessaires toutes sortes d'objets; mais elle ne nous apprend pas à les respecter; son effet le plus essentiel est même d'user le respect. . . . La crainte et l'étonnement, qui sont des éléments du respect, s'effacent peu à peu avec la nouveauté; et si quelque devoir, quelque position particulière nous oblige à des rapports fréquents avec un être, avec une idée, avec un nom, l'effet dont nous parlons s'accomplit avec une effrayante rapidité.—A. VINET.

merged in the common stock, interfused through the common air, antiseptic, quickening, fragrant. Let us thank God that He has given to our own time, in the person of Charles Alan Smythies, a great missionary, one of the manliest of men, a deeply religious and entirely fearless Catholic Bishop.

E. F. RUSSELL.

ST. ALBAN'S, HOLBORN.
November 1898.

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BISHOP SMYTHIES

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD—SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE—CURATE AND VICAR

1844-1884

CHARLES ALAN SMYTHIES was born in London on August 6, 1844. His father, the Rev. Charles Norfolk Smythies, Vicar of St. Mary, The Walls, Colchester, had married Isabella, the daughter of Admiral Sir Eaton Travers, of Great Yarmouth. Their life together was, however, of short duration, for in December 1847 he died of consumption, leaving three little boys—Henry, who died in his ninth year ; Charles Alan, the subject of this Memoir ; and Palmer, who later on entered the Navy, and is living still. Isabella Travers is described as a beautiful girl, with deep religious instincts. One who knew her intimately remembers still her singular reverence for holy things, her quiet confidence in prayer, and, later on, her devotion to the religious training of her children. After the death of her husband she stayed on at Colchester for some years, and during the latter part of this time Charles went to

school at Felstead. In or about the year 1857, Mrs. Smythies moved with her children to Swanage, to be near her brother, the Rev. Robert Duncan Travers, Rector of Swanage, but partly also to gain for her children the advantages of the kindlier air of the Dorset coast. In 1858 she married the Rev. George Alston, Rector of the neighbouring parish of Studland, and this beautiful spot became henceforth the home of the boys. It would have been difficult to have found for them anywhere lovelier or more delightful or more healthful surroundings. The inhabited portion of the parish is shut off from Swanage by smooth downs that mount, ridge beyond ridge, in huge undulations up to a considerable height, affording from their highest ridge a superb view seawards and landwards. The village itself, housing in scattered cottages some six hundred souls, lies in a hollow of these downs ; and here, screened from the winds, and, as it were, in the focus of the sunshine, every green thing grows luxuriantly. Lofty and well-formed trees overarch the paths, and the picturesque cottages, with their roofs of thatch or stone, are draped, from chimney-top to foot, with climbing plants. In the centre of the village, at the meeting-point of many shady paths, is the ancient church of St. Nicholas, patron of sailors. This building dates back as far as the twelfth century ; it is pure Norman, very simple in plan—a nave and tiny chancel with a dwarf tower rising from the roof at the point where nave and chancel meet. Time has weathered the stone into a beautiful pearly grey, dappled here and there with rich brown stains of iron, and the green and gold of fern and moss. The churchyard is disposed in irregular fashion

on the steep slope of the hill; two yew trees of great age stand to the west, and beneath their shadow lie the graves of George Alston and his wife. Stately elms twine arms all about the boundary of the churchyard, but leave openings here and there, with glimpses of blue sea. The old circular font still remains within the church, and in the tower the ancient bells, and owls, as ancient in their lineage as the tower itself.

The rectory near by is a modern gabled building, with no pretence to beauty, save for the long tresses of the creepers which clothe its walls. From it a winding path descends somewhat rapidly to the shore of Studland Bay, its beach of fine, loose sand that the wind lifts easily into smoke-like clouds. This shore extends northwards in a gentle curve for two or more miles to the mouth of Poole Harbour, and southwards and seawards for about a mile, when it ends abruptly in a rocky headland. At the northern extremity of the parish is a broad belt of moorland, raised but little above the level of the sea. It is remarkable for the variety and perfection of its moorland plants—the Osmunda, for instance, which grows breast-high in broad patches. A mere of considerable extent, silent and tranquil, and surrounded by an almost impenetrable tangle of brushwood, forms a very paradise for the wild birds which build their nests in safety among the tall reeds. Grey herons wade sedately in the shallows, and gulls and wild duck rest on its quiet surface, or wheel at their ease overhead. There could scarcely be a more charming playground for a lad of spirit who had a taste for natural objects. As a matter of fact, it was much more

than this to Charles Smythies, for here he learned many things of inestimable value to him in later years. The spot presented in miniature many of the features of his future African diocese—the sea-shore, the swamp, and the tangled bush, in which it is so difficult to make one's way, and so easy to get lost. In this place he was able to gain considerable experience in woodcraft and in the ways of wild creatures, and to learn how to use eyes and hands and feet. He became an excellent shot, and in his boat could beat into Poole Harbour when older boatmen shook their heads at the weather. And all this knowledge proved eventually of the greatest service to him, not only relieving and giving interest to his long, lonely, monotonous journeys in Africa, but enabling him on many occasions to pilot his caravans, and save them from threatened disaster.

Those who love to trace the hand of God in the fortunes of men will see it not only in this, but also in the fact that, when the time came to choose a school for the boy, his parents were led to the grammar school of Milton Abbas, at that time under the care of the Rev. James Penny.[1] Charles Smythies could scarcely have come under a happier or more really educative influence, and in later years he was never tired of telling how much he owed to the affection and wise methods of his master. At a time when, in most schools, everything was sacrificed to intellectual distinction, Mr. Penny—himself a scholar, and loving scholarship—had the courage to give the first

[1] The Rev. James Penny, Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, Rector of Stapleton.

place to character and physique. An excellent naturalist, he possessed the art of inspiring his pupils with his own love of natural things, and with the desire to come into closer and more intelligent relationship with all they saw about them. And this contact with 'wild and fair Nature' he counted as one of the most efficient instruments of real training. Thanks to his happy methods, a delicacy which Charles Smythies inherited from his father entirely disappeared, and the spare, weed-like form of an overgrown boy filled out gradually into that fine commanding presence which made him always conspicuous among men, and won for him in later times the admiration and the homage of his African flock. School life at Milton Abbas developed also in him a manly English delight in adventure, in difficult tasks and feats of endurance, and a certain dignified self-possession which never forsook him.

The Rev. A. E. Eaton, one of his schoolfellows, recalls his simple, undemonstrative piety at Milton Abbas:

> It showed itself more in act than in words, though he could speak out plainly enough when occasion required. Religion without cant pervaded his daily life, and controlled his actions unobtrusively; it was shown in his forbearance when provoked, in his diligent application to work, and in his thoughtfulness for other people. Always good-natured, if he chanced to meet a child fetching water from a spring, or an old man toiling up a hill with a bundle of sticks, he would ease him of his load, and carry it to his cottage door. He was above talking 'goody-goody,' and hardly ever mentioned religious subjects, except maybe in discussing the preacher's sermon on the way from church. Those who seemed to preach only because they had to say something were duly distinguished from those who preached and really had

something to say. On several occasions he gave timely counsel and advice to younger boys in matters of right and wrong, and helped them to retrieve their characters and to regain self-respect as well as the esteem of others. There was no trouble at this school about kneeling for private prayer in the bedrooms; everyone did that. But Smythies, unlike most of his fellows, had the habit of reading the Bible on his own account daily, lingering for the purpose in the schoolroom with imposition-writers, when the breakfast-bell rang. Others adopted the same practice whose good influence as laymen or clerics is now widely extended. By the time that he was head of the school, swearing had come to be reckoned 'bad form,' and the dread of his hand had caused bullying to cease. At most games he was a fairly good player, especially at hockey and football; but a fondness for Natural History often led him far away from the cricket field. He and his *fidus Achates* were privileged to go wherever they pleased for walks, to botanise and entomologise, on the understanding that they would abstain from bird's-nesting, this being tabooed on account of complaints from landowners. Their wanderings on whole holidays extended from twenty to thirty miles, and sometimes involved swimming across the Stour with their clothes tied in bundles on their heads. Some of the masters shared the same tastes for Natural History, especially Mr. Penny, and enjoyed the joke of being shown specimens of local plants and insects which they knew without asking must have come from Lord So-and-so's park or Squire Somebody's preserves. For winter he had other hobbies, such as led him to commanding hills and the chief places of interest around Blandford, and in the course of his rambles many were the country churches visited and searched for ancient brasses, bits of Saxon work, and all sorts of precious relics of the past. Music was not one of his strong points. His renderings of 'Auld lang syne' and 'God save the Queen' were things to be remembered.

The time spent at Milton Abbas school was one of the happiest memories of the Bishop's life. It often came

back upon him in the African forest, and he would write long and interesting letters to his old master, describing the strange forms of vegetation and of animal life that came under his notice, and sometimes would send a contribution to the school museum.

Mrs. Penny writes of the time spent under their roof:

He lived the life of an ordinary English schoolboy, ever a general favourite with all from his warm and loving heart and most sympathetic nature, always an observer of persons and things, with good judgment and sound common-sense; very tolerant to the failings of others and humble in his opinion of himself, not especially a scholar, yet rising to be head of the school before he left to go to Trinity, Cambridge, in October 1863.

In later years he frequently paid visits to his old school. Once he had to pass it in the train without stopping. He wrote afterwards to Mrs. Penny:

I looked out lovingly and longingly to catch every wood and every bit of road and river. They came back to me like old friends, with a shade of something rather sad, though not unpleasantly so.

The holidays were, of course, spent at Studland. An attempt to glean some memories of the Bishop's boyhood from the Studland cottagers was not conspicuously successful. Very few indeed are living still who knew him there. Of these the most hopeful was one who had been formerly cook at the rectory. We found her in a charming cottage, a miracle of dainty cleanliness, fresh and sweet; but the past was a faded picture to the old lady, and she could contribute no more to this Memoir than the fact that 'Master Charlie were a rare 'un to lay abed a-mornings!'

In October 1863 Smythies went up to Cambridge and entered at Trinity College. It would be interesting if we could make out the part that his Cambridge life played in shaping him for his future work, but unfortunately there is almost no information to be had. The wise freedom of his school life, and the trustfulness of his masters, had doubtless prepared him for the larger freedom and graver responsibilities of the university. The religious training of home and school helped him also, beyond doubt, to keep his feet steady and his soul untarnished in the perilous springtide of life, when a man finds himself at the parting of the ways, face to face with aims and ideals diverse as heaven and hell. It is a dazzling and bewildering and fateful experience. And the turning to the right or left is determined often by the most trivial circumstance—the accident of a place in hall or in the boat, or a room upon a particular staircase. The intellectual enthusiasms and ambitions of a university are for some a great safeguard; they furnish an absorbing interest which at least reduces a man's leisure, and often his inclinations to go astray. To others, athletics give wholesome occupation; they train men to endure, and help towards mastery over the animal that is in us all. There is no evidence that Smythies was greatly occupied with either. He did his work honestly and steadily, and in the secret 'forge and workshop' of his soul met the inevitable struggles of young manhood, and stood fast. The few reminiscences of his time at Cambridge agree in this, that he lived a quiet, blameless, serious, yet buoyant life, in no way conspicuous, or, as one of his friends puts it, 'with none of those extremes

of vice or virtue which make a biography interesting.' His chief recreation seems to have been in taking long walks. This was a characteristic of his boyhood, and remained so throughout life.

What spiritual influences touched him at Cambridge we know but imperfectly. There was no dearth at that time of men of religious mind amongst the dons and clergy of the town ; but they were strangely inaccessible to us, strangely silent, strangely shy of saying anything of a spiritual sort by way of warning or encouragement to the undergraduates. We were much thrown back upon ourselves, and our experiments were often more creditable to our heart than to our judgment. Evangelical parents were wont to arm their sons with an introduction to Mr. Clayton of Caius, a good man, upon whom a portion of the mantle of Charles Simeon had fallen. The letter would be duly presented and as duly honoured by an invitation to breakfast, and there, for the larger number of course, the matter ended. For those whom it was the fashion of the time to call ' muscular Christians,' there were the occasional visits of Charles Kingsley. Men read his books with enthusiasm, and applauded his lectures, and listened to his sermons with an attention that they gave to no one else. It was a wholesome, bracing, stimulating influence, but I do not think that it touched Smythies directly. The ' High Church ' undergraduate had not much choice of spiritual guides. The only organisation for his religious benefit was the ' Theological Society ' (S. T. C.), at that time under the presidency of the Rev. George Williams, senior Fellow of King's, a man of great learning and real piety, and pro-

foundly interested in the Eastern Church. Those of us who had the courage to brave out the frost of a far from encouraging manner found at last beneath it a warm and sympathetic heart. At his rooms we met from time to time for prayer and the study of theology, and—so far as our awe of him allowed—for discussion. From time to time also he invited us to meet and hear various distinguished persons who had been to us but famous names only. On one occasion Tischendorff charmed us with the story of his discovery of the *Codex Sinaiticus*; on another the Count de Vogüé discoursed to us on the ancient Christian cities of Central Syria, and showed us the plates of his interesting book. Amongst other noteworthy visitors I remember Dr. Pusey, who impressed us profoundly, first of all by being so totally unlike what we expected him to be, and then by his singular and beautiful humility. Smythies belonged to this society, and shared with us its good influences. I expect that Stephen Bridge,[1] a Trinity man of his own standing, introduced him there. It was to him that Smythies owed his first distinct realisation of the Church as the Body of Christ, and the sacraments as the channels of divine grace.

In 1867 he took his degree, and for a year or so after his degree was engaged in teaching a young man, with whom he travelled on the Continent.

In October 1868 he went to the theological college at Cuddesdon, and at once became, what he continued to be until the close of his life, the devoted disciple and friend of

[1] The present Vicar of St. Paul's, Herne Hill.

its most winning Principal, Dr. King, the present Bishop of Lincoln. It is a dangerous thing for a Cuddesdon man of the period from 1863 to 1873 to start upon the subject of 'the Principal.' We are full of memories, full of the sense of deepest obligation to one who always seemed to us the living embodiment of those great ideals of priestly love and sacrifice and holiness, which, at his feet, we learned to revere and long after. It is not easy to speak of such things with soberness. Let it suffice to say that Smythies counted his friendship with Dr. King as one of the very best of the good gifts of God. Many of us landed in Cuddesdon more or less like wild birds, fresh from the unlimited freedom and unlimited self-pleasing of our university, to find ourselves in an atmosphere of a wholly new, and, at first, by no means wholly satisfying order. It was a wonder to see how soon the wild birds settled down to the restraints of ordered life, ordered prayer and work, and worship and play—how soon they came to find the yoke sweet. After the grace of God, it was the magic of 'the Principal's' personal influence that worked this wonder. Smythies gained much in his year at Cuddesdon, both in self-discipline and in spiritual power. He brought in also his own personal contribution to the tone and style of the place, to that sum and product of many influences which together made the college just the happiest, helpfullest place in all the world. The Rev. V. S. S. Coles,[1] who was a contemporary of Smythies, writes :

Certainly, at that time, Cuddesdon was not wanting in liveli-

[1] The present Librarian of Pusey House.

ness. It could not have been, while George Swinny[1] was a student ; and amongst those who gave opportunity to his bright and boyish wit, the future Bishop must be included. No two men could have been more suited to play off, by contrast and repartee, each other's characteristic points ; no two were more united in that depth of character, which, crowned by grace, led them both to give their lives to Africa. But it would have been a great mistake to think that Smythies' peculiarity meant nothing more than this. As the eldest of a large double family, he had, while quite young, been somewhat fatherly in his home relations, and he became the trusted friend of more than one younger or weaker than himself at Cuddesdon.

In 1869 Smythies was ordained deacon, and priest in 1871, serving his first curacy at Great Marlow. Here he stayed nearly three years, devoting himself chiefly to the boys. It was here that he made the acquaintance of one to whom through all his later life he looked up as to a mother—Mrs. Wethered.

Whenever during his episcopate he had to come to England, he never failed to spend at least some days with this friend of his early ministerial life. Weakened with fever and wearied by his great journeys to the lake, he turned to her for shelter, and in her home and beautiful garden, and in the affectionate care of the whole household, found perfect rest and refreshment.

In 1872 Smythies accepted the invitation of the Rev. F. W. Puller to join him in his new work at Roath, Cardiff. The two men had been contemporaries at Trinity, Cambridge, but had only known each other slightly ; their intimacy, so full of profit to Smythies, and

[1] Rev. George Swinny died in Nyasaland, 1887.

I doubt not, to his vicar also, began at Cardiff. Mr. Puller had just been appointed Vicar of Roath, and found himself face to face with problems and tasks of no ordinary difficulty. The town was entering upon that extraordinary transformation which in a few years has raised it from a position of merely local importance to its present distinguished place as the successful rival of the ancient port of Bristol. In 1872 the parish of Roath numbered 7,000 inhabitants; it has now 40,000. One who knew it well at this time writes:

> This rapid growth and varied immigration made it more like a colonial town than any other place in the United Kingdom. . . . Probably in no place in England was the English Church so weak numerically.

Such a condition of things offered special difficulties and special opportunities to the work of the clergy. But it needed a man of faith and courage and patience, and of more than common ability, to face it with any hope of success. Mr. Puller brought all this to his formidable task, and the people of Roath did not take long to discover it and respond to it. They found in him a rare maturity of mind and character, a treasury of exact and varied learning, and, best of all, a deep spirituality and a deep concern for the souls of men. It will surprise no one to hear that Smythies counted it a joy and an inspiration to serve under such a chief. From the first he looked up to him and obeyed him with the utmost confidence, submitted all his plans to him, and even as Bishop leant upon him as the wisest of his counsellors. In his turn Smythies placed at his Vicar's disposal a force and volume

of practical ability without which his influence upon the parish would have been far less effective. The two men were complemental to each other, as hand to soul and soul to hand. Mr. Puller taught with great ability from the pulpit, in classes, at meetings, and in his study. Smythies carried the message out into the crowded streets and lanes of the city; he was continually in the parish, visiting from house to house, and thus bringing influence to bear upon a great number of persons. In particular he devoted himself to the boys; he loved to have them about him, threw himself enthusiastically into all their interests, their work, and their play, taught them individually with the utmost care and patience, and went after them if they strayed, refusing to be refused. One of his old boys[1] relates of him that he never stooped to compromise or to abate the claims of truth and duty in order to retain the affection of his lads, but told them the simple truth, in plain, unadorned speech, without hesitation and without apology. To glide gracefully over the points of faith and duty which happened for the moment to be unpopular, to let them drop into the background, or to veil them in a mist of generalities, was a form of prudence which he detested He was never content to leave a principle 'in the air' and unapplied. When, for instance, he was teaching his lads the Christian duty of self-denial, he did not hesitate to claim from them, poor though they were, specific acts of sacrifice. He taught them to keep Lent and Fridays, to make their confession, and to communicate regularly and frequently.

[1] Mr. A. E. Hooper, plasterer, of Roath, to whom I am indebted for many interesting reminiscences, condensed into the few lines here given.

It was this habit of straight, frank speech—one element of his conspicuous manliness—that gained for him the ear and heart of the men of the parish. They flocked to the special services that he arranged for them, and were content to give up part of the precious dinner-hour to listen to his preaching in their workshops.

The happy partnership in work was at last broken in 1880 by Mr. Puller's resignation. He resigned in order that he might enter the religious community of St. John, Cowley; but not before he knew that the patrons of the living were willing to appoint Smythies in his place. This softened the blow to many who were pained at the prospect of the loss of one to whom they owed so much, and clergy and people accepted their new vicar with entire loyalty, as one whose worth they had tested, and who might be expected to build without break upon the deep and solid foundations which Mr. Puller had laid with such patient self-restraint. In this new position of responsibility Smythies began at once to show signs of those gifts of generalship which found their full development in his later work as Bishop. New organisations for different classes of persons were started, and fuller expression was given to the great Catholic truths which for eight years the people had been sedulously taught. He began the daily Eucharist, and the children's Eucharist, and added much to the beauty and solemnity of public worship. After a Mission he founded a little Home and Work of Mercy, and committed it to the care of the East Grinstead Sisters. The Home has worked much good, and is still flourishing.

Meanwhile the rapid growth of the population demanded imperatively the building of a new church. Smythies threw himself with all his abounding energy into the distasteful work of begging. He would sit up night after night, and far into the night, writing appeals, and made many expeditions to various towns and country houses to plead the claims of his people. The stately church of St. German's remains as the abiding fruit of his zealous labour.

Amongst the organisations which he started was an association in support of foreign Missions.

Roath Missionary Association (writes his friend and colleague, the Rev. J. E. Dawson,)[1] was one of those on which he bestowed special interest and attention. During the long vacancy in the Bishopric of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, which followed the death of Bishop Steere, Mr. Smythies made it a rule in the meetings of the Missionary Association to have special intercession offered for the appointment of a fitting successor.

It occurred to no one to suspect in what way God would answer that prayer.

In the middle of July 1883 he received a letter from the Bishop of London, offering him the bishopric of the Universities' Mission:

I well know (the Bishop writes) the sacrifice which the acceptance of such an offer demands, but I doubt whether there is another Missionary field so full of hope and interest. . . . The interest in it at home is great and growing; and it is the object of many prayers.

[1] Now Vicar of St. Saviour's, Cardiff.

To this Smythies sent at once the following characteristic refusal:

My Lord,—In answer to your letter received to-day, I feel that I can say at once that in many ways I am not fitted for the post which you wish to offer me. But I am intensely interested in the Central African Mission, and I do think that to be its Bishop is to fill one of the most honourable posts in Christendom. Such being my feeling, and your Lordship having offered that post to me, who feel myself entirely incompetent, perhaps I may venture to say that I do know of one man who is admirably fitted for the office of Bishop of Central Africa in every way, and on whom I think every pressure ought to be put to induce him to accept it—I mean the Rev. F. W. Puller, who is now at the Cape, and who gave up the incumbency of this parish to join the Society of St. John the Evangelist, solely, I believe, from his zeal for Mission work, and especially Mission work abroad. I have every means of knowing Mr. Puller's character, as I worked with him and lived in the same house with him for two years in this place. During that time he won a place in the confidence and respect of the late venerable Bishop of Llandaff, and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him to a very high degree. For Christian courtesy and tact, for wide theological reading, for the power of study in the midst of distractions, for intense belief in Missions and zeal on their behalf, I certainly have never met anyone superior to Mr. Puller; added to these he has a fair and calm judgment and is a good classical scholar, reading the Fathers in the original with ease, and speaking French like a native, and therefore presumably having the power of acquiring languages. Mr. Puller has also the gift of attracting men to himself and keeping them loyal to him. Few parishes are more fortunate in their staff of clergy than this. There are seven clergy, three of whom work without stipend. Three have been here for some years besides myself. I dare say I may get some credit for this, but it is really due to Mr. Puller. It was he who made the work attractive—three of our staff having

worked as my fellow-curates under him, and two others—the only two who have left the parish in eleven years—leaving for important reasons, and for posts of responsibility. And if, my Lord, you were to ask any one of us who have worked with Mr. Puller, or the clergy of the Rural Deanery who used to listen to him, or the people here who know and love him, there is not one I believe who could not say that Mr. Puller is in every way fitted for the office of Bishop of Central Africa. It is very seldom indeed that any man can be found to unite scholarly refinement with missionary zeal and power of influence to the degree in which they are united in Mr. Puller, and it seems to us a very sad thing if so important a post should be given to inferior men when we believe it would be so exactly to the taste of one so well fitted to fill it. My Lord, I trust you will forgive my having used your offer to me as a permission to say so much, and I hope you will believe it is only from a most sincere desire that the best man should be secured for the Mission. I can only say this, that if circumstances were such as to make me think it my duty to leave the post to which God has called me at the present time, I can think of no other post which would have a greater claim upon me than that of Chaplain to Mr. Puller if he were called to the Bishopric of Central Africa.

I remain, my Lord, with earnest prayer that God may guide your Lordship and those who have the choice,

Your obedient Son and Servant,

C. A. SMYTHIES.

Smythies followed up his appeal on behalf of Fr. Puller by a visit to Cowley, but to his disappointment Fr. Benson, at that time Superior of the Society of St. John, gave him no encouragement. The Committee of the Mission had therefore to recommence their search for another name to submit to the Bishop of London. They needed a man of many and singular qualifications; such men are rare, and

of these rarities none seemed willing or able to accept the perilous honour. In their extremity they returned to Smythies, and begged him to reconsider his decision. This he consented to do, for the months of fruitless search and waiting had been fruitful at least in this, they had supplied him with a new indication of the will of God. He besought the prayers and counsel of his friends, and finally wrote to the Bishop accepting the sacred charge. An account of his acceptance he communicated in a letter to his flock in the Parish Magazine:

You will know by this time (he wrote) that I have been called away from here, where I have been with you so long. I had thought that there was nothing which would make it seem my duty to leave Roath, and I looked forward, if it so pleased God, to spending my life amongst you. In such a quickly growing population I knew there must be change and rearrangements, but I still thought I should pass my days in some part of this parish. But God seems to wish it otherwise, and you know the great point of our religion is to find out God's will, and make that our own. I shrank very much indeed from the thought of leaving you when I was first asked to do so ; but a summons came again in such a way that I could not refuse to listen, and, as all the obstacles which I foresaw were removed, I began to think that it must be God's will that I should go.

After explaining the arrangements which had been made with regard to his successor, and the work of the parish, he continued :

If God is calling me, He will not let anyone really suffer by my obeying that call. As to myself, it does not very much matter where we live or how long we live, if we only try to live nobly and obediently.

Charles Alan Smythies was consecrated Bishop on St. Andrew's Day, 1883, at St. Paul's Cathedral, by the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Bishops of Llandaff, London, Oxford, Carlisle, Bedford, and Bishop Tozer (the predecessor of Bishop Steere in the Central African Mission) assisting. The sermon was preached by Dr. King, who at the close of his sermon thus referred to his work at Roath:

The ability and assiduity with which you presided over a parish of more than twenty thousand souls; the faithfulness and wisdom with which you declared to them the whole counsel of God; the patience, tenderness, and courage with which as a priest of God you laboured to set free and teach individual souls; the respect, gratitude, and love which clergy and laity, rich and poor, have long felt for you, and recently, on more than one occasion, made known; the simplicity and self-forgetting trustfulness with which you have given yourself to this new service, to serve your Lord, not knowing, not questioning, what the future of your life or death may be: all this, and more, gives us good ground for hoping that you will go to your new and harder work supported by the prayers of many hearts, and encouraged by the evidence God has already given you of His presence with you and His love.

The Bishop returned to Roath to bid farewell to his friends.

When I speak and think of 'home' (he said), Roath is the place that I shall always mean—the place of happiest memories and most sacred associations, of many blessings sent by God to help me.

He left Roath on January 14, and on the 16th sailed for Africa.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, ZANZIBAR.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST YEAR'S SURVEY

1884

BISHOP SMYTHIES with a large party left England on January 16, 1884, and after a prosperous voyage, which gave him his first experience of the charm of Oriental sights, reached Zanzibar on February 25. The approach to this beautiful island has been often described by travellers. As the ship draws near, a brilliant picture is spread forth—a picture in which stately buildings of dazzling whiteness stand out clear and sharp against the deep blue sky, whilst waving palms and vivid green bushes, smooth blue sea and red shore are aglow in the rich warmth of a tropical sun and the clearness of an atmosphere that knows no smoke or fog. Probably, on drawing near the harbour, the Bishop looked eagerly for the slender spire of Christ Church Cathedral, which, though standing far back in the town, can be seen from the sea, raising its silent testimony to the triumph of Christianity over slavery. As the steamer anchored, the usual noisy, busy clatter of landing began. Amid the countless crowd of boats swarming round the ship's sides came two large boats, containing the Mission clergy and some laymen, to meet

the Bishop and his companions, and the greeting between the old workers and the new, amidst the deafening noise of chattering, shrieking, gesticulating natives, officials, sailors, porters, the scramble for luggage and the rush for boats in the blazing heat of a February noon, was to the Bishop the first of many subsequent similar experiences.

Arrived on shore, the party made their way through the strange Oriental alleys that in Zanzibar count for streets, penetrating through a maze of dirty, narrow ways gay with bazaars and shops, and crowded with jostling representatives of every nationality—soldiers, slaves, police, and traders, Persians, Egyptians, and Goanese, stately Arabs, rich Indians, merry Swahilis, graceful women in bright flowing garments bearing baskets or water jars on their heads—till at length they reached the head-quarters of the Mission, the clergy-house that in those days stood close to the Cathedral. Here were assembled the remaining members of the Mission staff, together with the boys from Kiungani and the girls from Mbweni. The excitement of the children, their picturesque appearance and bright colouring, the enthusiasm of clergy and laity, the evident joy of all at possessing once more, after the lapse of eighteen months,[1] a Bishop to guide the work of the Church —all this formed an impressive welcome, which the Bishop did not fail to appreciate. Evensong in the Cathedral that day and the choral Eucharist next morning, offered in thanksgiving for the Bishop's safe arrival, made, as such services cannot fail to make on every new-comer, a profound impression on Bishop Smythies. 'How many

[1] Bishop Steere died August 27, 1882.

people in England would give anything to be present at such a service as we had to-night!' he exclaimed on the evening after his arrival.

Let us think for a moment what it meant in the history of the world and in the history of the Church of Christ. Only a few years before, that site had been the scene of an open slave-market, 'rows of men, women, and children, sitting and standing, and salesmen passing in and out amongst them, examining them, handling them, chaffering over them, bandying their filthy jokes about them, and worse scenes still going on in all the huts around.'[1] For centuries this had been going on, for centuries these people had been torn from their homes in the interior and carried by the Arabs for sale to Zanzibar. This was the last open slave-market in the world, and when, owing to the influence of the English Government, the market was closed, Bishop Steere did not rest until he had acquired its very site as the head-quarters of Christianity. A member of the Universities' Mission bought the land, and it was Bishop Steere's triumphant achievement to erect upon it that noble church which now so impressed Bishop Smythies and which has astonished travellers of all nationalities.[2]

[1] *Memoir of Bishop Steere*, p. 131.

[2] 'Past the Indian streets and the thatched native huts, we turned a corner suddenly. The scene changed as if by magic. In the midst of this wretched poverty and the crowded, dirty, odorous Indian bazaars and Arab dust-heaps, one suddenly comes upon a corner of England itself in the full flower of its culture. Amazement, admiration, and national jealousy overwhelmed me at this surprising sight. "Ah, if only *we* had got as far as this!" I cried. "We shall have to wait a few decades yet," said my companion laughingly, "that represents English money and many years' work."' *Reiseskizzen*. Frl. von Bülow, 1887.

Writing soon after his arrival, he says:

There are continually a good many Mohammedans and outsiders at our services, standing at the bottom of the church. The very sight of the choir of black boys singing every day in the grand, lofty church, which is so fitting a memorial of the work of the great Bishop who lies buried there, must have its effect. . . . The church is really fine and dignified, and this house is close to it. . . . Sometimes I go to Mbweni, four or five miles off, a beautiful place where the school for girls and the village for people rescued from slavers is. It is an old Arab house added to, with a large mango before the door, and the sea seen between the cocoa-nut trees. Then half-way there is the other boys' school at Kiungani, where there are bigger boys and a greater number. . . . Considering that this is the hottest month, I have not felt the heat as much as I expected. Everything is new and strange. Some of the flowers are beautiful. The mangoes are very fine trees and the fruit very good and exceedingly plentiful, as are pines and bananas. I expect to be here for the present. Two Arabs have called to see me and made courteous speeches through an interpreter. I am to preach to the natives by that means on Sunday morning. I am feeling very well, thanks to God's great goodness.

After being so long without episcopal guidance, the Mission naturally presented many anxious questions for decision. Chief amongst these questions in Zanzibar was the industrial training of those boys and girls who were by nature more fitted for manual than for intellectual work. Bishop Steere had already contemplated changes in this direction, but it was left to Bishop Smythies to take the first step. He therefore drew up plans for the removal of the industrial boys from Kiungani College to another house, and their training in definite trades to which they could be apprenticed in the town; and for the

girls he advised house, laundry, and field work for those who were not likely to become teachers. The industrial side of the Mission, which began thus, was afterwards more fully developed, and has since become a marked feature of the Universities' Mission, as distinguished from certain other African Missions. For experience has proved that an African, if partly civilised and not taught the value of work, rapidly deteriorates into an idle and vain imitation of a European, a less attractive and less profitable member of society than he was before he learnt to read.[1]

But the Bishop did not wait in Zanzibar to see his plans fully carried out. Anxious to visit as soon as possible the distant parts of his vast diocese, he started at the end of March with Archdeacon Farler and Mr. Travers for the Usambara country, intending to spend Easter at Magila. Then began the first of those journeys on the mainland, in which the Bishop's great physical strength and remarkable powers of endurance were a constant source of wonder to his less gifted fellow-workers. The crossing from Zanzibar to Pangani was full of the delays and *contretemps* that almost invariably accompany

[1] Sir Harry Johnston, criticising certain British Missions in Africa, writes: 'You may find it hard to take an interest in or suppress a repugnance for the hulking youths or plump girls who, instead of being—as they ought to be—engaged in hard, wholesome manual labour, are dawdling and yawning over slate and primer, and in whose faces sensual desires struggle for expression with hypocritical sanctimoniousness.'—*British Central Africa*, p. 198. And in considering the influence of Missions as a whole on the African races: 'Almost invariably it has been to missionaries that the natives of Interior Africa have owed their first acquaintance with the printing press, the turning lathe, the mangle, the flat-iron, the saw-mill, and the brick mould. Industrial teaching is coming more and more into favour, and its immediate results in British Central Africa have been most encouraging.'—*Ibid.* p. 205.

African travelling: the start postponed, the engines broken down, the boat aground on the bar, the tide adverse—such little incidents are noted in the Bishop's account of this journey, and were rarely absent from any of his subsequent journeys. After landing safely at Pangani, then a primitive trading town under the dominion of the Sultan of Zanzibar, they proceeded to walk towards Mkuzi, and his first mainland walk is described as follows in the Bishop's letter:

The way lay through a grove of cocoa-nut trees, and then over a flat cultivated country. After a few miles we climbed a steep cliff and skirted the top of it, getting a beautiful view over the valley and the sea. For the first ten miles the country was more or less cultivated. There were no villages, but the land was probably owned by Arabs on the coast, who leave the cultivation to their slaves. These live in huts upon the *shambas*, or in the fields, as we should say in England.

After going ten miles we dismounted for a little while at a stream, and then entered upon a long stretch of country called the *nyika*, a wilderness which, though wooded and fertile in many parts, is uninhabited. The journey was continued for some hours after dark until a camping-place was reached under a tree, beside what should have been a stream of water, but now quite dry after the long drought. There the men lit a fire and some of them prepared supper, and then all lay down to sleep.

In the middle of the night there was a stir and warning was given, and all woke and sat up. But it was only a small number of men passing, and all lay down again.

Very early in the morning, before it was light, we continued our journey. It was now Sunday morning, and I was anxious to get to Mkuzi, the nearest Mission station, about ten miles off, in time for service.

It was very pleasant in the early morning with strange vegetation around, and curious birds of different colours, new to us

waking up as the day dawned. I have noticed that there seem to be birds here corresponding to our old friends in England, bearing a general likeness to them, and yet being different. Yesterday I saw a sort of magpie. Then there are what seem to be finches of a bright gold colour. There is a sort of African long-tailed titmouse, with a very long tail, which looks like feathers stuck in, as if they did not belong to it. Then there is a little bird with a very red breast, only quite a different red from a robin, not brick-red, but a sort of dark purple. Every now and then one sees a very large sort of a crow with a white breast, and I have noticed two kinds of hornbill. Shrikes are very common, and seem exactly like the English shrike.

Gradually, as we neared the edge of the *nyika*, signs of cultivation were to be seen, and then was heard that which is so strange a sound in African woods, the sound of the church bell, and presently a large group, mostly women, round about the well, which friends in England have enabled these people to have, told us that we were close to the station of Mkuzi.

Already the few Christians were in church, but a man ran up from the well to fire a gun to announce our approach, and the women saluted us with the strange whistling cry with which they welcome the men when they return home from any expedition. This was the first time they had been heard to use this cry for Europeans. Mkuzi is a Mission in its first stage, a church of mud and poles, a thatched mud hut for a house, though with the luxury of two storeys, which marks it off as a wonder of architecture to the neighbouring gentry, but which is quite necessary for health. The ladder by which I reached my bedroom was very much like that by which one gets up into a hay loft in England. The settlement was surrounded by a stockade of pointed poles, and there were two other houses in the enclosure, in one of which Swedi and his wife lived.

After a celebration next morning, we set off for Magila, about another fifteen miles off. . . . As we approached Magila many of the people whom we passed in the fields gave a smile of welcome,

and there was a sort of tone in the familiar salute of 'Jambo,' with which one is everywhere greeted, which showed that they did not look upon us as strangers; and now the hill came in sight, with the Mission church and buildings crowning it, and an avenue of orange trees leading to it, lying under the beautiful range of blue mountains which we had had before us all the way. The people at the village had been warned of our approach, and in the distance could be seen the boys and all belonging to the Mission standing in their white kanzus, drawn up on each side of the path under the orange trees, looking like a large choir at some choral festival in an English village.

But to me no English village could bring the same feelings of strange emotion as that first sight of Magila. To see Christ our Lord enthroned in the midst of heathen Africa; to see here, far away from civilisation, a civilised Christian village; to see the men and women rush forward from their work in the fields to greet the man whom they look upon as their father, and who for all these years has devoted his life to them, to hear their strange shrill cry of welcome; this was something quite different from anything else one has ever experienced, something so full of pathetic appeal to us Christians, that I feel sure if people in England could only see it, many more would be moved to come and help in the work, and many more would give the means for extending it.

If Magila is the result very much of one man's energy and devotion, we might indeed hope that if missionary zeal were again to stir the hearts of Christians in England as it stirred them in days of old, within a lifetime we might see the heathen tribes which people this hot country stretching far away on all sides of us, accepting the blessings of the Gospel.

When we reached the village we were met with every demonstration of joy; guns were fired, everyone pressed forward to shake hands with us, and on every face was the smile of genuine pleasure. I cannot help thinking how much Magila would be sought after if it were within reach of people in England.

All around are wooded hills dotted with African villages, and just above tower beautiful mountains with great stretches of forest on them, showing at times shades of the deepest blue in the distance.

As the village is at the very top of the hill, it gets the advantage of wind from every quarter, and just now there is so much air that I have to put books on the pages of my letters to keep them from blowing away, and I should think that to most people in fair health it would prove a very healthy place, if they will only protect themselves from the sun. So near are the mountains that on the first evening I climbed up one of the lower heights, from which I had a splendid view of all the beautiful country, and right away to Zanzibar Island, eighty miles off.

Thus the Bishop made acquaintance with that fair Usambara country which captivates all who come to it. Named by the Germans 'African Switzerland,' it is in general features perhaps more like the highlands of Bavaria (indeed, Magila mountain bears a striking resemblance to the Kofelberg at Oberammergau), and surpasses the countries of Europe by possessing that indescribable clearness of atmosphere which gives a peculiar feeling of exhilaration to the climate. The intense blue of the sky, the vivid green of the trees and shrubs near at hand, the softer green of waving palms and distant hills, the rugged grey rocks of the nearer hill, the foaming white of the rushing waterfall, the warm reddish tint of the stone buildings form a picture of sunny brilliance that once seen can never be forgotten; and one can readily imagine the Palm Sunday service, at which the Bishop held his first mainland confirmation. A mingling of simplicity and dignity, brightness and seriousness, characterises these Church functions. Inside, the contrast between the spotless

white worn by the Confirmation candidates, and the many-coloured garments of the rest of the natives, gave variety to the scene, while the outdoor procession of palms—great waving palm branches cut down from the trees close at hand—in which the whole population took part, led by the choir, with their slow, languid, graceful movements, dark faces, bare feet and scarlet cassocks, though it might appear a little strange in England, must have seemed to the Bishop, with his eye for the picturesque, as natural and as appropriate to the surroundings as it could possibly be.

In Easter week the Bishop left for Zanzibar, being this time carried part of the journey, as he was suffering from his first attack of fever. In Zanzibar he was met by Mr. Porter and Mr. Maples from the Rovuma country, and for the clergy thus assembled he held a three days' Retreat, followed by the ordination of Mr. Jones-Bateman to the priesthood—the first ordination in the Swahili language—and on May 5 the whole clerical staff of the Mission assembled in the Cathedral for the first Synod of the Diocese of Zanzibar. At this Synod important questions relating to polygamy, heathen marriages, baptism of adults, and Church services were decided.[1]

Writing afterwards about it, the Bishop says :

> The Synod was a great blessing. The solemnity of the place and the circumstances gave us a feeling of responsibility in our discussions, so that there was nothing to break the harmony. Though many of us began with very different opinions on some of the subjects brought forward, yet, after we had heard one another's opinions, some way of reconciliation was found, so that

[1] See Appendix, p. 233.

all the resolutions of the Synod were passed without a dissenting voice. We all felt, 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. We finished our last Session this morning (May 7) by singing the *Te Deum* with deep thankfulness to God who had so manifestly guided our deliberations.

On the completion of the business of the Synod, Bishop Smythies was naturally anxious to proceed to the Rovuma country, which he had not yet seen, and where there was plenty of work awaiting him. But there happened to be no available steamer at the time, so he decided instead to go back to Magila, where the whole country had been thrown into a state of agitation on account of the threatening attitude of the Wakilindi. The renowned chief of this powerful family, Kimweri, had, on his death, left the kingdom to his son Semboja; in the year 1884 Semboja was an old man and put forward his son, the young Kimweri, as the next heir to the throne: the Bondei tribe, however, preferred another grandson of the elder Kimweri, Kinyasi by name, and the rivalry between these two claimants was causing civil war in the country. It was in the endeavour to settle this dispute that Bishop Smythies visited Magila so suddenly and unexpectedly. After a consultation with the head men from various villages, it was decided that the Bishop should journey to Kimweri's camp and endeavour to persuade him to desist from his raids upon the Bondei tribe. The distance was said to be but two and a half hours, so the party set out, little thinking what an undertaking was before them. The account of this expedition is given in the Bishop's own words:

As the case was urgent and the work one of charity, we decided that I should start the next afternoon (Sunday, July 6). This I accordingly did, accompanied by Mr. Woodward, Susi, the invaluable servant of the Mission (and one of those who, years ago, brought down Livingstone's body to the coast), a Bondei chief and porters, and one or two boys from Magila.

We were not long in discovering that the two and a half hours' walk was a myth, and when we asked how soon we should reach the Wakilindi camp, we received the ominous answer, 'Perhaps to-morrow.' Our way lay through a beautiful country, round the spurs of the mountains, up and down wooded hills, into and along the valley of the Zigi—a wide hilly valley with mountains wooded to their summits on either side. We went on through this valley till nightfall, and then pitched our tent and lit our fire at a village of about fifteen huts on a hill, with woods and mountains all round it. There were no women in this village, no young children; the men were very silent. When we questioned them, they all professed to be strangers, and perhaps they were, as the village had been visited by the Wakilindi, and probably those who lived there had fled, or had been taken captive or killed, and these were fugitives from other ruined villages, who had found the empty huts. After a time one man told us he had come some distance, hearing of our errand; that five days before the Wakilindi had come upon his village, and carried off his father, wife, and children. . . .

I found the great comfort of having brought a tent and bedstead, as I slept almost as comfortably as at home, and I see that those who travel ought to have those things, as I put it down very much to that that I kept my health and felt so fresh for my work in the morning. We were up at sunrise, and walked on through the beautiful valley of the Zigi, sometimes through very high grass, sometimes through fields of ripening Indian corn. Except for the high grass at times, it was very pleasant travelling. I have noticed that one has very little trouble from flies, either when walking or resting here. There is also a dearth of animal life. We saw no small animals of any kind, and comparatively

few birds. Sometimes it was like going through a thick English shrubbery, with here and there very tall trees whose tops were out of sight above the underwood; but on looking closely we could see that not a leaf was the same as those of the box, and elm, and Portugal laurel, &c., which would be around us in England. Now and then we came upon gigantic ferns, though only very few which could be called trees; they grow higher up and further inland. The great leaves of the bananas, not very beautiful in themselves, when the setting sun touched them, and lighted up their delicate shades of green, gave quite a character to parts of the country. They were the only fruit trees we saw. Every now and then I noticed a fresh variety of butterfly. It is not the time for the orchids to be in flower. I saw one handsome bunch of white flowers hanging from a tree, and that was all. The one familiar object in the vegetation was a quantity of brake fern which I noticed in one place.

Now we began to see the signs of war—the sites of burnt villages, with nothing left but numbers of earthenware cooking pots which had stood the fire. We met three Wakilindi, who looked much alarmed, though fully armed. Mr. Woodward remarked that one had a small leathern shield which I wanted to buy, so we called to them. On my advancing towards them, one prepared to escape into the bush, and all took to their heels as soon as we turned to go on. They told the men that they were alarmed at my large sun hat, which apparently they thought was part of my head. Naturally they had never seen such a monstrosity in human form before. We all laughed heartily, and I told the men I supposed it was a bad conscience which made them so frightened. Soon after, we met another troop, all armed with bows, spears, and guns, probably on a raid, as they had Indian corn carried behind them. They looked at us suspiciously as we passed.

At 11 A.M. we halted at a pool of sweet water under shady trees, and sent on messengers with our letter up the mountain to the camp, marked by a great rock towering out of the trees. Four Wakilindi came by, two of them pleasant fine-looking men, with

whom we talked. They took good-temperedly our joking them about their war-charms. They said 'they deceived the heart,' by which apparently they meant that when they wore them they fancied they were safe, though there might not be much in it.

We started again about three o'clock, and halfway up the mountain met our messenger, who told us we were not to go to the camp, but Kimweri would send down to meet us. The path now became very steep and slippery from constant passing up and down, so that it was difficult to keep one's footing, though the porters with their naked feet seemed to make little of it, even with their loads, which they carried up bravely. On each side were rich fields of Indian corn, planted on the steep slopes.

First we were met by an advanced guard, and then came to the place where the men from the camp were waiting. They all looked very suspicious and not at all pleased. One, who seemed superior to the rest, sat, whilst the others stood around. Presently two men of greater authority, the uncles of Kimweri, appeared, and an interpreter, a chatty, smiling little Arab, who at once greeted Mr. Woodward with great friendliness, as they had once travelled to Zanzibar in a dhow together. The two great men affected state, and would only talk through an interpreter. We told them we had brought a letter from the Sultan to Pangani to be forwarded to Semboja, to say that Magila was not to be invaded. They asked, 'Why, then, had we come ourselves?' We said, 'Because we feared it might reach the chief too late to save us from invasion.' They then said Kimweri would see us in the morning. So we pitched our tent on the mountain side, where we looked down on the beautifully wooded valley, and across to the great bare mountain of Mlinga over Misozwe, thought by the people round to have a cavern with brazen doors at the top, where all the spirits of the dead are imprisoned.

In the morning about eight o'clock the Arab and one of Kimweri's uncles arrived with others to take us up to the camp. At first the great man looked unpleasant as before. We managed to get a smile out of him before long. Our Bondei companions followed rather tremblingly. We had already seen many men

passing down by our encampment, with the poor captive women taken to their own fields to gather corn for their masters.

We had a very steep climb up to the rock. As we got near we were told to fire off guns in token of our approach, which was the custom there. We then entered the camp by the one path by which it could be reached. It was fortified here by a strong palisade. The place, which was called Mkalamu, was simply a great rock with every nook and ledge round covered with temporary huts of poles and leaves. Through these we wound up round the rock to its perpendicular side, and came upon one of the most striking and romantic sights I have ever seen.

The rock was the projecting summit of a mountain, the end of the range of mountains which formed one side of the valley along which we had been walking. On the side of the path by which we entered the camp it was connected with this range by a narrow depressed neck, so that it stood out, a pinnacle by itself. On every other side except this connecting neck it looked sheer down into the deep wooded valleys far below, beyond which again, and at no great distance, rose an amphitheatre of irregularly peaked mountains clothed with wood, except where the great rocky heights jutted out. Only in one direction was there an opening where one could see the great wooded expanse of the *nyika* with the sea beyond, thirty or forty miles distant.

But if the surrounding country was thus striking and full of interest, so was the sight we saw as we rounded the rock and came opposite to its perpendicular face rising in steep ledges one above another. The whole of this was covered with the followers of Kimweri, and in the very centre, surrounded by his head men, was the chief himself. There was no difficulty in recognising him, not only because of the difference of his dress, but because of the character and power in his face and the extraordinary contrast it presented to those of all around. I certainly thought him the most striking-looking man I have seen in these parts, while his followers were very ordinary-looking natives. He had evidently carefully got himself up to meet the Europeans, and

with decided success. For real picturesqueness of effect it is doubtful if any European sovereign could come up to him ; they certainly could not so well throw into the picture the force of contrast. The people all around him were in ordinary kanzus (*i.e.* a sort of long shirt) or else naked to the waist, some with arms, most with charms on their necks, arms, or legs, all more or less soiled by war and camping out. But the chief wore over his white kanzu a loose scarlet coat or *joho*, trimmed with gold braid. On his head he had a large coloured turban, and round his neck a heavy silver chain from which hung massive silver charms of wrought Indian work. His feet and legs were, of course, bare.

We soon found he not only looked the chief, but could talk like one too. We told him we had come as representing the Bondeis, being men of peace. He asked who gave us a right to Magila. We answered, his grandfather, Kimweri. He asked for the letter which showed our right. We contended that, first, he could not write, nor anyone else in the country ; secondly, it was not usual to ask for a letter after twenty years of peaceful occupation. He then said he claimed to be the rightful chief of the whole country—if we would acknowledge him as such that was all he wanted. We told him it was not for us to acknowledge anyone, that we held our land by the gift of Kimweri and the permission of the Sultan, and accepted the order of things we found. If once we acknowledged one, we should give up our position as friends of all. It was not for us to judge between him and the other members of his family, or to decide whose claims were most just. We had no wish to meddle in such matters. All we wanted was to plead for the harmless people who lived around us, who were suffering from famine and helpless against him—that they should not have their houses burnt and be sold into slavery like their neighbours. He asked what power or lands we had. We answered that we had one little *shamba*, that we wanted no lands or power, that we meddled with no politics or affairs of government ; we were simply teachers come from God, from our distant country, to try and do good to the people in Africa and

teach them about God; that we had as much interest in his people as in the Bondeis, but we happened to live amongst the latter and it made us very sad to think the dreadful fate of their neighbours might fall upon them. He then said he had no quarrel with us, should be glad to see us at Vuga, his town, but that he claimed to be chief of the whole country as his grandfather was. The chiefs had only to send in their submission and they would be unmolested. We got him to promise he would wait for the Sultan's letter, and would not descend upon the Bondeis without letting us know.

I then asked to be allowed to say a few words to him, and when granted permission I said that men who were really great rulers, when they had gained their power by force, aimed at ruling by gaining the love of their subjects. Evidently Kimweri was a wise man, who had become a great chief; if he wanted to be really great would he not try to gain the love of the people over whom he ruled? I then asked for a private audience, and all but a few head men went away. Then I said, 'Can anything be done to bring about peace?' I pointed out that it was a very sad spectacle to the whole country to see him fighting with the members of his own family. Two of his cousins are Christians and head men of towns near Magila. He said if we would come with any of his relations they should be safe from harm, but that he should have to fight with all who would not submit to him sooner or later, as he claimed to be chief over all his grandfather's dominions, and he was supported by the Sultan. We then gave the customary present of cloth, kanzu, and blanket, and went to the top of the rock to look at the view, and for Mr. Woodward to take observations (which excited great interest), with a view to a picture map of the district. . . .

I believe, from what we could gather, Kimweri was much pleased at our visit. He pressed us very much to stay another day that he might have a talk with us, but I told him I should hardly get back in time for the mail which was to take me south, and I dare not stay, though I should much like to do so.

This satisfactory interview ended, the Bishop hastened with unflagging energy on his return journey, reaching Magila after midnight and starting off for the coast next day. Not for months afterwards did he know the result of his mission. On returning from a visit to Newala, he heard, in the middle of October, that 'Kimweri did *not* come down on the Bondei country, but attacked Kibanga, the general on the other side, in his fortified town, and was repulsed with what is considered in Africa a great loss, viz. fifteen men, so that he retired and left the country alone.'

On his arrival at Zanzibar the Bishop writes further:

It shows how well I am, considering especially that I did so little walking in England, that after all this I was able to confirm an old woman from Umba, who had failed to come when I was at Magila before, then to celebrate the Holy Communion in Swahili and to walk three hours to Mkuzi, and to start again the next day to Pangani, more than twenty miles off, and feel none the worse. God be praised for His great goodness! In fact, I have never before walked with such comfort and so little fatigue, and, what will surprise people in England, without feeling the heat as I did in summer there.

At Mkuzi we met the mail with my dear and welcome letters from England, delayed by a break-down at Aden, and, tired as I was, I was obliged to sit up, or rather recline, till nearly midnight to devour them, though I had to be up at 5.30 A.M. and off soon after 6 A.M. At Pangani we found there was no dhow to Zanzibar (Town), so we had to take one to Mwanda, eighteen miles off. We had on the whole a very favourable passage, but were not able to start on our walk home till nearly dark on Friday, July 12. We therefore soon encamped for supper, and started again when the moon rose. I was so tired that half-way I called a halt for those who were with me, and we lay down on the roadside and slept for two hours. The nights are so warm and fine that it is

easy to do that sort of thing here. The whole way lay through mango and cocoa-nut trees, varied by an immense clove plantation. We got to Mkunazini about five o'clock, and I lost no time in getting to bed, and made up for my broken nights by sleeping till mid-day.

I am afraid in all this some people may say there is not much about preaching the Gospel, and that I feel very keenly. I hope, as I get to know more of the language, I may be able to make opportunities for doing that which is our first work here more directly. But still I do hope that such an expedition as that I have described may be impressing upon people our love of the poor, our readiness to help the distressed, our desire for righteousness and peace, and prepare the way for them to accept our teaching more and more. I hear on all hands that our present action in the matter of the Pangani imprisonment, when through our means forty people were released, also our action in the matter of the relief of those suffering from the famine, has made a great difference, and I have no doubt that this visit to the Wakilindi will help in the same direction. God grant that it may be for His glory and the extension of His kingdom!

The Bishop was most anxious to complete the survey of the eastern part of his diocese within the first year. Accordingly, he left Zanzibar on July 19, and, after a prosperous passage southwards to Lindi, proceeded on the five days' inland journey to Newala.[1] This part of the country afterwards became so familiar to him, through his frequent journeys to Lake Nyasa, that it is interesting to note his first impressions of it, and to note also the development of his wonderful powers of walking. After describing the landing at Lindi and the first part of the walk, the Bishop continues as follows:

[1] For a full account of the early days of this part of the Mission work, the reader is referred to Bishop Maples' *Life*.

One thing strikes me as most curious. A fortnight ago I was at Magila, and all was bright and green—a late spring with ripening crops everywhere. Here, three hundred miles south, all is dry and bare—the trees lifting their bare and white branches up into the sunlight—and this will go on till the rains in October or November. I suppose the rains are earlier here. The country is not nearly so much cultivated, but what crops there were have been gathered in. I do not mean there is no green—sometimes we came to a stream, with beautiful over-reaching trees and ferns climbing all up them, and in all the woods there are patches of green—then again are some with falling and reddening leaves like autumn.

Mr. Williams arrived late in the evening, and we went on the next afternoon. The chiefs came to see me in the morning. It is wonderful how news flies in Africa, as I believe among all tribes in a primitive state, and we had an illustration of the sort of way in which it is carried. When the chiefs were with us, one man, who had accompanied us in our walk to the river earlier in the morning, talked most volubly, and Mr. Williams said he was giving the most minute description of our walk—how I stopped to look at the butterflies, asked to be shown the india-rubber vines (of which there appeared to be two kinds in the wood), down to the smallest things which I should not remember myself. If everyone hands on the story it accounts a little for the extraordinary way in which everything is known. I fancy many of the people have not much else to do.

On our afternoon walk we twice saw large monkeys sitting high up in the bare trees. They let us get close to them, then plunged down into the underwood. We also saw something still more interesting, though the interest was of a different kind. We passed two slave-caravans. Of the first we only saw a few of the slaves, who came out of the wood to look at us. But we actually went into the encampment of the other. It was a caravan from Mataka's with tobacco and slaves. I saw some sitting with the forks on their necks, not yet *tamed*, poor things! But they were kept out of sight as much as possible, and when I looked again

they had been quite hidden behind the chief man's hut. It was getting dark, but though it would have been perfectly safe, we did not like to encamp in such a proximity, and struggled on through the almost total darkness of the thick wood to reach this place.

Our porters now overtook us and we started early in the afternoon, so as to lessen our long waterless tramp the next day as much as possible. It was dark before we made our fire, and pitched our tent in the forest. The whole country is covered with trees, and we walked through woodland glades all day long. There were a great many large spreading trees, but at some distance apart as a rule—sometimes in clumps, with smaller timber and often underwood between. There were many open places, especially where the grass and trees had been burnt by the passers-by, apparently to keep the path clear. I saw one antelope of a very red colour, shorter than a fallow deer, but more stoutly made, so far as I could see. When we came again to an inhabited district, which we did long before we came to water, as the people do not seem to mind going great distances for it, we saw another caravan taking slaves and ivory to the coast, the third we had come across in our journey. This was on July 26. The next day was Sunday, but we were a long way from water, and that not at all good, in the midst of a noisy town surrounded by gazers, so we thought it was better to start at daybreak, and walk three or four hours to a better place for our Sunday halt. During this walk we had, for the first time, to wade through water. We were ahead of our faithful attendant, Susi, one of the men who had brought down Livingstone's body to the coast, and who had carried him over many such places. Some who read this will remember the picture on the outside of the book of the notes of his Journal, where the caravan is crossing just such a place, with Susi carrying Livingstone on his shoulders. We thought it best not to wait, so we divested ourselves of such clothes as were necessary, and easily got over. We were now in a populous country, with the sound of many villages around us. Certainly the ornaments of the women here are a good example of the slavery of fashion, or

a remarkable illustration of the truth of the saying that there is no accounting for taste. They wear immense round pieces of wood or metal let into the middle of the upper lip, which makes it protrude enormously, sticking straight out from the face. The more elaborately dressed ladies wear in addition a sort of spike with a knob of brass, stuck into the flesh under the lower lip, and hanging straight down. They also cover their legs with rings of brass, so as to give the effect of brass gaiters. The whole appearance is most extraordinary.

But all this was absent at the village we reached this (Sunday) morning. As we entered it, two bright, intelligent-looking men came up breathless, having run after us for some distance. They looked so different from the other people we had seen that I thought at once they must be Christians. I had no reason to think so except their look and manner. When our people came up, I found I was right, as to one of them at least, and that he was the chief of the large village where we were going to stay for the rest of the day. He took us to a large baraza made of bamboos, groves of which we had begun to pass through. He and his people seemed most glad to see us ; I congratulated him on the absence of the hideous lip-rings, and he said he did not allow them in his village. He was much amused when I said I was describing them to my sisters in my letter, and should ask them how they would like to adopt them, and still more amused when Weigall showed him a sketch of one he had made in his letter home. This chief has a son at Newala being brought up in our house there. In the evening I told him we would have service, so he collected his people together outside the baraza. There were about one hundred and fifty men, women, and children—the men on one side, the women with their babies on the other. After a short evensong in Swahili I preached to them, all sitting on the ground, Acland, my interpreter, translating into Swahili, and then Mataka, the chief, afterwards putting it into Yao.

The next day we had a long walk of twenty-four miles to Newala, as, though the porters seemed inclined to divide it, I was determined to push on if possible. As we got near Newala we

got out on the brow of a line of high hills, the edge of the table-land we had been crossing, from which we had a beautiful view over the country. At our feet was a deep valley; to the left, at a distance of twenty miles, flowed the broad stream of the Rovuma; to the right, still further off, a conical mountain with a jagged irregular top rose alone out of the plain; and beyond, again, in the far distance we could see a line of solitary mountains, each separate and distinct, looking shadowy and mysterious in the mist which hung on the horizon. All the country seemed one great sea of wood, here much greener than nearer the coast. I noticed a great many birds as we went down into the valley. A large flock of the greater hornbills flew over, and presently we came upon five or six green parrots, chattering and screaming on the trees. There seem to be three kinds of hornbill, one larger and two smaller ones, all common. The larger kind have a cry like a child's. At the bottom of the hill we met some of the men from the village, and we soon reached Newala, where the men and women ran forward with friendly greetings to receive us.

The church is a thoroughly missionary church, made chiefly of bamboos and cleverly rounded into an apse. There are no seats in the nave; the people sit on the ground during the lessons and sermon. I feel most thankful to God that I am so well; I did not feel at all tired or even stiff after my walk, and never walked with greater ease and comfort. . . . The people do not feel quite safe here from the Magwangwara. Only the other day there was an alarm without any foundation for it, and all the women ran away and hid themselves for the night in the woods. A day or two after I came we had a meeting of the men to consider whether it was best to move to a safer place or remain here. They almost unanimously came to the conclusion that, as there was plenty of food here and great scarcity in the Makonde country, to which they thought of moving, they would remain here till next May. It would be too late now to clear the new ground for cultivation before the rain, and they thought there was no real fear of the Magwangwara coming this year.

I have been several times to see an old chief, Mtuma, who evidently has not long to live. He has had a hut built for him on the top of the hills by itself in the wood, that he may be quiet. I have to take Acland [1] and a Yao interpreter with me. He used often to come to the services before he was ill, and seems anxious to hear about God and how he must prepare for death. It was very touching to hear him say that he had lived in ignorance of God all his life because there was no one to teach him, and now when he was old and it seemed too late the teachers had come. They built a new and larger hut for him, but he was only in it for a few days. I think it was in too exposed a place. The last time I went they were carrying him down the hill to another. The next morning I heard he was dead.

One day a caravan of three hundred people passed through the village, carrying a quantity of ivory. There were some large tusks which it took two men to carry. They encamped near, and some of the men came to the baraza, which is open to everyone. They disclaimed having any slaves, but there were certainly a number of boys with them, for we found them in the evening all sitting round the bell watching it with the greatest interest as it rang for evensong. Clarke told one of the leading men of the caravan, as he had no slaves, he supposed he had taken all these boys merely for a walk, as they were too young to carry burdens ; at which the other men laughed, and he had nothing to say.

On leaving Newala, the Bishop, with Mr. Porter and Mr. Irving, started for Masasi. Writing of this walk he says:

It would have seemed strange if anyone had told me in England of the sense of security one would have, even when uncertain of the path and without a guide, in an African forest. But so it is—at least in a district where there are villages like this. The natives are always kind and obliging, and do their best to show us the way. They are great walkers themselves and know their way about. They have not very much to do, and when they

[1] A native Christian.

get tired of sitting still they start off for a walk of fifty miles or so. They are full of vivacity, and talk a great deal with much action. When we halt at a village we are always surrounded by a group of bright, intelligent-looking men of different ages. I have quite lost any feeling of their blackness making any difference to their good looks, and I think the men and boys are as pleasant-looking as white people. I cannot say the same for the women, who disfigure themselves with lip-rings and ugly head-dresses. Perhaps if some of my friends were to see me halting on the road they would say I was surrounded by half-naked savages; but the smooth, bronze skins are a wonderful substitute for dress, and I have never seen anything which was not perfectly consistent with propriety and good manners. Curiosity ceases to be impertinent when it is only the common sign of interest, where everyone lives so much in public, and I have often seen men sign to the boys to move off when we have sat down to a meal. They always seem generous to one another. If I give a boy a biscuit, he will break it into pieces so that all may taste. It is a novelty to them, as they have no kind of bread themselves, only a thick porridge made of grain, which is very good when well done.

Mkomoindo is on the most striking site I have seen in Africa, and it must have cost a pang to leave it, both to the missionaries and their people. It is on high ground between two of the great rocks I have mentioned. Through one of the open sides there is a view over a long open stretch of country, on the other is a flat cultivated valley with a picturesque group of mountains rising from it about a mile or a mile and a half off. The garden is still beautiful—the mango trees imported by the missionaries in full flower—the lemon and citron trees a sight of real beauty, full of great golden fruit, strewing the ground as it falls all around. It is sad in the midst of all this to see the deserted buildings, some of them already tumbling down.

The return journey from Masasi to Newala occupied several days, as the Bishop was anxious to explore the

country with a view to extending the work of the Mission: and from Newala (where he held a confirmation) he visited Lumanga, one of the great Makonde chiefs. Of this walk he writes:

Most of the walk was over the Makonde plateau, a flat country, after the first steep climb, with the brushwood so thick in some places that there is continual danger of knocking one's head against boughs and creepers crossing over the path. There is a very large population, as yet untouched by any missionary effort, as we have no one who knows the Makonde language, and no one who can interpret it sufficiently.

From Newala the Bishop writes later:

The other day one of our men ran down the yard with his gun, in great excitement, and fired, to the manifest danger of the fowls. The result was the death of a large snake. We had a much worse alarm a few days ago—a caravan encamped here in which were several cases of small-pox; Matola's people made them move on very soon, but this is a danger we may be subject to, as many caravans have lately passed this way. Most of them have slaves, and from all I have heard and seen I fear the slave trade must be carried on very briskly between the Lake district and the coast. I felt very thankful to hear a remark which Bakali, the chief at Mauta, made yesterday. He said before the Europeans came there was nothing but fighting and quarrelling here, but since they had come people had lived at peace, and I believe that is certainly so.

Swinny, Williams, and I came upon a dead body in the woods the other day, which had been carried there tied to a slave yoke and left to decay. It had been exposed a long while, probably left there by a passing caravan. All we could do was to dig a hole and bury it—Williams doing most of the work with his fingers, we helping with our sticks. The people of the country always give the dead decent burial.

On the return journey towards the coast the Bishop

had interviews with Machemba, a powerful chief whose name was well known to all travellers in that region.

Machemba soon came to see us, and saw us again in the evening with a man who was a friend of ours, as he had been with Maples, and to Zanzibar to be treated for bad eyes. I said I heard Machemba was at war with the Makonde and Lumanga, and could I do anything towards peace? He told me it was all finished, but I fear that is doubtful. I then asked him if he would let me take two boys from his village to Zanzibar to be taught. He said he would try and get them; he had none young enough of his own.

The next morning we went back to Machemba's in showers of rain, which detained us there the rest of the day—quite an exceptional event. One young man, a relation of Machemba, had been very polite to us, trying to get us anything we wanted from the beginning. He wished very much to come to Zanzibar, so at last I consented, though I fear he is too old to learn to read. Yet we thought he might learn something, and perhaps be taught Christianity or the elements of it before he comes back. This might have the effect, at any rate, of making things better at his home in future, as possibly he might be chief one day. He, like numbers of these people, has been baptized and named by the Mohammedans, but that seems all they care for. He had learnt nothing more, and never thought of saying a prayer. Machemba consented to his coming, and at the last moment got us another pleasant-looking little boy of the age we wanted.

The walk to Lindi was accomplished without noticeable incident, and on October 24 the Bishop reached Zanzibar in excellent health. The remainder of the year was spent on the island, where the ordinary episcopal work of the Mission was varied by a first interview with the Sultan, and efforts to investigate the state of the slave trade.

CHAPTER III

FIRST VISIT TO NYASA

1885

THE year 1885 was, like many subsequent years, occupied by Bishop Smythies almost entirely in travelling, for, with the exception of three months (March to June) in Zanzibar, the whole time was spent in journeying on the mainland, his journeys including the Usambara country, Rovuma, and Lake Nyasa. After Christmas and New Year's Day in Zanzibar he crossed to Pangani and visited several places between the coast and Magila, for, as he writes, 'it is impossible to get any idea of the population and geography of the country unless one goes and inspects it oneself.' At these villages, arriving tired with the day's march in the hot sun —it was now the hottest time of the year—he would gather the people around him after sunset and preach to them 'about our objects in coming amongst them. . . . It is not often easy to see people in any numbers unless the villages are visited late in the evening, as during the day they are working in the fields.' At some of these places the accommodation was of the most primitive sort, the huts being so close and smoky that the Bishop found it impossible to sleep in them. At Umba he writes:

We determined to sleep outside under the cocoa-nut trees. . . . The boys stretched themselves on a large piece of matting, and we on our rugs, with a coat or towel for a pillow; the open sky above us only thinly intercepted by the waving leaves of the palms which we hoped would catch the dew. I cannot say I found it very comfortable. The ground was relentlessly hard, and the wind every now and then blew in strong gusts, but we managed to get a fair proportion of sleep considering the circumstances.

After spending some days at Magila, where the cooler air was very refreshing, the Bishop, accompanied by Mr. Woodward, left for Misozwe, distant about three hours. The work at this station was then only just beginning, and the buildings were of the primitive native sort. The beauty of its situation and the receptiveness of the people made a great impression on the Bishop, who writes:

I think I must retract what I said of Masasi, that it was the most beautiful site I had seen in Africa. It may be for a village with a large garden, but for a small station with just a few buildings this certainly is. It is on the top of a hill from which there is a wide view. On three sides are beautiful mountains of very varied outline, with valleys opening out views of distant peaks beyond. On the fourth side a more or less level and well-wooded country sweeps away to the sea. A great many people, hearing I was here, came, and the church was crowded. One of the sides, formed temporarily of sheets of iron, to be used eventually for the roof, was taken down, but even then all the people could not get under the shadow of the church so as to be out of the sun. They all sat quite close together on the floor, and were very quiet while I talked to them. Then, all the morning after, I had to talk to the different chiefs. About mid-day they began to disperse and go home. It looked hopeful for the work to see so many. Archdeacon Farler and Mr. Woodward first thought of planting a station here, because the people sent repeatedly to ask for a

teacher, some of them saying they had tried Mohammedanism, but did not find that the teachers of it lived good lives. One marked characteristic of the people is that they will come on Sunday, when there is no one but the native teacher there. Generally, if there is no European they are careless about coming. Again on Tuesday we had a beautiful walk, visiting one or two towns.

On Wednesday we made an expedition which has made a great sensation in the country. Mlinga, the mountain I have mentioned, is regarded with great superstition in the country. The Bondeis think that the spirits of their ancestors live at the top—probably no one has ever been up. A little while ago Woodward visited a chief who lives in a village up a beautiful valley which runs underneath the mountain. Every now and then he sends to say that he has had a dream, that the spirits have come to him and demanded a sacrifice, and a subscription is made far and wide and a bullock is bought and sent to this chief, who sacrifices it to appease the spirits of the Bondeis, or pretends to do so, for it was found that he and his people ate the bullock and sacrificed a goat. Lately he had sent to the people of this district, and they all subscribed, including an old chief who is a catechumen, and sent him a bullock. Under these circumstances Woodward's visit was not much appreciated, the more so as he expressed his intention of going up the haunted mountain. This intention Woodward and I carried out on Wednesday, taking four Bondeis with us. It was a very hard climb; not that the mountain is very high, probably not so high as Snowdon, but there is no path, only a track the first part of the way, and it is accordingly steep and most of the way through a wood. There are two peaks connected by a narrow path, with a precipice on either side. There was really no danger at any point, only the walking was very tiring. I had hoped to get down from the mountain the other side, and to come home by Seng'ombe's village (the chief who gets the bullocks) and the valley, but found that there were precipices on all sides except the one we had come up, so we had to go

straight down by the same way. As the peak of the mountain is quite bare and the rise on all sides very abrupt, we got a splendid view of the whole country. Trusting to get on to the villages high up under the hill, we had taken very little water, which made it more tiring, and when we got down I was so tired that, although it was not far from home, we stopped at the first village we came to and had dinner in a new hut not yet occupied. It so happened that it was the day when a very large market is held near Misozwe, and it had got abroad that we were going up Mlinga that day, which caused an immense sensation. It must be remembered that the idea that these people have of Mlinga is not like the floating ideas in England as to this or that place being haunted ; it is really part of their religion, which, as we have seen, affects them in a very practical way. Not only had no one ever been up, but no number of Bondeis would ever have dared to go up. If they did they would certainly be expected never to come down again. One idea is that the spirits would cause darkness, so that the invaders of their solitude would wander helplessly and fall over the precipices. The mountain does indeed look so precipitous that it seemed impossible to climb it. When then we were seen by the people at the market, all business was suspended, and our ascent was the one object of interest. These markets are held every nine days, and are the one means of trading. Hundreds of people therefore assemble at them, and no doubt the news was carried far and wide that we had dared to invade the stronghold of the spirits. Some said that if we came down alive they should not pay for any more bullocks to be sacrificed ; others said that we must have carried very strong medicine (by which they mean charms) to protect us.[1]

[1] In connection with Mlinga it may be interesting to note that in June 1885 two members of the Mission ascended it and planted a cross on the summit, 3,500 feet above the sea. In February 1897 a party of German surveyors made the ascent with a view to building an observatory on the highest point. Thus Christianity and Science unite in banishing superstition from the mountain.

It shows how well the air of Magila has made me, that I was able the next day to make another ascent to the other high peak of the district, and that in almost the hottest part of the day. . . . People in England do not know what *shade* is ; 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land' has had a new meaning to me since I came to Africa. I do not know how it is, but here, however hot the sun is, if you get into real shade, like the shadow of a rock or such a wood as we went through, it is beautifully cool at once. It may be the force of contrast, but I think it must be something more than this. One of the boys at Roath once said to me of a certain hymn tune, 'It is like something nice to eat,' and so one is quite as anxious to seize upon a bit of real shade in a hot walk here as to eat if one is hungry, or, still more, as one is to drink from a stream of water when one is hot and parched. This wood up to Kitulwe was like a refreshing bath, which took away all the fatigue.

On returning to Magila, Bishop Smythies had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Bishop Hannington, of East Equatorial Africa, who had lately arrived from England to undertake the work of the district occupied by the staff of the Church Missionary Society. Though the missionaries had been some years at work, the diocese had not yet come under episcopal supervision, and in his short visit to Mombasa and Frere Town Bishop Hannington had seen enough to convince him of the difficulties of the task he was about to undertake. One of his first acts was to seek out the Bishop of the Universities' Mission, that he might consult with one who, though not more than a year in Africa himself, had inherited the traditions of an episcopate of a quarter of a century's standing.

The impressiveness of such a meeting can hardly be fully appreciated by those who have only lived in a country where the Church has been settled for centuries. In Africa, where the light of the Christian faith is, as it were, but a little candle set in the midst of a darkness that can be *felt*, each Bishop bears a weight of responsibility and anxiety which, in his isolation, he can share with no one, and which in times of sickness and discouragement may well-nigh overwhelm him. Such a meeting as this, then between two such men as these, must count as a historical event.

Bishop Hannington had crossed from Mombasa to Zanzibar. Finding Bishop Smythies was absent, he determined to follow him, so proceeded at once to Pangani, meaning to walk thence to Mkuzi. But, though an experienced African traveller, he was apparently unprepared for the excessive heat and fatigue of the twenty-five-mile walk. Half-fainting, he fell on the path, and, had it not been for timely help from Mkuzi, might have suffered more seriously than he did. At Mkuzi he stayed the night, resting under the care of Mr. Wallis, who meantime sent word to Bishop Smythies at Magila. The next morning, as Bishop Hannington rode along the narrow winding path, he saw Bishop Smythies coming to meet him; he knelt and asked his blessing, and together the two Bishops continued their way till they reached the shining buildings of Magila crowning the green hill-top.

It so happened that the following day, Sexagesima Sunday, February 8, Bishop Smythies held a Confirmation, and though at that time the large new church was not completed

and the smaller building, since used as a school, was not very imposing, yet the service could not fail to impress all who were present. For such a Confirmation represents an immense amount of steady work on the part of the clergy and teachers; each one of these candidates had probably been a catechumen for at least two years before baptism, and a hearer for some time previously. The profession of Christianity to Africans means so much—a totally new life for which they are prepared and trained with unceasing vigilance, and which, amongst the appalling grossness of their heathen surroundings, it is never an easy matter to maintain. The old words of the Catechism, 'Renounce the devil and all his works,' which to some refined Western ears might sound perhaps unnecessarily strong, are in Africa the only words that at all meet the case. And all the stately ceremonial with which, in accordance with ancient traditions, such services are conducted in the churches of the Universities' Mission, only serves to emphasise and enhance the intense reality of what is taking place. Bishop Hannington was impressed by the grave seriousness underlying a ritual with which his bringing up had not made him familiar, and did not fail to note that in each of these young Africans the solid foundations of Christian character had been well and truly laid. His diary contains the following entry:

Next day (Sunday), 6.30 A.M., the Bishop held a Confirmation. Mitre and cope. Address very good. After the services of the day, in the cool of the afternoon, I had a long talk with the Bishop; with all his Ritualism he is strong on the point of conversion, and is very particular about baptism and communion not

being administered before conversion, either to heathen or professing Christians.[1]

The following day Bishop Hannington was obliged to leave for the coast, and was accompanied a long distance on the road by Bishop Smythies, who writes of this visit:

I am most thankful that Dr. Hannington has come out to superintend the Church Missionary Society's Central African Mission. I am certain that I shall always find in him a sympathising friend, and that, in all matters in which the two Missions are likely to touch one another, we shall be able to work together in perfect harmony. The coming of such a Bishop to superintend the neighbouring Mission cannot but strengthen our hands and be a help to the whole work. May God spare him long, and give him health for the arduous labours which lie before him!

Alas! in less than nine months this heroic Bishop, after enduring perils, hardships, and cruelties untold, was barbarously murdered by order of King Mtesa of Uganda, and his sorrowing diocese was left to mourn one of the most courageous missionaries that ever died for the faith.

Bishop Smythies left the Usambara country about a month later and returned to Zanzibar. Of his journey to the coast he writes:

On Monday night we took advantage of the full moon and started about 8 P.M. I rode for the first seven or eight miles on the donkey and walked the rest, all of us lying down on the

[1] At Frere Town, in his own diocese, Bishop Hannington notes: 'I have constantly to regret the dissenterish kind of services they have here. . . . I want to hear more about saving souls. . . . I want to see far more Church order.'

roadside to sleep from 1 A.M. to 2.30 A.M. The lights at the time of sunrise were beautiful, the light of the moon and the first blush of the sunlight blending together. I was surprised to find that the dawn began about one and a half hour before the sun actually rose. As we were walking through the night we heard a lion not far off, and the porters were rather frightened, but a company of men together are quite safe. Unless we had been told we should not have known that it was a lion roaring. It was a succession of short grunting roars. It is very different if the lion is angry and very near, but this I have not heard. At one time, when there was scarcity of water, a lion used to come into the town here, close to this house, to drink at a pool. It did not touch anyone, but some men watched for it and shot at it through a window and wounded it in the shoulder. It was so angry that it threw itself against the wall and tore the window out. The men were very frightened and ran up to the roof. The lion got off, but was found dead afterwards.

Whilst waiting at Pangani, the Bishop wrote home appealing for more workers:

We must have men at all costs, if qualified men can be found to take the place of those who have succumbed. This district in which I have been living for seven weeks might employ any number of men; it is crowded thick with villages, and all the land for a great distance is under cultivation. There is a feud between the people who live there, the Bondeis and the Wadigo. Perhaps if I could send someone to live with the Wadigo we might make peace. This would be a great blessing to the country —now there is constant murdering on both sides. This journey to the coast is never safe for Bondeis—they are constantly waylaid and murdered, but the Digos recognise us, and have never yet touched our people. A coat or a gun of ours seems to be a safeguard.

Returning to Zanzibar before Easter, the Bishop threw

himself with energy into the work of the various island stations, taking Confirmations and services, and planning further developments of the educational centres. The importance of industrial training was again insisted on, while the higher education of Kiungani and Mbweni was advanced in every way. Writing in June, after three months in Zanzibar, the Bishop says:

Notwithstanding our disasters and the sad weakness of our staff, I see activity and improvement in every direction. The boys have been extremely nice and satisfactory, the girls' school has greatly improved, and the *shamba* at Mbweni is being worked extremely well. So God supplies our need, and I never feel disheartened.

On the question as to whether the more promising natives from Kiungani and Mbweni should be sent to England, the Bishop writes:

From the first I have doubted the wisdom of taking Africans to be educated in England, and do not expect a good result from it. Especially is this the case with girls, who marry young and are, I think, unfitted by their English experience for their life here. There may be something to be said for taking very promising boys who are to be teachers until we can give them a better education here; but that is the only case in which I can look for much good from it. However, if those who are interested in any children here ask to be allowed to take a child home with them *at their own expense*, I make no difficulty, chiefly because I think it is due to them, for their work's sake, to be allowed to use their discretion. But I wish it to be understood that I cannot sanction the employment of Mission funds for such a purpose, nor borrowing from them, nor is any appeal to go forth under my sanction for funds for such a purpose. I feel that there can be no adequate result in the children's lives from the large sum that

would be expended. They would probably marry at once on their return, and find an African house a very unpleasant contrast to their English home.

The great event of the year 1885 was the Bishop's first journey to Lake Nyasa. Ever since the foundation of the Universities' Mission, in response to Dr. Livingstone's appeal in 1859 to the English Universities to come forward and help the tribes in the region of this great lake, it had been the goal of the Mission's efforts. Bishop Mackenzie was consecrated in 1861 *Bishop of the Mission to the Tribes dwelling in the Neighbourhood of Lake Nyasa*; but the inaccessibility of the district, together with war, famine, and fever, baffled the endeavours of the first expedition. The sad fate of Bishop Mackenzie and his companions convinced his successor, Bishop Tozer, that a beginning must be made in a place where Europeans could live, and Zanzibar accordingly became the head-quarters of the Mission. His successor, Bishop Steere, ever conscious of his responsibility towards the lake tribes, established the Rovuma stations as a sort of half-way house, though during his episcopate he was not himself able to reach the lake. In the year 1881, however, a beginning was made, when the Rev. W. P. Johnson settled in solitude at Mwembe and began teaching. But, finding it impossible to continue the work single-handed, he returned to Zanzibar, and gained permission to take with him the Rev. Charles Janson, then working at Masasi. The two friends left Masasi four days after Christmas and started westward. On reaching the lake shore, two months later, Mr. Janson died, and his devoted friend and companion

worked on alone for two years, exploring the country and planning future work. Convinced at last that a steamer on the lake would be the quickest and healthiest method for reaching the marshy lake-side villages, he returned to England in the summer of 1884, appealed for a steamer, to be called the *Charles Janson*, in memory of his dead companion, and was back again in the Zambezi, with his 380 loads of small sections of the steamer, in December of the same year. The romantic story of this famous boat—the rapidity with which over 4,000*l.* was collected, the steamer made, packed, and shipped to the Cape, its transshipment there, its laborious passage up the Zambezi, the sudden blow that befell the heroic leader of the expedition, smitten with total blindness at Quilimane, and his consequent return to England, the innumerable and, as it seemed, insuperable obstacles that beset the lake party in their toilsome journey—all this can be but lightly touched on here. By the time Bishop Smythies reached the lake the steamer was nearly ready for use.

Leaving Zanzibar on June 20, 1885, the Bishop, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Swinny, sailed southwards, reaching Quilimane on the 30th. After many of the inevitable delays for which the delta of the Zambezi is famous, the party proceeded up the river, the Bishop enjoying for the first time those remarkable experiences of which many travellers have told the tale. Writing on July 15, he says :

> Travelling on the Zambezi is very slow. Sometimes the men paddle, more often they pole along, always close to the bank, partly, they said, to keep clear of the hippopotami, whose great

heads we could often see above the water in the middle. Often all the men had to get out and drag the boat over sand-banks. Sometimes we seemed going back for some minutes when the current caught the boat. For a long way the river was immensely wide when we got past the mouths into the main stream, but almost all the way full of sand-banks, on which every now and then we saw a crocodile basking in the sun, which slowly slid into the water until the boat had passed. Once we felt a sudden jerk for an instant, quite different from the feeling of striking on a bank, and the men said we had struck the back of a hippopotamus. All the way along we could see the deep roads they had made as they climbed the banks at night to feed. In the early morning we saw their backs, but at other times only their heads as they looked up to breathe.

The latter part of the river journey was made in the *Lady Nyasa*, a steamer belonging to the African Lakes Company:

On Saturday, July 25, we left Maruru, nineteen days after entering the mouth of the Zambezi, having waited at Maruru eleven days. For the first day after leaving, the banks were flat and low. We passed Shupanga, where Mrs. Livingstone was buried, a pretty, well-wooded place, with a good-sized Portuguese house. For the night we stopped at a house belonging to Dutch traders, who had several stations on the river.

On Monday, July 27, we entered the mouth of the Shiré. There are so many islands in that part of the Zambezi, with wide channels between, that it is rather difficult to know distinctly where the stream of the Zambezi is and where the stream of the Shiré. But when once fairly in the Shiré, it is found to have a very different character from the Zambezi. There are no more sand-banks, and the river becomes much narrower and deeper. Almost all day we saw before us the fine mountain of Morambala, which rises to a height of 4,000 feet, and is wooded in most places

to the top. It looks very fine in the evening as the lights and shadows play upon it. We were now getting very near to it, and were almost under one end of it when we stopped at the Company's station of Morambala, which takes its name from the mountain. During the day the boat had passed under a chain of wooded hills, and the country was altogether more interesting.

On Tuesday morning, July 28, the fog soon cleared off, and the mountain stood out clear and beautiful in the morning sun. The river flows under the whole length of it, about seven miles. On the right bank are the outskirts of a large forest of fan palms. All along these palms are seen, singly or in groups on the bank. Many crocodiles lay on the banks, one close to the steamer fast asleep in the sun. Another was shot by one of the men with the rifle I brought with me. It lay as if dead, but managed to get into the water when the boat got close to it. Soon after passing the mountain we entered a large marsh, and had not got through it when we came to anchor at night. In this marsh were large flocks of birds—different kinds of divers, herons, geese, and other waterbirds, and specially flocks of beautiful red birds, with metallic green on the lower part of the back above the tail. They are larger than swallows, but fly very much like them, their bright plumage shining in the sun. When they all settle on a bush or clump of reeds it looks, at a little distance, as if the reeds were covered with red flowers. Every now and then a large fish-hawk was seen, its dark brown back contrasting sharply with its white head and breast. Towards evening and in the early morning, quantities of divers like small cormorants and of the large black and white kingfisher flew out from the patches of high reeds where they roosted. Though the marsh was very flat, we could see mountains of picturesque irregular shapes all day from the different points of view, owing to the windings of the river, which prevented the scenery from being monotonous.

In the morning, Thursday, July 30, the sad news was broken to us that an accident had happened to the engine, and it was feared we must remain till a messenger was sent by land for

help, as there seemed no means of repairing it. This was by no means a pleasant prospect, but happily Francis Mabruki, one of the men I had brought with me, had been accustomed to manage the traction engine at Zanzibar, and as it was getting very old and infirm he was experienced in breakdowns. He set bravely to work, and before evening we got off and were able to steam for two hours before we anchored.

On reaching Mandala, the head-quarters of the African Lakes Company, the Bishop was most kindly received by Messrs. Moir, and the following day paid a visit to the well-known Scotch Mission station at Blantyre. Maturing his plans and making inquiries on the spot as to what would be the best method of increasing and consolidating the work already begun by Mr. Johnson and his colleagues on the lake, the Bishop wrote to the Home Committee a few days later the following important proposals, which subsequent events have proved to be well adapted to the needs of the place :

My dear Lord Bishop,—I have now been here for a few days, enjoying the beautiful country and the cool refreshing air. We have been welcomed with the greatest kindness and hospitality by the Moirs of the Central African Lakes Company. I intended to have gone on to-day to join our party at Matopé, but they pressed me so much to stay till next week that, as I probably shall not return here, I have let Mr. Swinny go on, hoping to join him on Tuesday. We are all very well and have enjoyed the journey. I went to see Bishop Mackenzie's grave, and found the cross in good preservation and a space kept quite clear round it. The Scotch Mission station at Blantyre is about a mile from here. With its substantial houses and well laid-out gardens, it reminds me more of home than anything I have seen out here yet. All there are most kind. I think they would say, from what I can

gather, that their experience is the same as ours—viz. that freed-slave villages cause very great difficulties, and are a hindrance to the evangelising of surrounding populations. This, of course, does not apply to Mbweni, of which the circumstances are different. I hope the *Charles Janson* will be ready for work in about a month. Meanwhile, very probably I shall go in the *Ilala* with Mr. Swinny and Captain Callaghan to select a site for our first and chief station on the lake.

Your Lordship will remember that Mr. Johnson was for some time at Chitesi's, but that he could not advise planting our head station on the mainland, both because of the jealousy of the chiefs and the perpetual raids of the Magwangwara. One of our first objects would be to have a school to which the chiefs would be invited to send children. Their jealousy of one another might prevent their sending them if we were near any particular town, and they would want some security that they would not be carried off by the Magwangwara. This state of fear in which they all live is worse now than ever, so that all along the lake I am assured, by those who have just been there, the people are living in low marshy places which are protected by lagoons, very fertile and productive, but most unhealthy and unfit for Europeans to occupy permanently. But I understand that four miles from the coast, near Chitesi's, is the island of Likoma, which seems by all accounts to be high and healthy, and to have a good anchorage. It is under the jurisdiction of Chitesi, and is used by him as a place of refuge in time of danger. I propose to inspect this island, and if we find it suitable as a site for our station, then to negotiate with Chitesi for a site and to establish our school there. From there we could in time establish sub-stations on the mainland, and the steamer would be used to convey missionaries to the different towns on the shore, and also to procure necessary supplies. Bandawé, the Scotch Free Church Mission, is on the other side of the lake, and only six hours off, yet without any fear of clashing. If this plan of building on the island appears feasible, Mr. and Mrs. Swinny will remove there as soon as possible, with

the rest of our staff who are here. Of course, after visiting the island we may find reason to alter our plan, but I thought your Lordship and the Committee would wish to know what I propose doing by this post. I myself hope to return to Zanzibar across country by way of our stations in the Rovuma Valley, utilising our men as porters and saving some of the immense expense of sending them home by Quilimane.

At Matopé, on the Upper Shiré, the party of engineers and workmen were busy over the building of the *Charles Janson*, which was now, after eight months' difficulties and misfortunes, nearly finished. It was arranged that, as soon as the Bishop had completed his tour of the lake and inspection of Likoma, he should return for the launching and dedication of the vessel. Leaving Matopé on August 17, with Mr. Swinny and Captain Callaghan, the Bishop reached the lake, visited Livingstonia and Bandawé, and crossed thence to Likoma, the island which, then untouched by European civilisation, has since become the head-quarters of the diocese and has given its name to the See. Writing of this first visit, the Bishop says :

Likoma is protected from aggression from without by being an island. It is in the very centre of the east coast of the lake, just opposite Chitesi's large town ; its coast towards the mainland is a succession of beautiful, clear, deep bays, with sandy beaches, any one of which affords a safe and protected anchorage for a steamer ; there is, too, on the island a very large population, a village in every bay, the people having been attracted there by the protection it offers from the Magwangwara. All along the coast we saw the evil results of the terror of this tribe. For long distances there was not a house ; all the people were collected into a few great towns close to the water's edge. They have chosen the most unhealthy situations, each town having a marsh

or water behind it, so that it would be quite impossible for any European to live in any of them with safety.

Mr. Swinny and I explored the inner side of the island, which is six or eight miles long, while the *Ilala* went round it, and found plenty of goats and cows, although it is not very fertile. The next thing was to go to Chitesi, who had sovereign rights over the island, so we crossed over and saw him on Tuesday morning, the 25th. He seemed to welcome us warmly, and said he knew our words were good, and he could refuse nothing to the white man. There were an immense number of people in his town, and nothing could exceed its unhealthiness. The houses were very close together on the sandy beach of the lake, with low swampy ground behind. We told Chitesi that as soon as the steamer was ready Mr. Swinny would return and select a site in Likoma; we then took him on board the *Ilala* and gave him the customary present. That night we stopped at Maendaenda's, where Janson is buried; the grave is in the very middle of the town, close to the house where he died, and is kept closed in and respected. The town was just such another as Chitesi's, and the chief, who bore a very good name, seemed glad to see us. What struck us particularly was the immense number of children.

The next day, Wednesday, August 26, we set out to return to Matopé and arrived there on the 28th, but our pleasant journey had a very sad ending. As we came round the corner above Matopé in the *Ilala*, we saw that the largest of our buildings had disappeared, and when we came on shore we found that all was a mass of smoking ruins. The boiler was just being finished, when a spark reached the grass roof, and very soon the shed, with all the stores and cloth, a good part of my presents for chiefs, the tent with Captain Callaghan's things, the church, and the pastoral staff of the diocese, all were gone. The fire spread so rapidly that there was hardly time to save anything, especially as at first all efforts had been directed to getting a man and boy out of the boiler. The roof over them was blazing and they were in danger of being burnt before they could be got out. All this had

happened the day before, and it was a sad scene of desolation on our arrival. The men and boys were busy picking up the bits of iron, screws, knives, and anything that could be saved from the ruins. Fortunately the wind was not towards the steamer, or it would have been far more serious ; as it is, I fear that, in consequence of the delay caused by the damage, there will not be water enough for her to get up the Shiré this season.

On Monday, August 31, we held a council to consider what was best to be done. We concluded that, as it was now hopeless to expect that the steamer could be got on Lake Nyasa before the rains, it would be best to get her out of the dock on the river without waiting for the boiler to be finished, so that I might have a dedication service on board before I left. The sun in the middle of the day is becoming hotter, and it is important that I should not delay any longer.

Accordingly, all the men set to work to deepen the inner dock, in which the steamer had been put together, and to clear out the mud which had accumulated in the outer part. By Thursday they had the satisfaction of seeing the dock filled and the *Charles Janson* afloat. On Friday the dam which divided the dock was removed. The men began to work early on Saturday morning, and very soon the outer dam was gone too, and the steamer safely out on the stream of the Shiré. We had already discovered something which might be of great consequence to us—viz. that she draws very much less water than we expected. . . . The day after the *Charles Janson* was thus successfully launched we had our dedication service on board. I think we all feel very thankful that the work has been so far accomplished, and that now there seems a possibility of the steamer reaching the lake in two or three months.

This was successfully achieved, and on January 22, 1886, the *Charles Janson* cast anchor off Likoma Island.

The Bishop left the southern end of the lake on September 10, and set off towards the Rovuma country,

determined to avoid the expense of the Zambezi route, to explore a vast unknown district, and to revisit Masasi and Newala. What this walk of forty-five days entailed can hardly be imagined by those unacquainted with African travelling, but the Bishop's unusual strength and powers of endurance enabled him to accomplish what few Europeans would venture to undertake. This was the first of five similar journeys, and in those early days his good health and strength prompted him to write :

Since I have been here I feel greatly the advantage of the same Bishop having jurisdiction here and in Zanzibar. Where there is so much connection in other ways, it is well that there should be this connection too.

Six years later the physical exhaustion caused by his fifth and last journey led him to decide otherwise.

The geographical interest of this first journey was the discovery by the Bishop of the true source of the River Lujenda, a tributary of the Rovuma ; and the historical interest, his incidental mention of the authority of the Sultan of Zanzibar in far-distant regions, an authority which, in the subsequent partition of Africa amongst the European Powers, was often denied by them. Allusions to the raids of the terrible Magwangwara are frequent throughout the Bishop's Journal :

The whole country is swept of inhabitants by successive raids of tribe after tribe on those who settle there. We met two caravans, one a large one of some hundreds of people returning from the coast. Susi learnt that they had been to Mtamba, south of the Rovuma, in the extreme south of the Sultan's territory. A large number were boys and women ; these and probably some

men were slaves whom the heads of the caravan had failed to sell. They said that Muscat Arabs used to come to the coast, and that now they did not; probably they were afraid of the measures taken by Seyyid Barghash to prevent slaves being conveyed by sea. A great deal of cloth and powder was being carried by the caravan, probably bought with ivory. They belonged to Mponda on the Shiré, and the other Yao chiefs we had passed. Susi tells me that when he came here with Livingstone all the country on the north bank of the Rovuma in this part was a succession of villages. Now no vestige of them remains; all is swept bare by the Magwangwara. We found that some islands were inhabited, but without careful search it was very difficult to discover it; evidently all their dealings are with the other side, away from the Magwangwara. They were too much afraid to send canoes with food to sell to our people.

On the evening of the 23rd we slept at a Makua village, which I visited last year, and were generously welcomed by the kind old chief. When I arrived before the others, with the eagerness of one pressing towards home, he saw I was tired and hungry, and brought me some bananas. As I had not seen anything of the kind for weeks, it was the most acceptable present he could have brought. The next day another old Makua chief, who years ago acted as guide to Dr. Livingstone, hearing I was passing, hurried after me out of his village and gave me a warm welcome. At last at midday I reached Newala, and felt myself at home, after our long journey, with my friends there.

Meantime these two 'friends' had been most anxiously awaiting the Bishop, who was known to be coming from Lake Nyasa, but of whom no news could be heard. One of them writes as follows:

It was during this happy year, when we were daily expecting Bishop Smythies' arrival from Lake Nyasa, that a caravan of porters turned up, telling us that Bishop Smythies had died of

fever close to Blantyre. They were quite certain about it. Maples was not. He had had too much experience of native rumours to credit them lightly. So he sent down to Lindi, one hundred miles away, to make inquiries of another caravan of porters, who had lately come from Blantyre. They corroborated the report in every particular. The Bishop had died in his hut, two days' march from Blantyre. It all seemed so circumstantial—and the Bishop was already so long overdue—that we made up our minds to believe it. Maples wrote off volumes to the then Secretary at Delahay Street. We opened the Bishop's papers which we had been keeping for him, we sorrowfully ate the delicacies we had been reserving for him. And suddenly there was heard the firing of guns close by as of an approaching caravan. In a few minutes in walked Bishop Smythies, travel-stained and weary, but well enough.[1]

After a visit to Masasi, the Bishop returned to Newala, and there on Sunday, November 22, admitted with some ceremony the influential chief Matola to the catechumenate. On December 7 he left Newala for the coast, reaching Zanzibar on December 18. Thus, twenty-two years after the sad disasters of Bishop Mackenzie's expedition, the work of the Universities' Mission had been firmly established on the shores of Lake Nyasa, and was under episcopal supervision.

[1] *Life of Bishop Maples*, p. 396.

CHAPTER IV

THE THIRD YEAR

1886

AFTER Christmas spent in Zanzibar, the Bishop wrote to the Home Committee the following important letters relating to the education of the Kiungani boys and the financial condition of the Mission:

January 14, 1886.

Gentlemen,—

. . . . The theological school is just now being worked into some sort of form, but it will be so entirely a growth and development out of what already exists, and has been for some time in course of preparation for it, that it is very difficult to write anything definite about it. We hope to be able to apprentice, to different kinds of work, all boys in this school at Kiungani as soon as we are satisfied that they will never be fit for teachers. Most of these boys who are apprenticed will leave Kiungani and live at the new house at Mkunazini. The elder boys who remain at Kiungani will employ half their working time in teaching the lower classes, under the superintendence of the European teachers, and will themselves receive instruction during the other half. When it is thought advisable they will be sent on the mainland to teach in the village schools, say, for a year or more, to give them a sense of responsibility and test their powers of more independent work. They will, as a rule, live with the missionaries at the central stations. Then, after this time of probation, they can return to complete their training at Kiungani if they are found to have a

vocation for Holy Orders. Should it appear desirable, as will often be the case, that they should marry before completing their course of study, there are houses near Kiungani which they and their wives can occupy.

The boys who are apprenticed are still supported by us entirely, and we have besides to bear the expenses of their apprenticeship.

I fear I am not able to give any estimate beforehand of what the expenses of the Mission are likely to be, which will be of more use as a guide than the average expense of the last few years. I am doing all I can to keep the expenses down, and I have given directions that no building of any kind should be undertaken here without my express sanction, and that nothing should be sent out from home without my being first referred to.

But I fear, with every wish to be economical, it will not be possible to carry on the work of the Mission on what has been assigned as its current income. And in saying this I venture to express a doubt as to whether it is right for a Mission to keep so large a capital in hand when so much work is to be done. Especially I hope you will forgive my saying that I think the whole principle of *an emergency fund* is of the most questionable character as applied to an undertaking full of dangers and eventualities, which can never be faced on principles of worldly prudence, but can only be met by the principle of Faith in God. I feel quite sure of this, that nothing is more likely to daunt the enthusiasm of men who might otherwise be inclined to give their all to the Mission than the knowledge that so much money was expressly kept in hand to provide for the transference of the Mission staff to England. I am quite certain that, did such eventualities occur as to make this necessary, we could trust to our fellow Christians to do all they could for us. I do not think it unreasonable that the Committee should wish a certain sum to be considered as endowment, but the idea of an emergency fund seems to be foreign to any thoughts we, who are interested in this Mission, ought to have about it.

I would also venture to deprecate most strongly the idea that

we are already drawing as large an income as we can expect from subscriptions in England, even in times of great depression. So far from the amount spent on Foreign Missions being a subject of congratulation, I must say that if we take our stand upon our Lord's own words, which make missionary work the first duty of the Church, it seems to me a subject for deep humiliation. I suppose the income of all missionary societies together is not more than that of one or two rich Churchmen. At least it will be conceded that a man would hardly be considered extraordinarily rich, as things are now, if he spent an amount equal to the whole income of this Mission on his establishment and surroundings. That being the case, is it right for us to listen to those who would tell us we cannot expect in these hard times to get a larger income from subscriptions?

But I am assured, by one who seems competent to judge, that it is probable there are many people in England who would be glad to hear about our work, and willing to help us, whom we have not yet been able to reach, because of the inadequateness of our machinery. The great interest which is now being so widely felt in Africa would seem to warrant such a probability. If so, I would venture very respectfully to urge that the fact of our finding it impossible to carry on the work we have already begun on our present income is a call to us not to curtail our work here, but to consider how we can bring that work under the notice of a larger number of people at home, and make its needs more fully known. I have said that I do not see how it is possible to carry on the work already begun without exceeding the current income of the Mission as apportioned by the treasurers. But, Gentlemen, I feel it is right for me to say more than this. When I was asked if I would accept the very honourable post of the headship of this Mission, it surely was not intended that one of the duties laid upon me was rigidly to keep the operations of the Mission within the limits of work the lines of which had already been laid down. It might be reasonable in the case of a colonial diocese to say that only a certain income could be expected from home; but can

it be reasonable in the case of the Bishop of a Mission which is surrounded by multitudes of heathen, the conditions of whose life are such that it must be very long indeed before they can be ministered to by a large native ministry or support their own religious teachers? Up to this time there was no need for me to say much on this point, because if there were many openings for work there were not many trained workers to send. But now that our numbers are increasing, and I see around me a growing band of men on whom I can thoroughly rely, the question presses for answer. Am I to make use of these men? or is this Mission to have the power to attract the enthusiasm of such men, and not to have the power to use that enthusiasm when given, because there is not enough money? Will it not be a grave scandal that a Mission should attract men of high capacity and devoted life, simply by its promise of work for God, and should attract them to live amidst the dangers of a tropical climate where life is often shortened and health impaired, offering them no reward but that joy which their work brings, and then should fail to evoke sufficient enthusiasm in others to obtain the money necessary to enable them to do the work for which they have come? Allow me to illustrate what I mean.

There is in the middle of the Makonde plateau an influential chief called Lumanga. He would gladly welcome a teacher, from, I believe, really good motives. He is a great friend of Matola, our chief at Newala. He happened to visit Matola when I was there, soon after he had taken the cross as a sign of being admitted a catechumen, and Matola asked him if he would not like to do the same, to which he answered: 'You know I wish to do what you do.' He knows of course nothing of Christianity except at a distance. Why should I not send him a teacher? Because he lives more than a day from Newala, and it would be a considerable expense, and I am now told I am spending too much. Or again, Mtarika is a very powerful chief among the Yaos. I think for twenty minutes I walked through his town with houses on all sides, and great numbers of people. On the

islands in the Lujenda, both above and below, are multitudes of people, all under Mtarika or friendly to him. He told me he wished very much for a teacher. Matola recognises Mtarika as his *mkuu*, a kind of suzerain. Why should not I send a teacher for all these people? Because Mtarika lives about nineteen days from Newala, and twelve from the lake. It would require great self-devotion for anyone to go and live there; but that is not the obstacle. I do not fear but that I could find men ready to go. It would be a very great expense to keep them supplied with necessaries, and I am told I must not incur it. I might mention other chiefs who have asked for teachers. May I look for enlarged support from home? If not, our position here will become an increasingly difficult one—the necessity for advance meeting us everywhere, the men to go ready, the means to send them wanting.

After a Confirmation at Kiungani, and a baptism of adults in the Cathedral, the Bishop left Zanzibar for Tanga on a visit to Magila and the surrounding country. In view of subsequent events it is interesting to note the Bishop's account of his reception at Tanga, the undoubted supremacy of the Sultan of Zanzibar over the coast towns, the popularity of Sir John Kirk, as representing England, amongst the Arabs, and the general feeling of friendliness towards the Mission *quâ* Mission, apart from nationality:

On landing at Tanga we found the Governor and all the Arabs drawn up on the beach to receive us. I presented my letters from the Sultan and Sir John Kirk, and the Governor did everything to show us honour, assigning to us a very good house, and himself with all his retinue visiting us four times, sending a goat, large bowls of milk, coffee, and fruit, and begging us to ask for everything we wanted. He also saved us much trouble by getting porters to carry all our loads from the beach, superintending the work himself.

The next day, Wednesday, we were up soon after 4 A.M., intending to start for Umba very early, so as to get a good part of our walk over before the sun grew hot ; but, after waiting about for some time, it was found that the porters who had been sent to meet us had played us false and gone off in the night. It was therefore after nine o'clock before other porters could be found and we could set out on our journey.

This walk was saddened by the sudden death of Mr. Winckley, who had only lately arrived from England. The mournful story is given in the following letter:

I have very, very sad news to send you this time. It has pleased God that we should lose another of our company from His work here, and under circumstances which cannot but seem to us very sad.

After a great deal of tiring and harassing delay, we got off from Tanga with twenty-two men. It was, however, very fortunately as we thought, a very cloudy day, which made it easier to travel. We went on for about two hours, or two and a half hours, over a fairly level country. About eleven o'clock I was pretty well in front, with Winckley just behind me, when he spoke of being tired. I did not think much of it, as one often does feel tired on the first day's walk. I felt a little tired myself; but I knew we had a long day's walk, and we wanted very much to reach Umba without being obliged to camp out for a night. If we had stopped at eleven o'clock to rest it would have been impossible. I went just out of the way to look at a town of the Wadigo, and Winckley came with me, whereas I thought if he had been very tired he would not have diverged from the path. Soon after we saw Kerslake and two men who had passed us sitting down to rest. I went on, remarking that I did not like to stop, as it always made me more tired, and I found I could manage best by keeping straight on. Winckley had again spoken of being tired, and I noticed he gave a kind of sigh once or twice; still I did not think anything of it

as the day was cloudy. We had hardly been walking two and a half hours, and he was a tall, strong-looking man. I said, rather jokingly, that he was feeling it because he had taken little exercise, and he said he had felt less able to do so the last few days. All these things came back to me afterwards, and I have felt very sorry I did not take more notice of them. I heard afterwards he had eaten very little at breakfast, which we had very early, but I had not noticed it. He seemed quite well and strong during the journey, except for the sea-sickness we all suffered from, and one is very apt to judge others by oneself. I have been feeling lax and wanting in energy during this hot weather in Zanzibar, and last year, when about this time I came here after my fever, I felt as if I hardly could get through my journey to Mkuzi; yet I did it, and began to be better at once. When I saw Kerslake sitting down, I quite thought Winckley would have rested with him, as we were in front of the caravan, and some of our party were a long way behind.

I remember being rather surprised on turning my head and seeing Winckley and Kerslake both following. I have a sort of painful feeling now that I ought to have noticed the sigh he gave now and then as something unusual, and that I ought to have stopped. But it was quite cloudy, and we had got such a little way on our long day's journey. I remember thinking, if we come to water in about half an hour's time, we will stop for our midday meal and rest. It was only a very few minutes after we passed Kerslake, and he had come on with us, that he called out to me that the native behind was calling to us that Winckley had fallen. I turned back and could not see him; the man pointed to the grass and I found him lying there. I only then thought he was faint, as he was conscious. I asked if with our help he could reach the shade; he said he thought he could, and then at once, as I bent down to help him, he became unconscious. Still I hoped that it was only faintness. We undid his clothes, gave him brandy and water, supported his head on rugs, so that he could breathe more easily, and sponged his head and chest.

There were two native women with us, Kate, Francis Mabruki's wife, the teacher at Mbweni, who was going for a holiday to visit John Swedi and his wife, and a friend of hers. These women did all they could, with the kindness and tenderness of women, to help him. But we felt terribly helpless. All the time he was breathing hard, with a good deal of noise in the throat, and I felt that, unless something could be done to restore consciousness, there seemed to be no power of recovering it; and yet we knew of nothing else but to give him brandy and water every now and then. Fortunately some Bondeis came up, who were sent by Mr. Geldart to buy rice at Tanga; one we sent at once for the doctor. It is most unusual for a man to travel far alone, but this man went and reached Umba at 4 P.M., a most extraordinarily short time for such a distance.

After watching poor Winckley for two hours, we thought it best to try to carry him on. We made a bed for him with a cork mattress and waterproof sheet and some poles; but after carrying him perhaps half an hour the sheet gave way, and we again laid him on the ground, and the rest of us watched him while Allen went with his bearers to a town said to be near, to get a *kitanda* or native bedstead on which to put him. The town was much farther than we thought, and we had to wait a long while, perhaps even an hour. Long before they came back he had passed away without any return of consciousness.

The doctor said afterwards nothing could have been done. From the quantity of blood which came from him afterwards, and the general symptoms, he said it must have been apoplexy.

When the *kitanda* came we fastened the body upon it and began our long and painful walk here. I followed close behind all the time. First the men objected that we must get more carriers; we got one or two at the town; then they were always disputing as to who should carry and whose turn it was, and disputing among themselves and trying to get money out of our trouble. In one place we had to go through a thick forest, where the bearers had to crawl on their knees sometimes to keep the

body clear of the boughs ; then the night came on very dark, the road was often very bad and uneven, the grass was often above one's waist, impeding our walking ; our rate of walking became slower till we seemed to creep along, the men were always stopping and wrangling, and we had to bribe and scold and implore to get them on at all, and all over the poor lifeless body. I felt so tired at times I thought I never should get to Umba. There had been nothing to break the terrible strain all day ; we had not had time to cook a meal since 5.30 that morning. I knew we must push on if we wished to do all that we should like for the body of our friend—all we could do for him now. In this climate everything must be done quickly. If it please God, I hope we may be spared ever having such another day. At last, at 2 A.M., we reached Umba, utterly exhausted, but most thankful to have got there at last.

They dug a deep grave close by the graves of our other brothers who have died here. At about 7.30 in the morning all had been done that we could wish, and the body was in church covered with the violet altar-cloth for a pall. The doctor had arrived after us from Mkuzi, and as there were so many English, we had the funeral service and celebration of the Holy Communion in English. Then we carried him through the town to the grave, and laid him by the side of those who had consecrated their lives to the same work and fallen in the same warfare.

Incessant activity characterised this visit of the Bishop's to the Usambara country ; Umba, Mkuzi, Magila, Misozwe were visited, not once but several times each, and long exploratory walks were made in the mountainous districts. The whole country at that time was deserted on account of tribal wars, Kimweri still endeavouring to wrest the country from his cousin Kinyasi. The chief events at Magila were the ordination of Mr. Geldart to the priesthood (the first ordination that had ever been seen on

MAGILA.

the mainland), and the consecration of the new church. Previous to the ordination a three days' Retreat was held. The new stone church was the largest building hitherto attempted. The Bishop writes of it:

> On Lady Day I consecrated the really splendid church at Magila. It is quite a triumph to have built such a church under the difficulties which must beset all buildings in stone in that country.

Archdeacon Farler's energy and enterprise overcame these difficulties,[1] and the result is a lofty building with nave of five bays, two aisles, side chapel, and apsidal chancel, comparable, in point of size, height, and solidity, with many a church in England. The consecration took place on the Feast of the Annunciation, in the presence of a vast crowd.

This ceremony completed, the Bishop left Magila for Zanzibar, where, after a Retreat at Kiungani, he ordained Cecil Majaliwa Deacon in the Cathedral. The remainder of Lent was spent by the Bishop in Zanzibar, where he held a Confirmation on Passion Sunday, and another Retreat the week following. On Easter Eve he baptized thirty-one adults at Mbweni, and the same evening fourteen boys at Christ Church, and on Easter Day, after the usual Cathedral services, went on board an English man-of-war to hold a service. Few priests of the Mission would be equal to such a continual strain as this work implies in a tropical climate.

A second journey to Nyasa was now undertaken, and

[1] In 1880 some of the local chiefs sent a body of armed men to stop the building, which they were convinced was a fort.

this time the Bishop decided to walk to the lake *viâ* Newala, instead of choosing the Zambezi route. One of his companions was Mr. Johnson, now returned from England with the sight of one eye partially restored, and anxious to press forward in order to begin work on the *Charles Janson*. The whole country round the lake was still suffering from the marauding Magwangwara tribe, and the Bishop determined to see whether his influence could not procure some cessation of hostilities. On reaching Newala a series of disasters overtook the party. Mr. Johnson became so seriously ill that the only hope of saving his life was to send him back to the coast. 'Dear Johnson was carried away yesterday terribly weak and ill, and we hardly dare to speak of his departure. It seems so doubtful whether we shall hear of his safe arrival at the coast.'[1] In consequence of this change it was decided that Mr. Maples should leave his work at Newala and accompany the Bishop to the lake. Scarcely had they started when news was brought that the Rev. J. S. C. Wood, whom they had left convalescent at Newala, was dead. This sad event determined the Bishop not to take Mr. Wathen (a young, not yet acclimatised member of the staff) on the remainder of the long journey. After proceeding about one hundred and fifty miles inland the party divided, Mr. Maples and the greater number of porters with bales of goods going direct to the lake, while the Bishop, with as few natives as possible, advanced on the perilous journey to the warlike Magwangwara. So fierce a character had this tribe that the sight of a valuable caravan would

[1] *Life of Bishop Maples*, p. 265.

almost certainly have tempted them to attack and robbery. After some days' travel through mountainous country the Bishop writes:

The nights had become now exceedingly cold, so that my teeth chattered, and I could hardly keep myself warm. I regretted my second blanket, which I had sent the other way for fear of exciting the greed of the Magwangwara by anything superfluous. Our path was often difficult to find, as it was only marked sometimes by the cuts of an axe on the trees, and sometimes we had to wander about looking for it. The fires had not yet begun, as the grass was not dry enough. It was often very long and troublesome, and the pointed seeds apt to stick into one's feet and cause sores. We were more than a fortnight passing through this forest. We had, when we could reach water, as we generally could, to stop pretty early in the afternoon to let the men build a fence against the lions and hyænas. For two nights we had rain, which I had not at all expected at this season, but the guide said that it was always so here.

On July 7 we got extensive views, and here the trees were bright in places with autumnal tints, especially the golden colour of the bamboos, which clothe the sides of deep valleys and the banks of streams. Once we lost the path for a long time, baffled by the numerous tracks of a herd of elephants. Now and then we saw traces of former villages and crossed old potato beds in the midst of the forest; but all is now desolate from fear of the Magwangwara. The dew in the morning was very heavy, so that I was often quite wet through soon after starting. During the night of July 9 I was awakened by the firing of guns, and found that two lions had been prowling round the camp, and one had at last torn at the boughs which formed the fence. This was rather unpleasantly near, within a few feet of the men's heads. There was only a semicircle of fence, with my tent opposite, with open passages on either side. The guns frightened the lions, but I heard them growling near again when I got up at five o'clock.

We saw the marks of very large feet all around us in the morning, and in one place the earth was torn up where the lion had jumped when startled by the guns.

At last, four weeks after leaving Masasi, the Bishop reached the town of the Gwangwara chief Sonjela, a grasping, violent-tempered, unattractive man of intemperate habits, who accepted the two loads of handkerchiefs and calico offered to him, and, under protest, consented to receive a Christian teacher, and to desist from attacking the people of Masasi. The Bishop was well satisfied with the results of this visit, for he had scarcely hoped to receive even a grudging welcome from Sonjela ; and to have secured a promise of peace for Masasi was more than he expected. He now wanted to visit Mhaluli, Sonjela's superior chief, and after a week's stay asked permission to move on to him, but

When Sonjela found that we wanted to visit Mhaluli he said he could not let us do so. He may have had several reasons for this. He wished, I think, to monopolise any good to be got out of us for himself. Then he probably was very doubtful as to whether Mhaluli would wish to see us. I saw he was determined that we should not go, so I asked for a guide to Mbampa Bay. This he readily granted.

. . . . On the night of Saturday, July 31, we slept near a hut on the top of the mountains, and, as I was told it was only a morning's walk to Mbampa Bay, I thought it best to go on after our early service on the Sunday. In half an hour we had crossed the top of the range, and a wide and splendid view burst upon us. Some 4,000 feet down, perhaps, lay the lake, stretching as far as we could see to north and south, with high mountains just visible on the opposite shore. In the foreground was a mass of varied colour and beauty ; rocks and foliage mingled together in all direc-

tions. We found it a very steep climb down, and very much longer than we expected—a good six hours' walk to where our steamer lay. From time to time we had glimpses of the lake; then again we went down into some deep valley, and crossed cool, shaded streams with large creepers entwined above them, hiding the clear bright waters from the sun as they splashed over the great granite boulders. We had to climb again some steep rocky hills shortly before reaching the lake.

At last we reached our steamer anchored in the beautiful little blue bay sheltered by the peninsula called Mbampa. Our men came in by degrees, and I was glad to find our friends on board had a sheep ready to give them after their long, trying march. In the evening we had our service on the shore, and ended with a *Te Deum* in thankfulness to God for having prospered and preserved us, and brought us safe to our friends on the lake. The next day we reached Likoma, after steaming about three hours in the *Charles Janson*. We found Mr. Maples and his men had all safely arrived on the Thursday before, and he and the Likoma party were on the beach to receive us. . . . All here seem fairly well, and believe in the healthiness of the island. I was surprised to find twenty-five boys living as boarders at the Mission and taught by the native teachers every day. These teachers came from among our boys at Zanzibar, and have been of the greatest help and most excellent in every way. Four of the boys have already asked to become Christians, and give proofs of being in earnest.

It may be well to insert here a letter from the Bishop, written somewhat earlier in the year, in reply to certain critics in England who had expressed an opinion that Likoma was not a suitable site for the head-quarters of the Nyasa work:

I have acted according to my own convictions in choosing Likoma, and I think it will be allowed to be reasonable that I

should feel bound to regard the universal testimony of those I had an opportunity of speaking to who knew the lake, and my own judgment after having visited different parts of the lake, rather than the opinion of any who have never been there. Dr. Laws, as far as I can gather, is the one person who has experience who is doubtful about Likoma, but on no ground, I imagine, but theory. But what of his station? It is on a fine breezy promontory with a bay on either side—every condition of health, we would say. But those living there bear every mark of constant fever. I will give you Sir John Kirk's words to me this afternoon: he at least is a good authority. 'I wonder that anyone should decide on such a question without seeing the district. The fact is, there is a great deal of nonsense talked about the highlands of Africa. You cannot live anywhere without being liable to fever, unless you go to desert places where no one else lives. Wherever there is any cultivation, there is fever.' I entirely agree with him. Look at Newala. There is apparently every condition favourable to health, yet some men have constant fever there.

Ever anxious to make peace between hostile chiefs, Bishop Smythies lost no time in visiting Mataka, who was threatening war with Chitesi, the chief who had influence over Likoma. Arbitration was again successful here, and the Bishop returned to the island, passing on next day to visit the grave of Charles Janson, and proceeding in the steamer to the southern end of Lake Nyasa and down the Shiré to Pimbi, whence the party walked to Zomba and Blantyre, and back to the steamer at Matopé:

From Pimbi we started by moonlight and walked for three hours, slept, and went on over the mountainous spurs of Zomba on Saturday, reaching Mr. Buchanan's settlement in the afternoon. It is a beautiful place, up under the mountain rising about 3,000 feet, and very precipitous on all sides. We were received

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most hospitably by Mr. Buchanan and his three brothers. I was glad to find the Consul there too. He is building a large house. I was very much pleased with what I saw of the Consul. He seems much interested in the country and its welfare. He has had a most successful journey to the troublesome tribe of the Angoni, which I hope will really do good. They are the Magwangwara of this side of the lake. Mr. Buchanan has gardens full of English vegetables, fields of corn, coffee plantations, streams of water flowing through them in all directions. We had a full Sunday, August 15. First of all Swahili service with our six men, then Mr. Buchanan's Yao service, at which Maples spoke in Yao, then an English service and sermon to which the Consul came. In the afternoon Maples and I climbed Zomba and enjoyed it, but the weather was too hazy from the grass fires to see far. There were fields of wild flowers on the top of the mountain, and I saw Michaelmas daisies, St. John's wort, and blackberries.

On Monday, August 16, we left for this (Blantyre), a walk of over forty miles. We passed about ten miles from Magomero, where Bishop Mackenzie and the first members of the Mission settled. At the end of the day we thought we had not come half-way, so we got up in the night and walked three hours by the bright moonlight. We got in here, after a long tiring walk, on Tuesday afternoon, August 17, and were warmly welcomed. Everyone is most kind. We are staying at the house of Mr. Hetherwick, the minister in charge.

On returning to Likoma the Bishop appointed Mr. Maples Archdeacon, and before leaving the lake he had the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Johnson, who had been carried away so ill from Newala, and had been obliged to undergo an operation at Mozambique, had so far recovered that on reaching the Cape he felt himself ready to return for work on the lake. This return the Bishop joyfully sanctioned, little thinking then that this faithful servant of

the Mission would be destined to labour on with good health and undaunted courage for twelve consecutive years without leaving his post.[1] After holding a Retreat at Likoma and visiting all the villages on the island, and seeing the first church building nearly finished, the Bishop left the lake, to return by the River Lujenda route, as in the previous year. Some account of his experiences on this journey now follows :

I thought you might like to have an account of the sort of Sunday one has sometimes to spend in Africa. I will take yesterday as a specimen. The day before, we had arrived at a large town on the shore of the lake. When we had settled ourselves in the town, I was at once the centre of attraction. The chief gave me a house ; but we found it so infested with the most disagreeable kinds of disagreeable insects that I told the men to find a place for my tent, as I knew I could not sleep there. As the town is built on a narrow strip of land between a marsh and the lake, there were not many spaces available. However, they found me a common open beach where there was a break in the reeds, where people came down to wash and get their water—not very private, as you may suppose. I told the six Christians of our party that I would celebrate the Holy Communion as early as possible so as to avoid interruption. It gets light before six o'clock now, and I suppose we began soon after, but when one's tent has to serve as bed-room, dressing-room, and church, it takes some time to make it ready, especially for the highest act of worship. I find, too, that there is a great deal of preparation which I must do myself, however willing my native Reader, Charlie Sulemani, may be to help me. I put a man outside the tent to ask any people who came to look to wait and be quiet, as we were at prayers. The men are always devout and attentive, and

[1] The Rev. W. P. Johnson did not return to England on furlough till 1898.

I carry with me everything that is necessary to make the service as much as possible as I am accustomed to have it in church. It was in Swahili, of course, for the sake of the men. Notwithstanding my precautions, I had not finished putting away the vessels, &c., when the chief suddenly entered with a present of a substantial breakfast, consisting of a large bowl, or rather closely woven basket, of *ugali*, the stiff porridge which is the staple food of the country, and a basin of stewed buffalo. He caught sight of a handsome embroidered red stole and asked to look at it. He was much struck with the work, and asked if he could buy anything like it. My purple cassock was also an object of great admiration. He left us to our breakfast, saying he would come again. I had already had breakfast prepared, so I was able to entertain my six Christian people in my tent on what had been so amply provided. The *ugali* was excellently cooked, very white and fine. I have taken to eating it on my journeys, and like it very much. It is always to be got, and I find it a good substitute for bread, which I cannot often have. The chief's present was very acceptable, as giving me an opportunity, which I am always glad to take, of making the men feel the union of Christians, black and white, with one another.

Before I could have our Swahili matins, to which all our men came, the chief paid me another visit, and asked me if some of his people might see the stole and cassock. I showed them the stoles I had, and put on the cassock, explaining to him that it was God's day, and I wanted to worship God according to our custom with the men. Just then there was a great noise, and we went outside to see the cause of it. It happened that all the town was *en fête*, so far as that can ever be said of a town in this country. There are certain tribal customs which are made an occasion of festivities. A large circle of booths is built, outside the town in this case, sometimes in the woods near, and all the women or men, as the case may be, turn out for a sort of picnic, with a good deal of dancing and noise. In this case the festivities were being carried on by the women, and now a large company

came by, mostly dressed in their husbands' clothes and carrying their guns, bows and arrows, belts, &c., making believe to be going to war. They danced about on the beach with these things. Some had coloured their faces as a sort of parody of beards and whiskers. The chief took off his belt and girded it on to a middle-aged woman, probably his wife. After a little while they went on through the town and out at the other end, and the chief and most of the people followed them, so we were left in peace to have our service. Only a few of the men could be in the tent; the rest stood and knelt on the shore outside. A few of the young men of the town remained looking on. After service my tent door, and indeed every available opening, was crowded with visitors all through the middle of the day. I had the sides lifted up to let a current of air pass through underneath, as a tent gets very hot in the sun, so that I was really surrounded with men and boys, the women keeping more outside and looking on from a distance. I tried to entertain my visitors by showing them anything I had, and giving them sugar plums, kindly sent me by my friends at home, which are greatly appreciated.

This does not sound a very profitable or evangelical way of spending Sunday, as I am painfully conscious. But I find it very difficult to say anything serious to a crowd, mostly of young men like this, full of curiosity, and without the most elementary ideas of the real seriousness of life. I think others might do better. I feel sure St. Francis Xavier or St. Francis of Assisi would. It is, of course, a great difficulty not to be able to speak their language (Yao). All I find, generally, that I am able to do, especially where there are large numbers coming and going, is to speak to the chief about the objects of our coming, and our wish to do good to the people, which I always try to do, and then to be patient with all inquisitiveness, and try to give confidence and be as friendly as possible, to lay the foundation for any visits of missionaries or anything that may be done to help the people in the future. Bishop Patteson, I see, felt the same difficulty as to dealing with people religiously on a first visit. Still, I am not satisfied. It is

easy to point out the great difference as to intellect and culture between these people and most of those with whom St. Paul had to do, to point to miraculous gifts as a great help in the cases of those who were more barbarous; but the question is, whether something more of St. Paul's supernatural life and St. Paul's burning zeal might not make what seems so difficult to become easy. A very moderate amount of zeal and work readily gain credit for missionaries from their friends at home; they very much need their prayers that they may not so readily take credit to themselves.

To return to our Sunday. When dinner came, there was still an admiring crowd making remarks on each article of food and each gesture, interested in tasting a crumb of bread or a fragment of biscuit. At last, about five o'clock, I escaped into the fields to get a little quiet, and think over my evening sermon to my men. As soon as I got back there came an uncomfortable altercation with our guides, who asked an extortionate price. I appealed to the chief, and told him I knew the custom of the country, and mentioned what I had paid in many cases. His people had been spoilt, as I told him, by a Portuguese traveller, who, coming but once, paid what was asked. This he acknowledged, but all the same he confessed to having told the men to ask double what the Portuguese gave. I spoke very strongly, as it is probable we may have future relations with this man, who is of the same family as our most friendly chiefs, Matola and Mtarika, who last year treated me with kindness, and whom I am now going to visit again. It ended in our gaining more favourable terms. At last with darkness I was left alone, and we were able to have our evening service quietly on the shore.

The long walk from the lake to Newala contained incidents unchronicled by himself, but noted by Charles Sulemani, the native Reader who accompanied the Bishop on many of his long walks. This simple statement of

the sort of experiences such a journey entails speaks for itself:

We arrived at Nangwale and left on Monday, and Tuesday we travelled in the same way. On Wednesday afternoon we lost our way; we slept; there was not a thing of food. Thursday we travelled on our way till the third hour, 9 A.M., and presently we got to know that it was not the way to our place. We split the wood (*i.e.* they left the path they were on); we were very thirsty; the great master (the Bishop) was not able to direct us for hunger and thirst. But God gave us necessaries, for we killed a small animal, and we were saved until we got water on Friday. God helping us to find the way, we reached the River Lujenda in the afternoon and drank water. We arose, and directly after we arose there met us our people. We rejoiced to see them again, and to get food for the Bishop, for we had fear for the life of the Lord Bishop from hunger. We said, '*We* are able to eat creatures of the forest, but *he* will not be able to eat and to live on bad things.' Afterwards there was food, and we were very thankful, and we said, 'Now he will get strength again.'

On reaching Newala the Bishop received the budget of letters to which he had been eagerly looking forward, but the news was sad and discouraging. Two priests were dead, Mr. Riddell and Mr. Pollard:

I suppose no one who has not travelled on week after week, as I have been doing, without seeing the face of a fellow-countryman, can realise the eagerness with which I looked forward to the warm welcome I knew I should have from my dear friends here at Newala, and only those who have been in a distant country like this can understand the pleasure with which I opened my home letters—the accumulation of five months. Then without any warning or preparation came the sad news. . . . I think all who knew him would say that of those who have joined the

Mission since I became Bishop there was no one who had shown such wonderful missionary power as my dear friend Mr. Riddell. His was a rare and beautiful life, which we may thank God that we have been privileged to witness. He seemed to have grasped the highest ideal of missionary work, and to pursue it consistently and unremittingly.

I was full of delight at getting to talk to white people again, and to see my sons at Newala, when I opened my letters and found my dear friend had been dead five months. Riddell was one of my dearest friends, and one of the holiest, most devoted men I ever met. . . . He had all the charm of holiness united to culture and refinement, truly one of those of whom the world was not worthy. . . . God's will be done ! For me it has been a hard, hard year, and this is the heaviest blow of all. . . . It is a great blessing to have seen his life. . . . Pollard was full of great zeal ; I did what I could. . . . He wished to come here ; he wished for independent work. I gave it to him, with Cecil, our very best native and his great friend, to be with him. But it all soon ended, as you know.

It may be fitting to insert here some passages of a letter from the Bishop in answer to certain friends in England who had suggested that the sad losses on the Mission staff might be due to lack of proper precautions as to food, housing, and work, in order to show that the Bishop was keenly alive to the need of such precautions, and had in fact continually urged them ; but that the conditions of climate and country are such that, if the work is to be done at all, it must be at a certain cost of health, and even of life :

I do not myself think that at any station there can be said to be insufficient food and nourishment. . . . I have repeatedly

made known my opinion that I think there ought to be a competent native cook at every station. . . . I do not think insufficient nourishment had anything to do with our losses. . . . I do not see how anyone in England can say what such a devoted priest as Riddell was might think *necessary* ; probably one thing which he thought really necessary was that the Christians in the district should receive the Holy Communion, and it was in his journeys for that end that he was often obliged to get wet. . . . The house at Umba has been removed from a very unhealthy site to the healthiest in the district. No one has taken a long journey in the rainy season ; great care has been taken in the case of all sites ; I have continually urged prudence. . . . There are certain things which do affect health, and against them, both by precept and example, I do my best to warn people : such are exposure to the sun and sitting in wet things. . . . I have hardly given a Retreat without speaking about prudence.

Continuous work filled up the Bishop's time during this sojourn in the Rovuma country. A Retreat, the ordination of Mr. Wathen, long talks with the chief Matola, long walks over the country, a visit to Masasi and the new station Chitangali, mountain climbing and exploring, preaching, peace-making—so the weeks passed until it was time to return to the coast in order to reach Zanzibar for Christmas. On one of his walks he passed near the ruined remains of the first Mission station at Masasi, which had been abandoned in 1883 on account of war, and writes of it as follows :

This beautiful avenue of mangoes will long remain as a memorial of the station and village which once seemed so prosperous and flourishing. We may hope by God's goodness that a far better memorial may always remain in the district in the Christian lives of those who first came under the influence of the Gospel

when those trees were being planted. I may mention, as a sign of what Christian teaching has effected here, that eight of my porters who went with us to Lake Nyasa and back this year were men from Masasi, and of these one was a Christian, and all the rest are under Christian instruction, either as catechumens or preparing to be so. Certainly all behaved admirably, and I had no fault to find with them throughout the journey. It is pleasant to think that some of them helped to build the first real church at Likoma, on Lake Nyasa.

The influence of Christian teaching on those people, who had hitherto known no other life than terror of marauding tribes and slave-raiding Arabs, was further shown by the readiness with which they trusted their boys to the Bishop's care, allowing them to be taken away hundreds of miles to the distant unknown—to Zanzibar of all places, that notorious island which had until quite recently been the largest and cruellest slave-market in the world. Seventeen free boys from Newala and Masasi now accompanied the Bishop, going of their own desire and with their parents' consent, to face the long absence, strict discipline, and hard work of higher education at Kiungani College, and enduring with a newly learnt fortitude the pain of home-sickness which the clinging family affection of the African races makes a real suffering to them.

The Bishop writes:

It shows very great confidence on the part of the people to let their boys come with me. It is something so entirely new to see a number of boys going to the coast for such a purpose. It must be most difficult for people who do not know us to believe they are not slaves, which a caravan full of boys would ordinarily mean. At one well where we stopped, a Makonde woman came down to

get water and fled in alarm at seeing me. Presently several men came running down very excited, as the woman told them I was carrying off a number of boys. They were, however, very soon pacified.

On reaching Zanzibar, after this second journey to Nyasa, the Bishop stayed at Kiungani, where the steady progress of the school again filled him with thankfulness. School work, athletics, and moral tone were alike improving, as the following letter testifies :

I hope the boys here are making real progress and developing into real theological students. One great difficulty is to get the teachers to act on the side of right for themselves. But they really have begun to do so under the able guidance of the principal, Mr. Jones-Bateman. As an example, the other day at football one of the biggest boys said something they thought insulting to a gentleman who was playing. These young teachers of their own motion had all the boys in line, explained to them what a disgrace they thought it to the school, and then gave the boy, as big as themselves, a caning. This is an extraordinary recognition of responsibility for Africans. The boys play football wonderfully . . . you would be surprised how they kick with their naked feet, and they are not afraid to play against the booted Europeans. And, what is better, there are some who are really hoping and trying to train to be missionaries.

The development of football, the one game which, it may here be mentioned, is compulsory in all the Mission schools, often strikes strangers with astonishment.[1] Football matches

[1] 'There is something very suggestive of the English public school about the Anglican missionaries. Athletics bulk largely and wholesomely in their curriculum. Their boy pupils are soon taught to play football and cricket and to use the oar rather than the paddle.'—Sir Harry Johnston (*British Central Africa*, p. 201).

between the Kiungani boys and the men of Her Majesty's warships stationed at Zanzibar take place several times a year, and almost invariably end in a victory for the boys. Indeed, when in 1896 the College was defeated in one of these matches, the boys found considerable difficulty in bearing the novel experience with becoming equanimity; for an unbroken tradition of victory had led them to believe that in football, if in nothing else, the African is superior to the European.

The connection with the C.M.S. Mission was further strengthened by a visit from Bishop Parker in Zanzibar, of whom Bishop Smythies writes:

> I was very pleased to have a visit from the new Bishop of East Equatorial Africa, who has succeeded our much lamented and valued friend Bishop Hannington. . . . Anything which manifests the unity which there ought to be amongst missionaries and draws us closer together must be pleasing to our Lord, and a help to the work which He has sent us out to do for Him.

CHAPTER V

THE FOURTH YEAR

1887

AT the end of January the Bishop left Zanzibar for the Usambara country, where he spent the greater part of Lent, and as usual travelled to all the stations in the district, and noted with satisfaction that Christianity seemed to be gaining a real hold on the minds of the people. More than one instance of justice, conciliation, and courage to withstand the pressure of heathen relations was brought to his notice during this visit:

> We have a great deal to contend with here in the heathen customs. . . . One of our boys lately utterly refused, against all the pressure put upon him by his father and the chief of his town, to join in these rites. He said they might force him to do what they liked; but he would take no step of his own will, and would resist as much as he could. At last he broke away from them and they had to give him up in despair. I had the happiness of baptizing him last Sunday as a reward for his constancy.[1]

Before leaving the country, the Bishop had the happiness of seeing the new little brick church at Umba completed, and dedicated it on March 27. The church was a memorial to Mr. Wilson, who had worked in the Umba

[1] Some years later, after the boy had left school, he was prevailed upon by his family to join in these rites.

district, and the Bishop hoped great things from the presence of a permanent Christian building in a part of the country particularly difficult to touch on account of its being near the coast and much influenced by Mohammedanism. Unfortunately this baneful influence still makes itself felt in the district, and Umba church, though still worked from Mkuzi, remains a monument of disappointed hopes.

Returning to Zanzibar for Easter, the Bishop found that the time had come to appeal for a new chapel for Kiungani, for the school had increased so much in size and efficiency that, as the Bishop's letter shows, this new expenditure was not only justifiable, but necessary. It will be noticed that the Bishop speaks of the greater number of the hundred boys as being released slaves. This was the case in 1887, but is so no longer. That such good results had been obtained out of material so difficult and unpromising speaks well for the teaching and discipline of the school. Later experience has proved that, as the number of free-born boys from the mainland schools continues to increase the slave element had best be eliminated, for the mixture of the two classes gives rise to many difficulties.

One great object of the Universities' Mission is to train a native ministry for that part of Africa in which they are working. That end is constantly kept in view by those who are directing the studies and training the lives of the boys who are living at our large school at Kiungani, near the town of Zanzibar. Most of these boys have been rescued from slavery and are entirely under our charge. But as we gain the confidence of the people on the mainland, amongst whom our missionaries are working, they are

becoming willing, and even anxious, to send their sons to Kiungani to be taught. As the parents have very little control over their children, we can only, as a rule, get them to come if they wish it themselves. It is only the best boys who will stay long enough in our up-country schools to make it advisable to bring them here, or who will themselves wish to come. We may therefore hope that they are boys who will greatly profit by the training they will receive. We have now about one hundred boys in the school. As they grow up care is taken to select such boys as we hope may one day be fitted to be missionaries amongst their own people, and to train them for that end.

Besides these, we hope there may be many others trained in our school who will do good work as secular teachers, and set a good example to the people amongst whom they will live and work. As we have these objects specially in view, it will be seen how important it is that every facility should be given for training the boys to reverence and devotion in their worship. But, unfortunately, our chapel is the only part of our school buildings which is ill adapted for the purpose for which it is used. It is defectively built, so that the chancel roof has to be supported by an unsightly pole, and it is not considered safe. It is much too small, so that the boys are very much crowded together, and it is badly ventilated. We are anxious to build a new chapel as soon as possible on the site of the present one, but very much larger. For this we must appeal to the friends of our boys in England to help us, and this I feel we can do with confidence, because of the great kindness and the great interest in this department of our work which they have always shown.

On May 21 the Bishop left Zanzibar for Newala *en route* for Nyasa, taking with him a large party of Kiungani boys going home for a holiday. Writing of this journey he says:

I had just had a smart attack of fever from getting wet, so was not well prepared for roughing it. But, as usual, as soon as I got

on shore and began to walk I was all right. I like the camping-out life ; each day a long walk through the forest with a rest at midday, and then a night under the trees with the curious sounds of birds and beasts breaking in on the stillness. One always has a good appetite, and I feel quite strong and well ; the forest, too, is very shady. The chiefs always ask for presents ; I have got now to chaff them about it. I told an old Makua, who asked me to-day, it was *I* who ought to have a present for feeding and teaching their boys, and I expected a goat, two fowls, and some flour, which he took in very good part. In fact, I do not think they are offended at refusals. It seems natural to 'try it on' by asking, but if one takes it good-humouredly they don't seem to mind being refused.

In the same letter the Bishop writes of Lake Nyasa :

Very little has been really known about Nyasa by those who have written about it. There are two good sheltered harbours on the east side, Mbampa Bay and Likoma. I think we have the best at Likoma, and it is a perfect shelter from all winds. There are sudden violent storms, and I have been dreadfully sea-sick, but I do not suppose they are worse than on most inland lakes of the same kind. The little *Ilala* of the African Lakes Co. has been up and down for years without any accident, I think. I have not heard of any difficulty about food, though it might be difficult without a steamer to go for it. Likoma is a really beautiful island, but only about seven or eight miles long, two broad, and with, I should think, nearly three thousand people on it. They all manage to live, and I cannot see how there can be scarcity of food on the lake. There are very large towns surrounded with fields of corn and maize extending for a great distance, and all seems very fertile. All the parts of this country are subject at times to famine, because everything grows easily, and the people keep no store of food ; so that if the accustomed rains do not come in sufficient quantity, as sometimes happens, they have

nothing to fall back upon. I think Likoma is very healthy and pleasant, and I hear of scarcely any illness there.

From the letters written during this third journey to Nyasa the following extracts are given :

I have begun my journey again to Nyasa, and this is the evening of the second day. I am sitting with my two companions, Mr. Weigall and Mr. Williams, with nearly sixty men sitting over their fires around us talking or eating. In a few minutes they will all come nearer for evening prayers. Though this is the middle of winter, and sometimes the nights are very cold, especially towards morning, it just now happens to be very mild. The leaves are all falling as with you in autumn. We have not had the tent put up, but I am writing in the open air. Close by, our three beds are spread on the grass under a cover of boughs and grass erected by the men. We have just feasted on crested guinea-fowl, of which Mr. Weigall and I shot six on the way. A few men are bringing up water from the river. All are very cheerful and happy, though many of them have carried loads of over sixty pounds' weight on their heads for more than seventeen miles. A monkey, which is a pet of Weigall's, sits on a tree behind us. All rather a contrast to your drawing-room, but by no means unpleasant when one is in good health. The climate feels delightful now, and it is not at all too hot for walking.

. . . . I am not certain about the two men you mention, though I always feel sorry if we cannot take men. Our experience has been that if men are uneducated, unless they have some regular trade which will be useful here, it does not do to have them, except to fill some special post, such as storekeeper at some station. The natives want very tender handling, and it is almost impossible, we find by experience, for the ordinary uneducated man to treat them properly. If we had a monastic system of missionary work, and these people had a vocation to that life of strict obedience and rule, it might be different. As it is, I have not found their coming a success.

Certainly, wherever we have settled for long the slave trade practically is coming to an end. People are able, by selling us food to keep us and our schools of boys, to get cloth without buying and selling or catching people. Before we came, people did not dare go to the coast : now they regularly earn money by going to fetch loads for us, and the roads are safe and open. Practically there is now very little war for the purpose of getting slaves on this side of Nyasa, except on the part of the Magwangwara. The slaves come from the far interior, the other side.

I expect to be detained on the Lujenda to make peace (or try to) between some quarrelling chiefs, then to Nyasa for a month, and back to Newala by another route, stay there for a time, go to Zanzibar in November, Magila for Christmas, and start for England in February by Egypt and Venice—all this if God wills. In Africa one is often reminded of St. James's words about making plans always subject to that. Pray always that I may have the spirit of a true missionary, so as to turn every opportunity to account. I find it very difficult, especially on my journeys.

. . . . The next day we had to cross the Rovuma and Lujenda just above their junction, and found it by no means easy. It was almost breast high in places, with a very rocky bottom and a strong current, so that it was most difficult to keep one's feet at times. Yet the men carried their heavy loads over on their heads with very few mishaps. Two let their boxes fall into the water and were unable to get them up again without help, and on looking back I was horrified to see the boy who was carrying my box of books dragging it under water, to their inevitable ruin. It was late on Saturday night when we reached the first village we had come to since Monday, the day we started.

As I was stalking some guinea-fowl which had flown into some thick trees, I fell into a deep pit which had been dug as a trap for animals and covered with grass. I suddenly found myself supported by my elbows on the sides of this hole with my cocked

gun under one arm and an unknown depth with possible spikes below. Happily my boy was near, and soon extricated me from this unpleasant situation.

The party halted at the large village of Mataka, who received the Bishop with considerable state for an African, and whose town was under Mohammedan influence. They then went on to Mwembe, where, six years before, Mr. Johnson had begun to work, and where they were kindly received by those who remembered the first missionary. After many days' further walking, the Bishop notes with joy: 'We were cheered by coming out on a beautiful view of the lake.' As they descended from the heights he began to feel anxious as to how he was to reach Likoma, not knowing at all where the steamer might be. However, by great good fortune, the *Charles Janson* was close at hand, and the weary traveller had the great happiness of being welcomed by Mr. Johnson, whom he had last seen so ill a year before at Newala. One of the first things he found waiting to be done after reaching Likoma was the blessing of the grave of Mr. Swinny, with whom he had travelled to Nyasa in 1885, and who had died at Bandawé, in spite of the care of Dr. Laws, of the Scotch Mission, in February 1887. On returning to Likoma he writes:

A terrible thing happened here the other day. Four women were burnt on a charge of witchcraft before it was known here that it was going to be done. Some of our party went by night and buried the remains of the bodies, and we have shown our horror of such deeds by talking a great deal to the people about it, and by not going near the village where the people live who did it. The Archdeacon has also tried to stir up the chiefs about it.

It was followed by another outrage of the same kind : a nephew killing his aunt on the same charge of witchcraft, and the Archdeacon came upon the half-burnt body lying at the door of her burnt house, with people around and children playing about as if nothing had happened. We can only hope that, as the people get gradually taught, and come under the influence of the Gospel, these horrible crimes will cease, as they have to a great extent in the Masasi and Newala district. Mr. Johnson goes in the steamer every week to visit a number of villages on the eastern shore, and comes back for Saturday and Sunday. I hope he will gradually have teachers and schools placed at these villages. He has already begun at Maendaenda's. He also takes great pains with the men on the steamer, so that they may be a help to the work by their example, and not a hindrance. Certainly I do not see how this work could be done without the help of the steamer, which alone makes it possible.

Archdeacon Maples wrote, on the conclusion of this visit :

The Bishop . . . . told me the other day that he is looking forward with intense eagerness to his return to England. He certainly has spent a wonderful three and a half years out here, and has done an amazing amount of good and excellent work amongst us all.

The return journey to Newala was accomplished much more rapidly than in the two previous years, and the Bishop was able to write :

I have been very well, and it has been cooler than I expected. . . . I cannot be too thankful that I am so well at the end of this my third year of long journeys.

During the three weeks' stay in the Rovuma country he noted with gladness the great progress manifest on all

sides. The buildings were improved, the schools increased, and in the towns a very marked advance of the influence of Christian teaching was observable :

Year after year the boys seem to be getting to feel the advantage of being taught, and are therefore coming more steadily and regularly. . . . One great difficulty is to know what to do to keep the boys after they leave school, if they are not fit to be teachers. There seems no work for them to do till they are married, at least no pressure seems put upon them to do any. The consequence is that they are generally idle, and exposed to every possible temptation. At present I hope we have saved some boys by taking them to Kiungani for a year of work and discipline ; but we shall have to use our influence with the chiefs to get them to try to alter the present state of things, and give their boys some work to do. I am sure those we know best will do what they can.

It was a great pleasure to me to be able to confirm Barnaba Matuka, the chief of Chitangali, who has just been invested by his brother chiefs with the name and dignity of Nakaam, his uncle, a superior chief of the Yaos. Barnaba has been chosen to succeed him, over the heads of other senior men, very much because his abilities have been developed and his knowledge widened by his intercourse with the Mission for many years. This is what his elder brother told us himself. None of his people were Christians, and his position has been one of great temptation. Though I have very much wished to do so, I have not felt able to confirm him before ; but this year I felt quite satisfied. It has been a most trying time for him.

Taking three more boys for Kiungani, the Bishop returned to Zanzibar in November, and on arriving found that the new industrial wing at the girls' school at Mbweni was ready to be opened. This marked a great advance in work amongst the girls, and the opening of the building by

the Bishop on November 21 was a joyful event observed with much merry-making. The Bishop had intended to stay some time in Zanzibar; but, finding that the news from Magila was full of trouble and apprehension, he determined to start at once for the mainland. During his last absence a distinct forward step had been taken there, too, in the matter of women's work, by the arrival of three Sisters of the Community of St. Raphael's, Bristol, who reached Magila in the month of August, and at once set to work with a girls' day-school. Scarcely was the school well started, however, before a disastrous fire burnt down the greater part of the buildings, and the Sisters were houseless. Meantime the hostile chiefs Kimweri and Kibanga were at war not very far off, and it was on account of these troubles that the Bishop, anxious to comfort and protect his people, hastened away from Zanzibar.

Writing after his arrival at Magila he says:

The fire has made sad havoc of all the buildings here, and destroyed a great deal of our property. But it is delightful to find three Sisters of Mercy working here amongst the women, and all work seems flourishing. The poor Sisters were burnt out of their house, and now are all living and sleeping in one room. To-day is Advent Sunday, and I am sure you would have been delighted could you have been here this morning. First there was the Christian service early, a full choral celebration of Holy Communion with a sermon, and a very good congregation of Christian converts. . . . Then at the service in Bondei for the heathen and catechumens the Church was quite full, three-fourths men, to whom I preached through a most excellent native interpreter. After that the clergy, Sisters, and other missionaries all had classes —one class of one hundred young men. I went to the Arch-

deacon's class and found more than sixty elders and headmen of towns, not yet Christian, who had stayed to be taught. Even that was not so many as usual, as the rival chiefs of the ruling family are fighting desperately about thirty miles off, and some had gone to the war to help the chief of this district. I hope to stay here till after Christmas.

Thank you for your kind promise of welcome when I come. Sometimes I have looked forward so much to seeing my friends in England again that I have thought it never could come true. You will be glad to hear I have been wonderfully strong and well on my journeys, with very little sign of the climate having told upon me. I feel very thankful to God for all His goodness.

Notwithstanding the misfortunes of Magila the Bishop held a Retreat very soon after his arrival, and later in December baptized converts at all the stations, spent Christmas at Magila, and returned to Zanzibar early in January. Not long after his departure another fire broke out at Magila, and most of the remaining buildings were destroyed. In both cases the grass-thatched roofs were the cause of the rapid spreading of the flames, and since that time grass has not again been used for the main buildings. As if to complete the destruction of this unfortunate station, a terrific cyclone burst on the night of February 18, 1888, causing great damage to the church and houses ; and ten days later the war between the Bondei and Masai tribes was carried on briskly within a mile or two of the Mission, bringing danger so near that preparations were even made for using the Church as a place of refuge. Happily, however, the fears of actual attack were not justified. The war subsided, and the calamities of the Mission had at least one good effect, in rousing the best

feelings of the natives, who did all in their power to help in rebuilding.

In February 1888 the Bishop left Africa for England, having spent exactly four years in his diocese, and returning home now in order that he might be present at the Lambeth Conference. The holiday was well earned and much needed, and he would have stayed longer in England than he did had he not been recalled in the autumn by the startling development of political matters in connection with the occupation of East Africa by Germany, of which matters a brief account must be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI

THE GERMAN OCCUPATION

1884–1888

WHEN in 1864 Bishop Tozer decided to move the Universities' Mission from the Zambezi to Zanzibar, he deliberately chose to settle in the dominions of a powerful Arab Sultan, whose authority extended over the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, along the east coast of Africa from Cape Guardafui to Cape Delgado, and inland as far as Lake Tanganyika. It is true that this authority in the distant interior was of a shadowy sort, but still there was no doubt that the Sultan's agents were established at Ujiji and other inland towns, and the first mainland station of the Mission was fixed at Magila, in the country of the Bondeis, who acknowledged the Sultan's supremacy and received the first missionaries as his friends. Up to the year 1884 this part of Africa remained, as it had been since the decline of the sixteenth century Portuguese dominion, a region unclaimed and untouched by any European Power. Then came the remarkable period of European expansion, and the vast continent of Africa, containing eleven million square miles, was partitioned out amongst the countries of Europe by a pitiless fate too

strong for the natives to resist. How this particular part became the share of Germany must now be related.

English people have been so accustomed to regard Germany as a country that stayed at home to mind its own business—of which, indeed, there had been a troublesome plenty ever since the Thirty Years' War—that they have hardly even yet recognised her right to expand outside her own land-locked territory ; and twenty years ago the idea of Germany becoming a colonising Power was treated in England with a sort of haughty incredulity that accounts for our blind disregard of subsequent developments. An impartial historian must, however, allow that after the peace and prosperity Germany enjoyed on the conclusion of the Franco-German War, an expansion of the forces of the now united nation was not only natural but inevitable. Prince Bismarck, though at first frankly opposed to the founding of colonies, came to see the great advantage it would be to the empire to establish foreign markets for trade, and did all in his power to encourage the new colonising zeal which he discovered in a few of his enterprising countrymen.

As the greater part of the world was already disposed of, Germany had to be content with what was left, and, recognising that if she did not seize soon there would presently be nothing left to seize, she quietly took possession of a vast territory in South-West Africa which England had been too apathetic to annex. Nothing succeeds like success ; and no sooner was the German flag hoisted in Damaraland in 1883, than the restless acquisitive spirit of young Germany determined on a further

attempt. But those were early days, the game was a new one, caution must be observed, and, above all, the other Powers must be kept in the dark. In amusing contrast to recent methods in China, the methods of Germany with regard to East Africa in 1884 were of the most secret and mysterious sort. The leading spirit of the colonial party was Dr. Carl Peters, then only twenty-seven years of age, who had lived long enough in England to learn something of the strength of the British Colonies, and who had worked energetically in his own country towards creating a colonial spirit. This brilliant and enterprising patriot was deputed by the German Colonisation Society, of which he was a prominent member, to go forth and take what he could get. The original plan was that he should sail to the west coast, but at the last moment he was directed to go to the east coast, opposite Zanzibar. Giving out that he and his two companions, Dr. Jühlke and Count Pfeil, were bound for Liverpool *en route* for South-West Africa, the mysterious trio journeyed in disguise and under assumed names to Trieste, and thence, on October 1, 1884, by the Austrian Lloyd as deck passengers to Zanzibar. At Zanzibar, where Seyyid Bargash was Sultan and Sir John Kirk British representative, they were taken for members of the Congo expedition, but later on called themselves simply sportsmen. The proverbial delays and difficulties of an African expedition having been overcome by Dr. Peters's determination and resource, the party left the island within a week, neither the English nor the Arabs having the slightest idea of their real designs.

Crossing to Saadani, the expedition penetrated rapidly

to the interior, for, as the coast was, as it were, under the Sultan's very eyes, it was thought best to secure concessions secretly in the unseen Hinterland from the various chiefs, all of whom, however, owed allegiance to Zanzibar. With extraordinary rapidity Dr. Peters travelled over miles of country, and with still more extraordinary self-assurance concluded a series of 'treaties' with the chiefs, couched in magnificent language, in which each chief is described as being 'sole and absolute lord' of the territory which he, in return for costly gifts, placed at the exclusive disposal of the Society represented by Dr. Peters. These 'treaties' concluded, the fever-stricken adventurers returned with what strength they had left to the coast. Peters and Jühlke were carried in hammocks; Count Pfeil was too ill to travel; and Herr Otto, a merchant who had joined the expedition at his own cost, died.

Flushed with victory, Dr. Peters returned to Berlin, was welcomed by Bismarck, agitated for capital, and did all in his power to make use of his new acquisitions. So successful was he at home that on February 27, 1885, the Emperor, urged by Bismarck, issued to the German East African Company the first Imperial Charter of Protection that German history records. Three weeks later Bismarck justified this rapid procedure by declaring to his opponents in the Reichstag, 'Had we waited long—had we delayed even a few months—others would most certainly have stepped in. The Government has seized the only possible moment for opening the door to German labour, German civilization, and German capital.'

It was this official recognition of the rights of Germany

over 60,000 square miles of Africa that first roused the amazed indignation of the Sultan and the misgivings of the English. Much was said about the validity of the so-called 'treaties;' on the one hand, they were acknowledged by Germany to be of no legal value, and on the other it was maintained that neither the Sultan nor any European Power had rights in the interior, so that no injury was done to anyone by the Charter. The Sultan, however, protested bitterly that his rights were infringed, and he continued to protest while numerous German agents were penetrating inland and treating the country as their own. Only when, on August 7, 1885, a German squadron appeared in Zanzibar harbour, was he obliged to submit to the inevitable, and to acknowledge the power of Germany behind his coast towns. Meanwhile the activity of the German Company was remarkable, and was only rivalled by that of an English Company, which, devoting its energies to the region north of the German sphere, eventually gained for England, in spite of abortive attempts on the part of the ubiquitous Dr. Peters to make 'treaties' in the region of Uganda, the large territory now known as British East Africa. Diplomatic negotiations between Germany, France, and England settled the Sultan's boundaries in November 1886, and gave him the four islands, Zanzibar, Pemba, Mafia, and Lamu, and the famous 'ten-mile strip,' a stretch of some five hundred miles of coast from Kipini to the River Rovuma, with a width of ten nautical miles.

It was in the summer of 1887 that the activity of Dr. Peters began to win from foreign Powers a recognition that was new to the German nation. Although Zanzibar at that

time was not actually a British protectorate, the British interest was foremost in the island, but neither Sir John Kirk nor the Sultan had hitherto paid any marked attention to German merchants or others settled in or passing through Zanzibar. Great was therefore the surprise of visitors, at the time of the Queen's Jubilee festivities, to find Mr. Holmwood of the Consulate sending his own carriage to drive Dr. Peters to the athletic sports, and, three weeks later, the Sultan placing his own steamer at the disposal of the German Consul and the Company director. Such attentions had never before been paid to Germany, and caused a flutter of gratified excitement in the infant colony. For it was scarcely known, either by the British or German public, that three months after the Imperial Charter had been granted to Dr. Peters, Lord Granville and Prince Bismarck had come to a frank understanding about the aims of their respective countrymen, and that Lord Granville, in a despatch to Sir E. Malet, at Berlin, on May 25, 1885, had even gone so far as to say that 'the supposition that Her Majesty's Government have no intention of opposing the German scheme of colonisation in the neighbourhood of Zanzibar is absolutely correct. Her Majesty's Government, on the contrary, view with favour these schemes, the realisation of which will entail the civilisation of large tracts over which hitherto no European influence has been exercised.'

Had the German East African Company been content with what they had now gained, much trouble, oppression and bloodshed might have been avoided. But it was hardly to be expected that an enterprising commercial body

would be satisfied with putting its money into a country that had no seaport. The difficulties of the Transvaal placed in such a predicament were even at this date apparent enough to warn Germany not to fall into a similar dilemma, and the whole efforts of the Company were therefore directed towards gaining some share of the coast. This, after the Sultan's rights were recognised, could only be done by diplomacy, and the genius of Dr. Peters enabled him, in a series of personal interviews with the Sultan, to extract from him an agreement that the whole of the coast should be leased to the Company, the Customs duties being paid to German collectors and handed over by them, under certain conditions, to the Sultan.

Armed with these new concessions, Dr. Peters and Baron von St. Paul (since so well known as the distinguished Swahili scholar and genial Commissioner of Tanga) visited the coast towns and announced the new order of things to the Arab governors. It was characteristic of the movement that Dr. Peters was spokesman throughout the proceedings, and that he spoke in German with an emphasis about which there could be no mistake. 'Our friend the Sultan Bargash Bin Said has given us the rights and control of this harbour. In future you will therefore have to obey me and those whom I send to you here;' so ran the declaration at Mchinga Bay, which Baron von St. Paul translated into Swahili and an official of the Sultan into Arabic. With profound attention the old Arab governor listened, and then, as he realised what it all meant, anxiety and consternation were depicted on his face and his eyes filled with tears. The interview ended with an assurance from Dr.

Peters that no fields or gardens should be taken from the natives without their consent—a consent which, needless to say, would be invariably given by the timid native to the strong conqueror. Each fresh success fired the new colonists with fresh zeal; and in spite of disastrous misfortunes through fever and death—disasters which caused even the dauntless Peters to write, on hearing of yet another death and burial, 'It is as though the Godhead were against us'—the work of planting, building, and civilising was carried on with a fervour and rapidity that caused foreigners, especially the English, to look on with some concern.

One of the first to realise that history was being made around him was Bishop Smythies. Though he was actually in Zanzibar when Dr. Peters first arrived, he of course did not hear anything of the secret party; but before long it was known on the mainland that Germans were frequently seen—for at that time Europeans were so scarce in the country that a passing traveller was a curiosity. In the course of one of his long mountain walks in the neighbourhood of Magila, in March 1886, he writes of a native chief:

> I asked him if I might speak to his people, so he called them together, and I told them why we came to the country. The Germans had been there for different purposes, *trying to get land.*

A few weeks later the Bishop wrote two letters to the *Times*, which are interesting as showing his discernment in political matters, his conciliatory courtesy to foreigners, his prescience of coming troubles, and his sense of justice towards natives. Some passages from the letters are here given:

To the Editor of the Times.

Zanzibar: May 4, 1886.

Sir,—Some particulars of what is going on now in East Africa may be interesting to your readers, especially as they seem to involve possibilities of grave difficulties and complications in the future. I have lately been visiting the stations of the Universities' Mission in the Bondé country. About sixty miles N.-W. of the town of Zanzibar, on the mainland, is the port of Pangani. Mkuzi, the nearest of our stations to the coast, is reached after a walk of somewhat over twenty miles through a mostly uninhabited country. When I was in the district a German gentleman, whom I afterwards saw and found to be a pleasant and well-educated man, came to Mkuzi. The missionary in charge was out, so he took possession of the premises, hoisted the German flag on the fence round the cleared space in which our buildings stand, and brought his porters into the enclosure. When the missionary returned he felt obliged to ask him to take down the flag and also to remove the porters. The reason for this latter request was that the men were chained together. I believe that this could hardly be helped, as all the other porters had run away, and the traveller feared to be left entirely alone. But we explained that such a sight as a white man attended by black men chained had never been seen before in the country, and we felt that it was something entirely out of character in a Mission station. After this gentleman understood the position no one could have behaved towards us more courteously. I saw him at two other of our stations. Both times he encamped in the native village, and refrained from bringing his men into the Mission enclosure. We were, of course, very glad to show him any hospitality we could. But it is very difficult to understand his first attitude towards us on arriving in the country. The Bondeis are not near the territory annexed by the German East African Company, and they undoubtedly acknowledge the suzerainty of the Sultan of Zanzibar. . . . How then can the calm assumption of right and the hoisting of the German flag on our

Mission station be explained? I cannot but ask the question with some anxiety. . . . If representatives of the German East African Company come to Newala I foresee that grave complications may arise, even so far as to prevent us from showing that hospitality which we have always been most glad to show to all strangers, but which might then be mistaken for disloyalty to that civil power which we have always been accustomed to recognise. Very likely many people in Europe, understanding that the country is inhabited by savage tribes, think that there is no kind of government, and that everyone does what seems right in his own eyes. There could not be a greater mistake. The laws and customs of these tribes are no doubt very different from those of the kingdoms of Europe; but they are very definite and real, and afford a real protection against oppression. To take one instance. If a man is wrongly oppressed by his chief he can put himself under another chief. When his own chief applies for him a consultation of chiefs is held, and the chief to whom the man fled has the power to make a charge, heavy in proportion to the wrong done, for the keep of the man during the time he has been under his protection. If he is badly treated on his return the process may be repeated, so that this custom is a real protection to the individual.

. . . . Last year I understood that when a town had elected a chief the election was set aside by the overlord, who lived near Lake Nyasa, more than four hundred miles away, as being contrary to custom, and the people acquiesced in waiting for his choice. But in addition to the injustice of ignoring these real rights, and this more or less organised system of government, on the ground of pretended treaties, we should have the strongest personal reasons for avoiding even the semblance of disloyalty to Matola, our chief at Newala, who, though ruling over few people, is the very pattern of an intelligent and enlightened constitutional sovereign. He is at once a warrior, a hunter, a worker in iron, and, to my mind, a high-minded Christian gentleman. On one memorable occasion he risked his life for the missionaries, and by staying in danger

himself probably did save one from dying of hunger. Long ago he set his face against certain evil customs of his tribe : he has forbidden his people to have anything to do with the slave trade, though they are under continual temptation, and he does all he can to prevent his young men from marrying more than one wife. Though he has few people, yet he has great personal influence, which is making itself felt in raising the tone of the chiefs who are his friends. After what I have said, I think, Sir, you will see that there may possibly be reason to fear complications if any high-handed action is taken on the strength of any supposed rights gained by pretended treaties in the valley of the Rovuma, which action is not impossible, considering the disposition shown towards it in other cases.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

CHARLES ALAN,

Bishop of the Central African Mission.

Later in the same year, on returning to Zanzibar after an absence of some months at Lake Nyasa, the Bishop found matters had progressed rapidly, and he heard of the London Agreement. Writing home he reports, on December 18, 1886 :

There are several German ships here, and great talk about a new treaty being negotiated. The mainland dominions of the Sultan are to be divided, and England, France, and Germany are to confine their influence each within definite boundaries.

Vainly did the Bishop long for the Universities' Mission stations round Magila to be included within the British 'sphere of influence;' the Anglo-German boundary was so drawn that the Usambara country became German territory, and the English missionaries, to their great sur-

prise, found themselves directing a settlement of German subjects.

Even after the decision of boundaries, and the lease of the coast, things might have gone smoothly had the delicate matter of conciliating a subject race been carried out with tact and patience. But unfortunately the representatives of the German East African Company, partly through ignorance and inexperience, partly through an arrogance not seldom resulting from successful acquisition, committed a series of blunders and barbarities too common, alas! in the annals of the white man's dealings with the black.

Dr. Peters, a man of masterful disposition and ruthless severity, had but one method of dealing with the natives. 'These African hordes,' he writes, 'can only be mastered by determination. One must meet opposition by an uncompromising resolve to get one's own way.'[1] He himself from the beginning adopted a 'rough and ready' method, which his colleagues readily imitated. Native customs, susceptibilities, and rights were impatiently disregarded; opposition was met by force. The result was foreseen by those who knew the African races. Dr. Peters himself had been called away early in 1888 to take charge of the German Emin Pasha Relief Expedition; but the system he had established was consistently carried out, with the result that on August 21, five days after the German officials took over the leased ports, disturbances broke out in two of these ports, Bagamoyo and Pangani. Six months previously the old Sultan had died, and his successor Khalifa, advised mainly by Colonel (now Sir)

[1] *Die Deutsche Emin Pascha-Expedition*, p. 54.

Euan Smith, the new British Consul, found himself entangled in a complicated struggle between his own Arab governors and the German coast officials. An indiscretion on the part of the Company with regard to the Sultan's flag at Pangani was the signal for the smouldering flames to burst forth, and by the end of September the whole coast was up in arms. The insurrection was more serious than was at first expected. Although the German man-of-war *Möwe* appeared before Pangani on August 17, in order to support the transition of authority from the Sultan's to the Company's officials, the Arab governors were not to be overawed, and, under the leadership of Bushiri, a spirited and resourceful insurgent, carried on their opposition with considerable success. At Kilwa the house of the Company was surrounded and attacked: of the two Germans inside, one, Krieger, on climbing a tree to signal to the *Möwe*, was shot down, and the other, Hessel, shot himself in desperation. Only two of the ten coast towns, Bagamoyo and Dar-es-Salaam, did the Company succeed in keeping, and even those were, owing to the lack of armed force, not safe from attack. The hatred of the natives for their oppressors was for a time so fierce that they failed to distinguish between traders and missionaries, between French, English, and German nationality. On one occasion Mr. Bone, of the Universities' Mission in Zanzibar, was out in a small boat, when he was carried away by adverse winds and driven on to the coast near Bagamoyo. He was met by hostile Arabs who took him for a German, fired four times at him, and only allowed him to escape on being satisfied that he

was English. The members of the German Evangelical Mission, Pastor Greiner, his wife, and niece, were fiercely attacked; and only by dint of armed resistance did the pastor succeed in getting his party safely to the boat which carried them on board the *Möwe*, while cannon kept the pursuing boat at bay. The Bavarian Catholic Mission at Pugu met with a still more tragic fate, for, treacherously betrayed by a native adherent, they were surprised, while in the act of saying grace in their dining-room, by a fierce band who murdered two Brothers and one Sister and carried off the three remaining Brothers and one sick Sister as prisoners to Bushiri, from whom they were eventually ransomed by the French Fathers at Bagamoyo.

The country was in fact in so dangerous a state that the German plantations were abandoned, the colonists fled, and the insurgents were for a time masters of the situation.

CHAPTER VII

THE INSURRECTION

1888

WHEN the news of the insurrection reached Bishop Smythies he was in Dublin, and his first thought was to hasten back to Africa, for the telegrams from Zanzibar filled him with alarm for the Magila staff. Knowing full well that conciliation and tact were essential in dealing with natives, he shrewdly guessed, from what he had seen of the Company's officials, how the mischief had arisen; and a certain amount of indignation with the British Government for 'delivering us over, after attracting us there, to people who have stirred all this feeling' is apparent in his letters. Relinquishing his project of attending the Manchester Church Congress, the Bishop went straight to London, conferred with the Committee, and started for Zanzibar on October 12. His farewell sermon set forth clearly the groundwork of the Mission's operations.

'It was,' he said, 'for the friends and supporters of the Universities' Mission to watch narrowly the course of events, and to gather the principles on which it bases its work. The first was that *missionaries must not rely in any way upon this or that civil government*, but must entirely

fall back upon the spiritual power which exists in the Holy Catholic Church, by virtue of her union with her Lord. Of course they must use the civil power to a certain extent. The missionaries did not expect, when they went into a country like Africa, any protection from the natives; they knew perfectly well the conditions of life in Africa, and they would be sorry to have any interference in their behalf from the Government at home. But they could expect of the Government at home so far to interfere in behalf of its citizens as to use what influence diplomacy could give to prevent them, and the people amongst whom their lot was cast, from being tyrannised over and interfered with by other European Powers, especially as the missionaries had now been working among the natives for their spiritual welfare for nearly twenty years.

'Another principle which had been made clear by recent events was that *it is fatal to missionary work for missionaries to attempt to gain for themselves any political power or any material wealth.* Hints had been thrown out on the part of those in power that it would be very convenient—they did not go further than that—if, in the event of certain complications taking place, the Mission would be ready for a money consideration to shift the scene of its labours, as certain persons had done on the West Coast of Africa. But these were only hints which were thrown out, because he had given it to be clearly understood that *missionaries of the Catholic Church, whatever other missionaries might do, when they had once settled in a country and had gained the love of its people, would never abandon it,* and if civil powers threatened to remove the missionaries by force they

had only one answer to give: "If you remove us by force we shall return; and the only way to get rid of us is to take our lives." Neither must any civil power expect the Mission to use its influence *to change the natives, and to transform them from what they are, in their social and political condition, into subjects of an alien State.* They did not want the people to suppose that to become Christians they must cease to be natives of their own country.'[1]

Meantime the German East African Company had naturally appealed to their Government for assistance in suppressing the rebellion caused by their own indiscretions, and the Government found themselves face to face with the question whether they were to undertake an expensive military expedition or to leave the Company to its fate. The latter alternative was, of course, impossible, after the promises of security granted in the charter. The ingenuity of Prince Bismarck hit upon a device for consolidating Germany's power in Africa, while at the same time gratifying the strongest Parliamentary party at home. He suggested the slave trade as the cause for armed intervention. Referring back to the negotiations of 1885, he now boldly suggested a blockade of the east coast, in which Germany and England should combine, to prevent 'the importation of arms and the exportation of slaves.' At

[1] Side by side with this strong pronouncement of Bishop Smythies' policy it is amusing to place the opinion of a member of the German East African Company. 'England had a close diplomatic friendship of many years' standing with the Sultan of Zanzibar, and was casting covetous eyes on the mainland opposite. In their well-known manner, the English had sent their missionaries there, not only as apostles of humanity and Christianity, but as their first political agents.'—Rochus Schmidt, *Deutschlands Kolonien*, 1894.

the opening of the Reichstag by the young Emperor in person on November 22, the speech from the throne referred to Germany's new responsibilities in East Africa, to England's hundred years' conflict with the slave trade, and to the 'understanding' just arranged with the English Government for the suppression of the slave trade in East Africa.

A joint blockade was therefore declared on November 27, to come into force on December 2. Lord Salisbury was evidently well informed as to the real cause of the rebellion, although he, like Prince Bismarck, laid undue stress upon the question of the slave trade. Speaking in the House of Lords on November 6, he said:

> I should say that the increase of the slave trade has been the disposing cause, and the very great errors committed by the Company have been the exciting cause, and the two together have resulted in the terrible misfortunes which have occurred.

And further to justify the part taken by England in the blockade he said:

> If you close the German coast to the importation of arms and the exportation of slaves, it would simply lead to turning the traffic round to the English coast.

When Bishop Smythies reached Zanzibar on October 31 his sense of truth was outraged by the news that greeted him:

> This new move is undoubtedly serious. It is of course only . . . . to make it appear that what they are now asserting is true, viz. that all this trouble is caused by the opposition of the slave traders instead of the monstrous conduct of the German Company. Everyone here knows the slave trade has nothing to do with it.

Finding that the blockade was imminent, that Bagamoyo and Lindi had already been bombarded by German ships, that 'natives are continually being murdered in cold blood by members of the German East African Company near Bagamoyo,' that 'the German ships have been steaming two miles from the mainland coast at night, and occasionally throwing shells promiscuously on to the land . . . . to overawe the natives,' and that 'we have reason to fear Pangani and Tanga will be bombarded,' the Bishop made every effort to travel to Magila in order that the Sisters might be conducted in safety to Zanzibar while the ports were still open.

Much was said both at home and abroad about the advisability of withdrawing the whole Mission staff, but on that point Bishop Smythies was absolutely firm. Later, when the coast was under blockade, and the war had assumed a still more serious aspect, strong representations were made by the Home Committee as to the necessity of withdrawing. Fortunately, however, the English episcopate, whose opinion was sought, was unanimously in favour of the missionaries remaining at their posts, and the vigorous letter of the present Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of London) is given here as representing exactly the mind of Bishop Smythies, and advocating the only possible course for consistent Christians to take:

Fulham Palace, S.W.: May 18, 1889.

My dear Sir,—It seems to me quite impossible to advise Christian missionaries to withdraw from their work because that work has become dangerous. That any missionary under special circumstances may be justified in flight to save his life is unde-

niable; and particularly if there is a prospect of return. But to withdraw a Mission on general grounds of danger, after the missionaries have won people to Christ, would be indefensible. Are the converts to remain? Will they be in no danger? Will they not be in danger of what is worse than death, apostasy? Is it hereafter to be said that we have called men to Christ and then deserted them?

I cannot advise the withdrawal of the Mission for a single day.

Yours faithfully,

F. LONDIN.

The Secretary, Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

Writing from Zanzibar, Bishop Smythies says:

The Consul-General was very anxious that we should all leave the district; but I have told him that it is quite impossible for missionaries to leave their flock in time of danger, though there are grave reasons in the case of the ladies. I intend myself to stay at Magila for the present; the Consul-General was anxious that I should come back here, and there is a great deal to be said for this. But on the whole I think it will have a better effect on the minds of the people on the mainland if I go and remain there. It will tend to give them the feeling that we can trust them without fear, and will be likely to make it easier to keep open a way of communication with Zanzibar. There is also the natural feeling that I should be where my brother missionaries are most in danger, and therefore where they may feel most comfort in the presence of their Bishop.

The Bishop accordingly crossed to Pangani, and gives the following account of his perilous experiences:

Pangani: November 13.

The Consul-General insisted very strongly on the necessity of bringing at least the ladies down before the blockade, and I went

with him to the Sultan about it a second time. He said he would get the Admirals to postpone the blockade for a week, if his Highness would ensure me a safe passage and the return of the ladies. His Highness said he would send the father of the *Liwali* of Pangani, an influential Arab, Nasr Bin Suliman, with me, with orders to the *jumbes*, or petty chiefs, who have a hand in managing the affairs of Pangani, to send me up with a proper guard.

The earliest time that he could send me was Sunday morning at eight o'clock, and, as no time was to be lost, I said I would be ready. We had a celebration of Holy Communion at six o'clock and were on the quay before 8 A.M., when we found that, in true Oriental fashion, nothing was ready, his Highness having forgotten to give the order. I went to the Consulate, and messages were sent and promises made, and we finally got off at 2 P.M. The men on the steamer had told us it was impossible we could go that day, and it was only by great persistence we got off at all, and this though the Consul had insisted, much to the dislike of the German Admiral, that the blockade should be put off for this very purpose.

It was thought better that no white men should go with me, so I took Petro Limo and Susi. We came in a little steamer, which the late Sultan had made, two or three years ago, to take his wives round to his palace at Chukwani, beyond Mbweni. The weather was very calm, but when a breeze sprang up at night one could tell, by the way the boat rolled, how very unsafe she would be if it was at all bad weather. The cabin is all windows, gilt and fitted up with heavy velvet cushions, but all in a dilapidated and untidy condition, and so infested with disagreeable insects that when I tried last night to sleep downstairs I was obliged to retreat on deck, though it was stormy, and, when driven down again by the rain, took up my quarters on the table as the least favourable position for attack on the part of the enemy.

As we started so late we could not reach Pangani on Sunday, but anchored off Fumbi, a little to the south. On Monday we

started early, and as we approached the narrow passage into the Pangani River my Arab guardian asked me to go down into the cabin so that the people should not see me. I had not slept very well, and I must have fallen asleep as soon as I got down. I was awakened by the sound of firing and the whizz of bullets. I thought my Arab would have sent a boat on shore before we entered, but I suppose he did not believe the Sultan's flag would be fired upon. We were already inside the river, and there were numbers of people assembled on the shore in great excitement. I do not think they generally fired directly at the boat, but one bullet struck it on the side, and another went through the turban of an Arab soldier on deck. The shooting only lasted a few moments, when, I suppose, they recognised the Governor's father, Nasr Bin Suliman, and let him go ashore to them in a boat. We were then allowed to go in and anchor opposite the town in peace. After waiting a long time, the Arab came on board with Bushiri, a sort of brigand Arab chief, who lately ill-treated Dr. Meyer, and only released him on promise of a large ransom. Nasr Bin Suliman told me they had heard from Susi, whom I had sent before, that I was coming, and had intended to prevent my landing, but out of respect to the Sultan and the Arab they allowed us to come in ; that the people of Pangani were willing for me to go up the country, but there were a great many people from the neighbouring tribes whose consent must be obtained. It was not safe for me to land, and I must remain till 4 P.M., when I should know.

So I stopped on board all day, and the Arab did not return till the evening, when he said that the *jumbes* would not agree ; they thought they were not going to get anything of the ransom Dr. Meyer had promised, and they wished me to go back ; that they would not interfere with our goods and letters, but that they did not want white people to pass through their town. Those at Magila must stay or go by another route, and if I wanted to go I must do the same. I asked if I might sleep at our house on shore, but he said they would not allow that. The Arab talked to

me about giving the people money; and I think, if the Sultan had given him authority to spend a certain amount, the way would be open. I said it would never do for us to give large bribes to the people to let us go up; that was a matter for the Seyyid and the Consul who had arranged it. But as I had come so far, and it was not advisable for me to fail, I would give him the thousand rupees I was taking up for our use at Magila; but it must be given as by the Sultan, and I must not appear in it. He went away saying he would try what he could do the next day. It is now 11 A.M. and I fancy they have been talking all the morning.

Tuesday, Nov. 13; 5.20 P.M.—At last our Arab returned with Bushiri and some of the *jumbes* to say we can start to-morrow, and that I might go on shore, so I am now safe in our house with a guard of Arab soldiers, though I believe I should be perfectly safe now without it. I think unless there is a great change our men and goods will be safe in passing, but it will not be safe for missionaries to come through Pangani; we shall have to try other ports. But what will be the effect of a blockade I do not know. Perhaps no dhows will dare to come when they find that everyone is to be searched. And within a very short time it will be a bombardment, I feel sure, unless it is stopped from head-quarters, and that must mean cutting off all communication, as far as I can see.

All our friends in England might be asked to say daily a special prayer for us—for this poor country. Once more, I must insist that all the trouble is due to the Germans, and might have been certainly foreseen from their conduct, and they have nothing to gain from their present action but revenge.

Mkuzi: November 19.— . . . . On Wednesday I heard that some of the *jumbes* had been and sent word to Nasr Bin Suliman to say that I wished to see them if they came. In the afternoon, as the Arabs had promised, they came to say that all had been arranged for my going but that the soldiers who were to go with me could not get ready till the next morning. I had already sent on my boxes with the money I was taking up for the use of the

Mission, and from this you will understand that no hindrance whatever was put in the way of our porters passing with goods either to or from Zanzibar.

The sole cause of the excitement was the appearance of a European under the circumstances of the great hopes excited by the large sum of money exacted as a ransom from Dr. Meyer, together with the fear that it would not be paid, and the knowledge that it had been lodged in the hands of the English Consul. I fancy that there may have been a great many who disapproved of Bushiri's action in exacting a promise for so large a sum; but now that it had been done, everyone expected, somehow or other, to have a share in it, and they were not inclined to let a white man pass without at any rate getting some instalment. On Wednesday evening one or two younger men came, and their leader asked me for money. I pointed out that my going up country was entirely the affair of the Sultan, and that it must be plain to them that if I gave anything to anyone I should be at once besieged with applications. I fancy this man may have made mischief.

On Thursday morning (November 15), Ackworth, our native catechist, left by a dhow, very early, for Zanzibar with letters. He had brought down a donkey for me from Magila. I got up before it was light and made ready to start. Soon after 6 A.M. I sent to Nasr Bin Suliman to say that we were all ready. He came and told me that at night a large number of the young men had had a dance, and had agreed that they would not let me go. They said that the *jumbes* and others had received money from the Sultan; that if I was the Sultan's guest why was I not sent up without? that if any money was distributed why should not they, who had all the trouble, and went down every day and watched on the shore, have their share of it? I must say I rather sympathised with them. The Governor said he would call the *jumbes* and would consult them again.

I had been told not to leave the house, but I thought it best to go out a little later—of course attended by my guard—to the place where the council was being held. I told the Governor that

I did not want to enter the country against the wish of the people ; that if it caused disturbance and ill-feeling we had better go back to Zanzibar. He told me that he had ordered steam to be got up, but that he would await the coming of the *jumbes*, whom he had sent for.

Soon after I got back to our house it was surrounded by an excited crowd, chiefly, I suppose, of young men, who with great noise tried to force their way in. I was in an upper room looking on to the flat roof of the rest of the house, which is partly covered by a verandah, in which my guard was stationed. If I had been seen I should certainly have been shot at. Our servant Susi and the men who were with me ran in very much frightened, saying that they were trying to force their way in to kill me. I hardly think this would have been so, though I don't know what might have happened in their excitement. I believe the guards would have fought for me, and some great violence would have happened. That it did not do so was entirely due to the courage of Bushiri and another Arab who helped him. Bushiri stood in the doorway downstairs and said that no one should enter unless they killed him first. He was able to keep the crowd back, with great danger to himself as all my people say, until the other Arabs with their soldiers came up. He said that his quarrel was only with those foreigners who had oppressed the people, that he had guaranteed the safety of the missionaries, and he would see me safe up to Magila, even if he had to fight his way up.

On the appearance of the Arabs the crowd retired to a short distance, and the Governor sent to them to say that they would fight on my behalf if the others were determined to oppose my going ; but if they did not wish to fight, let them send someone to arrange matters. It ended in three of the ringleaders being put in prison for a short time and all difficulties being composed. Probably some money was distributed, and the men afterwards released.

Next morning early (Friday, November 16), I left in safety

without any sign of opposition, with a large and picturesque-looking guard, consisting of Bushiri and my other Arab friend, a young son of the Governor's to represent him, and one or two of the *jumbes*, and some hundred others—Arab soldiers and natives of the coast. I had again said, after the disturbance took place, that I would much rather go back to Zanzibar than cause any fighting, or pass through Pangani against the wishes of the people. But the Arabs felt that they were bound to show their loyalty to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and also that they had power to carry out his commands when they believed they were not really contrary to the interests of himself and his people.

We consider it about seven hours' journey for a caravan from Pangani to Mkuzi, our first station. This was successfully accomplished, and I sent on at once to Magila, three hours' further on, for the rest of the party from there who were going to Zanzibar. They arrived at Mkuzi late at night and started the next morning early (November 17), arrived at Pangani in the afternoon, and went straight on board the Sultan's steamer without any mishap of any kind. There were five ladies who went down, three of them being Sisters of Mercy who for the last year had devoted themselves to the welfare of the people. They were accompanied by three members of our Mission staff. One of the Sisters writes from Pangani, 'Everybody very friendly and kind; we were accompanied, I should think, by everyone in the town as we neared the coast.'

The Arabs have shown the utmost friendliness throughout without any exception, and the utmost loyalty to the Sultan. I am convinced that if the members of the German East African Company had shown a friendly disposition, had regarded the customs of the people, had waited till they had established themselves in the country, and made themselves valuable to the surrounding populations before they asserted their rights, all this trouble on the coast of East Africa need never have happened. But is it not contrary to all common-sense and experience to

suppose that a mere handful of foreigners can enter a vast territory, and treat the natives as a conquered people, without an army, without even a police to support them? Might not anyone of common intelligence, who knew what was going on, have foreseen what was almost certain to happen?

I hope it will not be thought that I am prejudiced against the Germans. Had they done what in Germany they were expected to do—had they peacefully settled down in the country and developed trade—I should have welcomed their advent most sincerely. But the result of their coming has been that, after living safely among the people for nearly twenty years, our relations with them growing ever more friendly, we now see our work hindered, our position insecure, our lives possibly endangered, and our religion degraded because connected with violence and oppression—and all to what end? None of the consuls at Zanzibar, no one who really knows, thinks that what has been done will lead to the development of trade or the advancement of civilisation; rather there is reason to fear that both will be immeasurably retarded.[1]

After thus seeing the Sisters and other ladies safely through to the coast, the Bishop himself took charge of Mkuzi, and was happy to be able to report a little later that all was quiet in the neighbourhood of Magila, and that the native prejudice against Europeans did not extend to the missionaries. The evacuation of the country by the German Company, and their temporary abandonment of their plantations, caused the Bishop to hope once more

[1] The contemporary German press was evidently of the same opinion. 'The numerous indiscretions of many of the officials of the German East African Company, coupled with their harsh treatment of the natives, and probably, too, of the Arabs, have brought the Company to the verge of ruin. The whole work of colonising German East Africa must be begun afresh.' —*Illustrirte Welt*, 1889.

for a readjustment of the boundary line between the German and English territories, so that the English Mission stations might be included in British territory. The hope was, however, again disappointed. The joint blockade began ; but in spite of the threatening aspect of affairs the Bishop spent a peaceful Christmas at Magila.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WAR AND THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT

1889

THAT the misfortunes on the East African coast had been caused by mismanagement on the part of German officials was fully recognised by the more enlightened Germans, both in Africa and at home. The Consul-General at Zanzibar, as well as the German Admiral, cordially agreed with Bishop Smythies that the insurrection was the result of ignorance and indiscretion, and in Berlin the conduct of the Company's officials was severely censured. After all, it was but a repetition, happily on a small scale, of what took place in earlier days under English auspices in India, Australia, South Africa, and America; and the fact that considerable stir was caused in Europe by these high-handed dealings of the Germans in East Africa proves not that such dealings had never taken place before, but that a more educated public opinion resented them more keenly. Germany recognised at length that, in order to govern an alien race, a man of high principle, wide experience, and great administrative ability was required, and such a man she now sent forth in the person of Hermann von Wissmann. The Company's officials were placed

under his jurisdiction, and, aided by a large number of German officers and Soudanese and Zulu soldiers, and two million marks voted by the Reichstag, this brilliant officer, who in two journeys across Africa had gained the knowledge necessary for dealing with natives, proceeded to subdue the rebellion and establish German supremacy on the coast.

For it was now no secret that the possession of a sea-front was Germany's primary object. Bismarck, dismissing the Peters treaty acquisitions with the contemptuous description, 'a scarcely legible bit of paper covered with nigger-crosses purporting to assign to us thousands of miles that can do us no good,' proceeded on January 26, 1889, to insist before the Reichstag on the importance of gaining the coast:

> The coast is of immense importance. . . . Without it everything gained in the interior is useless. Only from the coast can civilisation penetrate to the interior. In my opinion, if we are to fulfil our task of civilising Africa, we must reconquer and retain the coast.

On the same occasion he repudiated all responsibility for the misdoings of the Company, and insisted on the necessity of close union with England, 'the greatest colonial Power in the world,' maintaining, indeed, that even if the blockade in itself did no good he should be satisfied if it showed the coast natives that Germany and England were united.

The troubles inevitably connected with war fill a large space in the Bishop's letters of the year 1889, and if at times he seems to dwell with a more than necessary emphasis on the causes which led to the war, it must be remembered

that the peaceful relations of the Mission towards natives of various tribes during a period of nearly thirty years gave sufficient ground for sorrowful resentment at the disturbance of these relations.

In a journey to the interior, undertaken at this time in the hope of having another conciliatory interview with Kimweri, the Bishop passed one of the abandoned stations of the Company, and looked at the ruined house and deserted cotton plantations. Questioning the natives about the character of the planters and their attitude towards the people, he formed his own conclusions as to the cause of friction, and writes as follows :

I think the people in the villages here were perhaps a little ungenerous to the Germans who had been at Kologwe ; they had evidently got a good deal of cloth which they had gained by working for them ; but naturally planters are not as forbearing as missionaries at any rate ought to be, and when they found troops of people coming from mere curiosity to inspect the premises and hang about the house, they appear to have driven them away with some severity, or what would seem to Africans severity. If you want to conciliate people in Africa you must have a baraza, where people may come and go as they like, and sit and talk as long as they like, and if you want to be reckoned as really friendly you must sometimes sit and talk with them. That is the custom with every chief or person of importance in the country, and they expect it. If you resent a free and easy curiosity you cannot get on in Africa.

It was here that he met a party of six young men who had been sent up from the coast to fetch the property of the German traveller, Dr. Meyer, whose promised ransom, of the enormous sum of 10,000 rupees, caused such excite-

ment amongst the natives, and such inconvenience to other travellers :

In the morning as we were returning we were followed by the six young men from Pangani, and when we reached Kologwe they rested with us, and apparently wanted us to go with them to Pangani, in order that they might get us into trouble. The day we left Kologwe was the Feast of the Epiphany. On the road we said good-bye to them, as we were going on to Magila. They then asked for a present from the Bishop. He was going to give them some cloth, but they said, 'No, we want 100 rupees.' The Bishop said, 'Ask them what they have done for me that I should pay them all that money ;' and when I asked them this, rather softly, the Bishop said, 'I see you are afraid of these men ; I had better speak to them myself.' So he said to them, 'I am not afraid of you ; if you want to take me prisoner, take me ; or if you want to kill me, kill me : but I have not got the money you ask for, and even if I had it I should not pay it.' So when they saw that the Bishop was angry they left us and went their way, and we went on to Magila.[1]

This (adds the Bishop) is only a sample of the cupidity aroused by the expectation of great sums of money to be got out of the Europeans, resulting from the ransom that Dr. Meyer promised to pay. . . . I left them to carry the miserable remnant of poor Dr. Meyer's many loads on its way to Zanzibar—*i.e.* a bundle of bottles, a roll of wall-paper, and a saucepan !

The Bishop's movements to and from Zanzibar were naturally hampered by the coast troubles, and not wishing for a repetition of the perils of Pangani, and finding that objections were made at Tanga too, he decided this time to strike northwards, cross the boundary river Umba, and embark from British territory. This journey he accom-

[1] From a letter of Petro Limo, who accompanied the Bishop.

plished more easily than he expected, the Digo tribe being friendly, and a dhow obtainable at Vanga. Twice the dhow was boarded by officers from the German gunboats, but no serious hindrance occurred, and the Bishop landed safely in Zanzibar. Here the excitement was intense ; it seemed, after the comparative peace of the Bondé country, 'like passing from calm into the midst of storm.' Writing on February 10, he says:

It becomes increasingly difficult to get stores up to the Bondé country. It would be equally difficult to get them through Lindi if it was not for our kind Arab friend Selim, who lately saved some of our men from being murdered, and who has sent a message to Masasi to say that as long as he lives no one shall hurt our stores or our people. In the face of such action as this, together with the protection given to the French Mission by Bushiri and his attitude towards us, it is absurd to say that the disturbances here have anything to do with religious antipathies—they are entirely political. I understand that the blockade has quite failed in preventing arms and ammunition being imported into the country, and, what is much worse, it has failed to prevent an influx of foreign Arab kidnappers, whose presence is a new and serious danger.

After a month in Zanzibar the Bishop again visited the Magila country, being accompanied by Mr. Geldart and Mr. Mercer, and crossing to Vanga, in the British sphere of influence, in an English boat by permission of the Admiral:

Everything was made for us as comfortable as possible ; we steamed by night, and got to Wasim, a port on an island just outside Vanga, on Tuesday morning. There we found the *Agamemnon* ; Captain Cardale knew that I was coming and had hoped to see me on the way. The weather has been very hot

at Zanzibar, and I have been feeling weak and up to very little all the time I have been there. When I was getting over some low fever which I had had for some time, Captain Cardale kindly asked me to spend a day on board the *Agamemnon*, so I got to know him pretty well. . . . We found the natives who lived on the islands very friendly with the *Agamemnon*, coming on board to inspect the guns, &c., &c., a great contrast to their relations with the German ships engaged in the blockade. The officers were enjoying their quarters, as they could go out and shoot gazelle and monkeys without any danger. The captain told me that when the headman of Wasim saw the 34-ton guns, like the Queen of Sheba, 'there was no more spirit left in him,' and he actually wept. He said, almost in the words of the aforesaid queen, that he had always heard that the English were a great nation, but that what he had seen surpassed all his expectations, and that if he were to tell it to the people who lived about there they would refuse to believe him. At Zanzibar the Captain had been very kind in letting parties of our boys go over the ship, and one of them was so struck by its wonders that he said, 'This was not made, it was created,' by which I suppose he meant to refer it to God Himself, as being beyond the power of man.

Reaching Magila in safety, the Bishop heard of the friendly attitude of the people of Tanga towards him personally, in spite of the news that

the blockade was extended to Zanzibar and Pemba last Tuesday, and Wissmann is getting his black troops together. The plot thickens, and we cannot tell what will be the end of it.

Instances of violence on sea and land are chronicled in the letters, and in the midst of them, on March 21,

Sparks was ordained priest on Sunday: Goodyear, Key, Woodward, and Geldart helped me; Mercer was there too. So the Church goes on in the even tenor of her way, putting forth

her strength and providing for her own continuance amidst all the tumult of the world around.

This and other episcopal work being concluded, the Bishop left for Zanzibar in March, travelling again by the new Vanga route so as to avoid detention on the coast, and going on eventually to Nyasa.

It was perhaps as well that he chose the Vanga route, though just at this time his old friends at Pangani professed to be offended at his avoiding them, and were particularly pressing for some member of the staff to travel down to Pangani, 'just to show how safe it is,' as they urged. The suspicions of the Mission were aroused at this unusual insistence on the part of the Arabs, and they carefully avoided Pangani. When the bombardment began they had very little doubt that the design of the Arabs had been to detain some European in order to protect themselves from attack, as indeed they succeeded in doing in the case of a member of another Mission.

The month of April was a critical one in the history of the war. While Wissmann was making energetic preparations for the attack, the rebel leader Bushiri was growing recklessly defiant. To show his hatred of the invaders, he caught a native who had worked for the Germans, cut off his hands, and sent him back to his employers with the insolent message that he would do the same to them. Further, because Dr. Meyer's ransom had not yet been paid, he detained an Englishman, Mr. Hooper, of the C.M.S., at Pangani, refusing to release him till the money was handed over. Wissmann, knowing that Mr. Hooper was in Pangani, delayed the bombardment of that

town for some weeks, but at last, on April 21, the 10,000 rupees was paid to Bushiri through the hands of the English Consul in Zanzibar, Mr. Hooper was released, and Wissmann was able to begin the attack on May 8.[1] After a fierce encounter the insurgents were defeated, but the intrepid Bushiri escaped and fled to the interior. The victorious Soudanese soldiers plundered the camp, and stole the immense ransom money; but it must in justice be added that Wissmann was ignorant of this proceeding.

The news of Wissmann's victory spread rapidly over the country, encouraging the German officers and striking terror into the hearts of the natives. Town after town was conquered and destroyed, murderers were executed, and provisions and cattle seized. At Saadani, Wissmann attacked and defeated a well-known coast man, Bwana Heri, who on January 21 had treacherously murdered an Englishman, Mr. Brooks, and his caravan, travelling from the interior, in the service of the London Missionary Society. At Pugu the murderers of the Bavarian missionaries were punished, and the remains of the unfortunate victims sought out from the ashes of the Mission-house by the German officers and decently buried. Everywhere a sharp lesson was read to the insurgents, and German supremacy firmly established. Months passed, however, and Bushiri was still at large and still defiant. Placing himself at the head of the fierce tribe of the Maviti, he threatened to descend from the interior. It was time for Germany

[1] Rochus Schmidt states that a separate sum of 6,000 rupees was paid by the English for the release of Mr. Hooper, but this statement cannot be reconciled with the testimony of contemporary letters. — *Deutschlands Kolonien*, i. 70.

to strike a decisive blow. With a large, well-trained force, Gravenreuth advanced to meet the enemy, and Bushiri's army was completely routed. Again he himself escaped his pursuers and fled to the Usambara hills; but here he was finally betrayed by the chief with whom he had taken refuge, delivered up to Wissmann, and hung. Not without a touch of regret do we part from this brave leader who, in spite of many unscrupulous and cruel deeds, wins our admiration for his unfailing courtesy to the French Mission at Bagamoyo and his personal defence of Bishop Smythies at the risk of his own life.

The victory of Germany was now complete, and peace was once more restored. The Bishop, returning to Magila for Christmas 1889, after an absence of many months at Lake Nyasa, writes:

> We have received the greatest kindness from the Germans, who are now in authority here. The road to Pangani is now entirely quiet and safe, and so indeed is the whole district.

Wissmann returned to Berlin early in 1890 to lay before the Government an account of his victories, and to receive further instructions. While he had been engaged in the war he was unaware of the diplomatic negotiations that had been quietly proceeding between Germany and England. Arrived at home, he found to his astonishment that, by the terms of the Anglo-German Convention, the relations of the two Powers were completely changed in three important particulars:

(1) The disputed territory of Witu, north of Mombasa, was included in British East Africa

(2) The so-called treaties made by Dr. Peters in the neighbourhood of Uganda were disregarded.

(3) A British Protectorate was declared over Zanzibar.

In return for these concessions to England, Germany gained Heligoland.[1]

It is unnecessary to enter here into the full significance of this agreement, the terms of which were universally admitted to reflect great credit on Lord Salisbury's sagacity. When the first flush of patriotic satisfaction at the annexation of the little rocky islet, the 'pearl of the North Sea,' had faded away, the colonial party in Germany began to realise that Zanzibar, where German influence had lately been so strong—the only city on the east coast of Africa, the centre of trade, the focus of all converging roads from the interior, the starting-point of travellers, the great coaling station for ships, the connecting link between Africa and India, the head-quarters of clove production, and the seat of an enlightened Oriental Government—had passed out of their grasp; and that if the East African colony was to succeed at all it must succeed by its own resources without the assistance of Zanzibar.[2]

[1] Heligoland is 1,700 mètres long and 600 mètres wide, and contains about 2,000 inhabitants. According to the observations of Dr. E. Lindemann, the island is rapidly diminishing in size, owing to the encroachment of the sea.

[2] 'German East Africa is a chronic sufferer from the "Zanzibar mistake," that dismal blunder of six years ago, when we played away the gorgeous island lying opposite our colony and dominating the whole Indian Ocean to the English in exchange for Heligoland. All the business houses of any note in Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam are but branches of the firms in Zanzibar. The German trade of East Africa is now governed by English Zanzibar. The possession of this East African London promised for our colony a glorious

It is only fair to add that Germany set herself to this task with characteristic energy and thoroughness. The new Chancellor, Caprivi, reconstituted the Government, placing a Civil Governor (Baron von Soden) over the whole colony, and replacing military by civil officials. The Swahili language was studied methodically, wise and temperate laws were passed for the suppression of crime and the establishment of order, harsh methods were discouraged, and Dr. Peters, whose later career in Africa was marred by countless acts of cruel tyranny, was eventually recalled, tried, and banished from German territory.[1] Dar-es-Salaam has become an imposing capital, while Tanga and Bagamoyo grow every year in importance; roads into the interior advance the prosperity of coffee plantations, and some beginning of a railway has been made.[2] The new-born zeal of German colonists is ever sanguine of great results from their enterprise; but the forbidding climate, the lack of capital, the absence of minerals, together perhaps with the somewhat irksome regulations of a too paternal

future. But Zanzibar, the metropolis of East Africa, is lost to us—lost. . . . *Helgoland, prosit!*'—Karl Böttcher, *Rund um Afrika*, 1897.

[1] On April 2, 1892, when Bishop Smythies was at Magila, he received a letter from Dr. Peters, proposing a visit to the station the following day. The Bishop, having just heard of a shocking outrage committed on two natives by Dr. Peters at the Kilima Njaro station, wrote to say that unless he could give an emphatic denial to the story the Mission could not receive him. An evasive reply was received, and Dr. Peters travelled by another route. A private letter of the Bishop's to Baron von Soden (March 26, 1892) was the first information the Government had of these outrages; and the inquiries then instituted led to the legal proceedings above mentioned.

[2] Thirty miles of rail, starting from Tanga, were completed at the end of 1895, and since then no more has been laid. The 200 miles of the Uganda Railway in British East Africa and the completion of the Bulawayo Railway are satisfactory comparisons.

Government, combine to keep the number of colonists low, and to render the territory a heavy expense to the Fatherland rather than a source of revenue. The patriotism of these few colonists is, however, beyond reproach, and their determination to succeed, in spite of many disasters to themselves by fever and to their undertakings by weather, cannot but rouse the admiration of observers.

It need scarcely be added that the relations between the English Mission and the colonial administration are of the most cordial kind, and that the courteous consideration always practised by Bishop Smythies is returned by many kindnesses to the Mission on the part of the Government.

CHAPTER IX

THE NYASALAND PROTECTORATE

1889

IN order to resume the story of the Bishop's life at the point where it was left, we must go back to the spring of 1889, when he was in Zanzibar waiting for a favourable opportunity of reaching Newala and paying his fourth visit to Lake Nyasa. The troubled state of affairs in the diocese was rendered still more anxious at this critical time by the untimely resignation of Archdeacon Farler[1] of Magila and Archdeacon Hodgson of Zanzibar, both then in England, and both resigning under medical advice. The loss of these valued and experienced workers was acutely felt by the Bishop, for then, as now, every individual of the staff was needed. Mr. Jones-Bateman, Principal of Kiungani, was appointed Archdeacon of Zanzibar, a post which he ably filled till his death in 1897, and Mr. Goodyear became Archdeacon of Magila. Leaving Archdeacon Jones-Bateman as his Commissary, with full

[1] On resigning the Archdeaconry of Magila and severing his connection with the Universities' Mission, Mr. Farler worked for some years in England, but in 1895 revisited Africa, and at present occupies a civil post in the island of Pemba.

authority to act in his absence, the Bishop left Zanzibar on May 12 (four days after Wissmann's conquest of Pangani), and sailed for Tunghi Bay, south of the Rovuma River, a port which was considered by the Portuguese to be in their territory, but about which there had for long been a difference of opinion amongst other European Powers. Some little difficulty was made about allowing the Bishop and his party to land; but, on it being understood that they had no political designs, the Portuguese Governor allowed them to pass, and they proceeded to walk to Newala. This journey occupied eleven days, and was unusually beset with difficulties. 'On the morning of the 25th,' writes the Bishop, 'we had the worst walk I have ever had, water and deep mud often up to one's waist;' but at last Newala was reached, and the Bishop was warmly welcomed after an absence of eighteen months.

Here he found everything changed. A descent upon the village by the fierce and dreaded Magwangwara in the previous year so terrified the people that they forsook their homes and moved up 800 feet to the top of the plateau, and the Mission was obliged to follow them. 'It seems hard,' writes the Bishop, 'to leave our nice large house and ready-built church, but it is evident that we cannot live alone far away from the people, so we determined to move entirely. . . . We may find it healthier, and probably this good will come out of all the seeming evil, that it will be a much better situation for missionary work, as all the people are together now, while before they were much scattered.' A similar disturbance had taken place at Chitangali, the new station under the charge of Cecil

Majaliwa; the people had fled and the teachers had to follow.

During this visit the Bishop owns, almost for the first time, to failing health. The exceptional cold of the high plateau coming after the wet and exhausting walk from Tunghi brought on fever, from which he suffered several days. But on recovering he resumed his old active habits, and walked to Masasi, where he gladly noted marks of steady progress, and on June 17 left for Lake Nyasa. This journey occupied over a month, and was marked by one incident so extraordinary that, as the Bishop himself says, it seems hardly credible:

We had a narrow escape the night before last. The men had only built a fence part of the way round their camp. Their custom is to sleep two together with a fire between them. Not far from my tent door Danieli Tambala and Charles Sulemani, who is my cook, had chosen their sleeping place so that Charlie was on the outside, on the edge of the darkness. It was about 10 P.M., and he had lain down and covered himself with his cloth. Danieli was saying his prayers with his head close to the ground, as their custom is. We heard no lions roaring. Suddenly a lion came close by Charlie, but fortunately, instead of seizing him, seized a saucepan close by his head, which had my porridge in it for the morning. He dropped it and again passed Charlie. Danieli had heard something, and suddenly raised himself to find *the lion face to face with him.* His suddenly getting up so startled it that it leaped away. The whole camp was at once roused. I heard a sort of scuffle, &c., and came out to see what it was. One man in his haste and fright knocked his legs against the firewood, and came into the tent with blood streaming down them; I naturally thought at first he had been clawed by the lion. The men dared not go to sleep all night,

and kept themselves awake by singing the same short sentences over and over again, as they do at their dances, at times beating tins as an accompaniment, so that I did not get much sleep. I felt most thankful that it was no worse. It was as if God specially protected us, as it would have seemed hardly to be credited that a lion should make such a mistake as to seize a tin pot instead of a man. . . .

After leaving Mponda's we did not pass an inhabited village or meet a man for sixteen days. The journey was a very trying one, and if God in His goodness had not helped us in ways we could not have expected, I think I should have been obliged to leave our loads in the forest, as the porters would have had to travel many days without food. I had quite enough in tins for myself, but it would not have lasted long if divided amongst twenty men.

For a considerable part of the way we had to walk across the forest without any path, and often through long grass which made travelling very trying. We asked for guides at Mponda's, but could not get less than four men to go, as they were afraid of dangers on their way back. These men would only undertake to go as far as the Lushalingo, and when we got half-way they were seized with a panic and said they must go back. I was not sorry, as they were of no use to us whatever, except to carry part of the food, which by that time was nearly finished.

We were misled by a path which we followed for some time, and only reached the Lushalingo on July 12. Then we found so much water in the river that we were delayed a whole day in trying to cross, and at last had to get over a place where the water came down with great force between large stones with deep holes between. Four men dropped their loads into the water, and I was horrified to see one man carried off his legs down the fall; but fortunately he landed in shallow water, and very little was lost or injured.

But our food was nearly exhausted, and we knew we had many days' journey before we could buy more, as we had been told that

the Magwangwara villages on the Lushalingo had been destroyed. After perhaps two hours' walk on July 13 we found ourselves at Ngapula's village, and saw at once that it was deserted. The path we had now gained, an old road from Nyasa to Kilwa, passed outside it, but some of the men said it would be well to see if any people were left at all. They came back with the news that the village was entirely deserted, but that all the food had been left behind. We all went into the village and found it was so. Everything had been left for two or three months and was going to ruin ; the storehouses were full of corn of different kinds, rotting and spoiling, all the household utensils were left just as they had been used. Evidently the people had all fled at some sudden war scare, leaving everything behind, and no one had been to the place since.

We then followed the old Kilwa road, which led us over and between mountains till we reached Moola, where in 1887 there were groups of flourishing hamlets ; now all was destroyed, evidently by war. Unfortunately we missed our old path of 1887 here, and, without asking me, a porter who had been with me before and whom I generally trust to find the path, struck across the forest to a high mountain in the distance, where he knew there was a path. The result was that we had a terribly trying walk through very long grass and continually down the steep gullies, ending at last in a very steep climb up to a path which runs high up under Mount Sanga, for which we had been making. The men's food would now have been again exhausted had I not most unexpectedly been able to shoot a fine hartebeest which supplied us with meat for the rest of our journey.

On July 19 we had another disappointment. We had had a long walk of six hours to reach Akumgadiro on the Msinji River, and only reached it, when it was getting dark, to find it all deserted and overgrown with grass and weeds. We had expected to be able to buy food here. The next morning we had great difficulty in finding a place where we could cross the river—the banks were covered with thick reeds and long grass full of 'upupu,' as the

natives call the noxious bean coated with fine hairs, which when dry fly out all over the unwary traveller, and cause the most intense pain and irritation.

At last after two hours we found an easy place to cross, and on July 21 reached Chitesi's people at Pamanda, where we could get plenty of food. On the 22nd I encamped at Chitesi's about 10 A.M., getting a fine view of the lake as we crossed the mountains. I sent a letter at once to Archdeacon Maples by canoe, and early in the afternoon I saw the sail of his boat, the *Charlotte*, bringing him and Mr. Johnson to give me a warm welcome, and take me and my porters to Likoma in the *Charles Janson* which followed almost immediately. I do not think anyone at home can realis the delight it is to see the faces of dear friends after a lonely walk of sixteen days across the forest. It makes up for a great deal of the weariness which one sometimes feels. Everything seems very flourishing.

That the joy of this meeting was not all on the Bishop's side is shown by a letter from Archdeacon Maples, who writes :

The Bishop is here and more than ever pleasant, gracious, and kind. It gives us an immense lift, and that is certain.

In spite of a fatigue and languor new to him, the Bishop set to work at once, finding that great progress had been made since his last visit, and that many natives at the different stations were ready for baptism and confirmation. But six weeks later Archdeacon Maples reported him 'in very feeble health, for the least exertion lays him on his back at once.' And indeed the Bishop himself is obliged to own :

I suppose it is from travelling so much this year that I feel such a disinclination for the long walk back. . . . I have pretty well made up my mind to go back by the Zambezi.

And a little later, referring to the sad news of the death of Archdeacon Goodyear :

> We have had times as sad since I came, but the present presses more heavily than the past. . . . I have not been well, and writing is a great burden—so different from what it used to be.

He stayed two months on the lake, visiting all the lakeside stations with Mr. Johnson, as well as the newly opened station on the island of Chisumulu, and becoming meantime a discerning observer of the respective attitudes of the Portuguese, the Germans, and the British round the shores of this valuable lake.

For at this critical moment the 'scramble for Africa' was taking place here too, and the Bishop found himself once more involved in the troubles caused by the claims of two European Powers over disputed territory. As long ago as August 1885 he had written home his impression of affairs round the lake as follows :

> The whole of these great populations which people the shores of the lake seem to live in utter terror and misery from the continual raids of marauding tribes. The motive of these raids is chiefly to feed the slave trade. For many years English subjects, at the risk of their lives, have tried to help these lake tribes. Mr. Moir has just returned from visiting them, and was welcomed by all, and takes to England from most of them petitions for English protection. He, I believe, is himself going to England this year, and will explain his views as to how that protection can be made effective ; but I feel convinced that, with very little sacrifice and effort, the English Government could bring the beginning of peace and civilisation to these vast numbers of people who now pass their lives in anarchy and fear.
>
> Such a state of things on Lake Nyasa would do more to stop

the slave trade than all that is done to capture the dhows which carry the miserable remnants of caravans away from shores 300 or 400 miles off, and I believe that all men who have experience of this part of Africa will entirely bear out what I have said. But I firmly believe that, if once the English Government allow another European Power to occupy the ground before them, all the efforts and sacrifices of Englishmen will have been in vain, and the great opportunity will be lost, probably for ever. And if anyone should object that this is underrating the humanity of other nations, I would ask, What members of other nations have made any efforts or any sacrifices for the tribes of Lake Nyasa? What other European nations have shown any earnestness or any enthusiasm comparable with that of England for the suppression of the slave trade?

Four years later matters had so far advanced that the Bishop wrote from Likoma on September 3, 1889:

Mr. H. H. Johnston, the Consul at Mozambique, is sent here by the Government on an important mission. He has asked for the help of the *Charles Janson.*

What, then, was this important mission?

The desire of the English Government for years had been to keep this part of Africa open for trade, to maintain peace with the native tribes, and to prevent 'abrupt seizure' of land by other Powers. The African Lakes Company, established for trading purposes on Lake Nyasa, found their business constantly hampered on the one hand by the Portuguese of the Zambezi, and on the other by certain powerful Arabs at the north end of the lake, whose cruel slave-raiding wars produced a continual state of terror and unrest amongst the natives, and threatened indeed to

exterminate the Europeans.[1] It was to make peace with these Arabs, to conclude treaties with the natives, and above all to keep watch over the Portuguese, that Mr. H. H. Johnston, already well known by his services in Africa, was appointed H.M. Consul at Mozambique.

To understand the claims of Portugal to the shores of Lake Nyasa we must remember that ever since Vasco de Gama's famous voyage round the Cape in 1497 the Portuguese had fostered a tradition that they possessed the southern half of Africa. Basing their claim on this tradition and on the actual occupation of Mozambique and a few other coast towns, they continued to publish maps in which a trans-African empire was coloured as their own, and to maintain that their settlements at the mouth of the Zambezi entitled them to prevent traders of other nationalities from entering the country by means of that river. No other European Power regarded Portugal's claims to the Hinterland as serious, and for years—indeed since Livingstone's discovery of Lake Nyasa in 1859—British traders and missionaries settled in increasing numbers in the healthier parts of the interior. Friction between the two races was inevitable, for, in spite of frequent warnings from the British Foreign Office, the Portuguese officials on the Zambezi continued to obstruct as much as possible the ingress of 'foreigners.' In vain their attention was called to the terms of the Berlin Conference of 1886, by which no claim of sovereignty in Africa could

[1] Captain Lugard had already endeavoured, but ineffectually, owing to insufficient forces and ammunition, to suppress these Arabs; he left the country just before Mr. Johnston arrived.

be maintained without effective occupation. Though there was not, and never had been, effective occupation by the Portuguese on the lake shores or in the Shiré highlands, they continued to claim and to obstruct, until at last in 1889 matters came to a crisis.[1]

The new Consul's instructions were to travel inland, but not to proclaim a British protectorate over the Shiré highlands unless forced to do so by the action of the Portuguese. Before leaving England Mr. Johnston met Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who had just arrived to procure a Charter for his Company, and each discovered that the other shared his dreams of expansion and a 'Cape to Cairo' route. Starting in the early summer of 1889, Mr. Johnston travelled to Mozambique, entered the Zambezi by the recently discovered Chindé mouth, and proceeded up the river, knowing that not far ahead of him was an imposing military force under the command of the distinguished Portuguese officer Major Serpa Pinto. The meeting between these two expeditions passed off amicably, the Major informing the Consul that he was merely conducting a 'scientific expedition' to the interior, though he failed to explain why a staff of white officers and a force of several hundred armed natives were necessary for such a journey. Mr. Johnston passed on meantime to his destination at the head of Lake Nyasa, leaving instructions

[1] The Bishop wrote in 1887 : 'The Portuguese . . . . have not a single settler on the lake. Lieutenant Cardoso, who reached it last year, has given out that two chiefs hoisted the Portuguese flag in token of submission to Portugal, but by chance I visited them both afterwards and found they had no idea of what a flag meant. They said he had given it them as a token of friendship to display if they saw any of their friends coming. One of them asked me for a flag too. I explained to them what it meant.'

with Mr. John Buchanan, Acting-Consul at Blantyre, for dealing with the Portuguese should they advance. The whole country was at this time torn by civil wars between the native tribes, and matters were complicated by the intrigues of the Arabs and the alleged treaties of certain native chiefs with Portugal. Mr. Johnston arrived at the town of one of these chiefs:

Mponda's reception of us was rather doubtful. He denied having concluded any treaty with the Portuguese. . . . Mponda was a very repellent type of Yao robber, alternately cringing and insolent. Had not the Universities' Mission steamer arrived by good chance to give me a passage to Likoma (where I was to see Bishop Smythies), I might have been robbed and murdered by Mponda. As it was, my retreat to the Mission steamer was very like a flight. However, I got away safely with all my goods, and proceeded to the island of Likoma. My object in seeing Bishop Smythies was to obtain the use of the *Charles Janson* for a period, in order to enable me to bring about peace with the Arabs. . . . The Bishop was good enough to place his steamer at my disposal, for, though the Universities' Mission then and always declares its intention of remaining absolutely neutral in political matters, they were anxious to do all in their power to assist me to bring about peace between the Lakes Company and the Arabs.[1]

Mr. Johnston spent three days at Likoma and afterwards proceeded to Bandawé and Karonga, where, as is well known, his mission was completed with remarkable rapidity and with entire success, securing peace with the Arabs and treaties with the native chiefs. Of this visit Bishop Smythies writes on September 17:

[1] *British Central Africa*, p. 90.

We have just had a most pleasant visit from H.M. Consul at Mozambique. . . . We have very little to offer in the way of hospitality, but Mr. Johnston seemed pleased with everything, and his wide experience and knowledge of so many things in which we have a common interest made it very pleasant to have him with us.

Three days later the Bishop left Likoma, too weary to walk the long home journey by the Rovuma, and choosing the Zambezi route as, in spite of its heat and delays, at least promising an easier and less fatiguing way than the other. He took with him three Nyasa boys for Kiungani—'a great sign of progress and of how the Mission has won the people's confidence'—and set off on September 20 in the hope of reaching the coast in time for the November mail. But this hope was speedily disappointed; for scarcely had he proceeded half-way down the Shiré when tidings came that there was war with the Portuguese below, and the crew of the boat flatly refused to go further. It was useless to urge them, nor could other natives be persuaded to carry the loads overland: terror had so completely taken possession of all, that the Bishop was reluctantly obliged to turn back and wait at Mandala till the disturbance had quieted down. Rumours of this incident reached England before long, and great anxiety was caused by the appearance of a telegram in the *Times* to the effect that the Bishop had been 'attacked, but had escaped to Nyasa.'

It was, perhaps, scarcely a surprise to the Bishop to find that Major Serpa Pinto's 'scientific expedition' had come into conflict with the natives. It appears that the Portuguese, irritated by the prosperity of the African

Lakes Company and the ever-increasing activity of the British on and around the lake, were about to make a determined effort to seize the beautiful, fertile, and hitherto unappropriated region south of the lake, known as the Shiré Highlands. It was here that the Scotch Mission was established at Blantyre, that many British coffee-planters had brought the land under cultivation, that the Lakes Company had its head-quarters—a district that had, in fact, become entirely identified with British interests. Mr. Johnston, on passing up northwards, had warned Mlauri, the chief of the Makololo tribe (an ally of the British) not to attack the Portuguese, and had received a promise from him that he would not do so. This promise the chief kept until the Portuguese raided some of his villages, when he retaliated by attacking Serpa Pinto's force, and was himself entirely defeated. After his defeat he followed the example of his brother chiefs, concluded a treaty with Mr. Buchanan, and received the British flag. This aggressive action of the Portuguese obliged the Acting Consul to declare a British protectorate over the Shiré Highlands Province on September 21.

Up to this time Serpa Pinto had not crossed the limit of acknowledged Portuguese territory, and, being now in doubt how to proceed, he left his force in charge of Lieutenant Coutinho and returned to Mozambique for furthe instructions. Meantime ominous reports reached England: 'Mlauri, the Makololo chief, is angry with the English because the Portuguese have torn down the English flag which he had hoisted on his boundary.' 'The official who came on board the *Lady Nyasa* from Serpa Pinto

ordered the captain to haul down the English flag, as they allowed no flag to appear on the Shiré except the Portuguese.' The zealous young Lieutenant in charge of the forces had apparently thrown all precautions to the winds. Regardless of boundaries and treaties, he crossed the Ruo, dispersed the natives, fortified Chiromo, marched northwards up the Shiré, prepared to occupy Blantyre, and had even been officially proclaimed at Mozambique 'Governor of the Shiré Province,' when England despatched an ultimatum to Portugal, and the Portuguese forces were obliged to withdraw.

The final result of Mr. H. H. Johnston's mission is well known. The whole of the western shore of the lake became British Protectorate, joining on the west the territory of the Chartered Company [1] and on the north German East Africa; the Shiré Highlands of course remained British, together with the islands of Likoma and Chisumulu, while only a part of the east lake shore fell to Portugal, with the Zambezi Valley and an extensive coast territory.[2]

As far as the Universities' Mission was concerned, great satisfaction was expressed that the stations occupied by Europeans were under the British flag, and some disappointment was, and perhaps still is, felt that all the lakeside villages so diligently worked by Mr. Johnson in the *Charles Janson* should be in foreign territory. But

[1] Until 1895 the Chartered Company contributed 10,000*l.* per annum towards the administration expenses of Nyasaland.

[2] The British Protectorate over Nyasaland was declared in 1890, but the treaty was not finally ratified until July 1891.

this last arrangement, like that of Magila and Newala in German territory, would have delighted Bishop Steere, who wrote as early as 1863:

I do not suppose that many would agree with me, but I am almost disposed to wish the Mission continued here (Morambala) merely as a protest against the notion that the English Church can never do anything beyond the influences of an English-speaking nation. I should gladly see English Missions as common in the colonies of foreign Powers as foreign Missions are in our own dominions.

Meantime the journey from the Shiré to Quilimane was by no means as easy as Bishop Smythies had hoped. Finding the river impossible on account of the war, he was obliged to walk the whole distance; often the heat in the low valley was intense, and he reached the coast much exhausted:

When we reached Portuguese territory we continually found the sites of villages lately deserted, and understood that the people had moved inland to escape the taxes. For forty miles at one stretch we did not pass a single inhabited village. We reached Quilimane after two hours' walk on Sunday morning (December 1), only just in time, as the mail left next morning. *There I found my budget of six months' letters.*

The voyage from Quilimane to Zanzibar was uneventful, and on reaching the island the Bishop found Mr. H. M. Stanley and his party being fêted on the completion of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. But the news from the northern mainland told of such scarcity of workers that the Bishop set off to help them, only staying a week in Zanzibar. He writes on December 15:

We are terribly short-handed everywhere, but the Magila district is so forlorn that I feel I ought to try and get there for Christmas. Woodward is the only priest in the whole district.

He had left this coast in the midst of bombardment and war, and now found it, seven months later, fortunately at peace.

Magila was reached in time for Christmas, when 'we had our beautiful services as in past years,' and the Bishop visited every station, not sparing himself, though obviously weaker than before and generally obliged to ride instead of walking. He found the Sisters once more at work, as the peaceful settlement of the country had allowed of their return. From Christmas until the middle of January he was constantly travelling, surveying the year's work, baptizing, confirming, preaching—finding at Magila that 'Woodward has kept things wonderfully together,' that at Mkuzi the stone church was in progress, and at Misozwe new buildings were needed ; but that at Umba, through lack of workers and through an increase of Mohammedan influence, no progress had been made, and that indeed the fair promise of a few years ago was in no way fulfilled.

CHAPTER X

IN ENGLAND

1890

FOR many years it had been recognised by thoughtful residents in Africa that if the Universities' Mission was to succeed in civilising and Christianising the natives in large numbers, the work *must* depend mainly on the natives themselves. For the climate of those parts of Africa in which the sphere of the Mission lies, while not being so 'deadly' as many people suppose, is yet a climate which diminishes the strength and shortens the life of most Europeans to a degree that renders it unlikely that the Mission will ever be able to maintain a European staff large enough to work the wide area open before it; and for this climatic reason, if for no other, the main energies of the Mission have been devoted to educating the younger generation in order that they may eventually themselves build up the Church of Africa amongst their own people.

But the work is slow. Even in a settled country, with its centuries of Christian tradition, its educated public opinion, and its adequate provision of buildings and teachers, the process of educating a generation is a slow one, and the number of those who show conspicuous ability

is small in proportion to the number who pass through school and college ; while the number of those who, from being street-waifs or unlettered country lads, rise to be schoolmasters or clergy is of course infinitely less. Yet this task—the task of training raw natives of Africa to be the pioneers of Christianity in that continent—is what the Universities' Mission has set itself to do, and what with patient, laborious toil it continues to do, not expecting rapid results, but content to let one generation sow what another will reap. When it is remembered that in Africa there is no 'School Board,' that no sort of compulsion exists for making children come to school, that often great opposition to their coming is raised by their parents, that in most schools the children do not begin to attend till they are ten or older, and that when they come their untrained minds have to take in and assimilate a whole world of new ideas, it can readily be imagined that even the mere book-work of a school course is slow, and that many boys and girls never advance beyond the elementary stage. And when it is further remembered that the high moral standard demanded by the Christian religion and aimed at by the Universities' Mission is in any country difficult to maintain, and in Africa supremely difficult, it might well be asked whether this task of producing a native ministry, intellectually and morally efficient, is not the dream of enthusiasts, too costly, too impracticable for fulfilment.

The first beginning of an answer to such questions was given at the opening of the year 1890, when Bishop Smythies ordained the first native priest of the Mission.

Kiungani, the 'heart of the Mission,' as the college has been called, had gone on with its slow sifting process, had weeded out the failures, had separated and otherwise provided for those who had no aptitude for books, had pushed forward the higher education of the most promising, had tested the earnestness of the selected, and had at last, out of its miscellaneous material, produced a man who satisfied those who had watched him from childhood that he had a true vocation. On January 25 Cecil Majaliwa was ordained priest.[1]

The Bishop had hastened back to Zanzibar for this ordination, and noted on arriving:

> Quite a large fleet has assembled here—about eighteen English ships—to show, I suppose, that England means something this time *in re* Portugal.

Four of the naval chaplains of these ships came on shore and were present at the impressive service in the Cathedral, joining with the Bishop in the laying on of hands. The further episcopal work he had contemplated in Zanzibar was almost immediately afterwards cut short by an attack of fever, longer and more severe than any he had yet had, and, although it was but fifteen months since he left England, the doctor ordered him home at once. He therefore sailed for Naples, stayed in Italy for a few weeks, and reached England, already much better, on April 26.

Within a month of the Bishop's arrival, the twenty-ninth anniversary of the Mission was held, and shortly

[1] At the present time (1898) the Universities' Mission numbers thirteen native clergy—four priests and nine deacons.

afterwards the Universities of Oxford and Durham conferred on him the honorary degree of D.D. The summer months were occupied in preaching and speaking on behalf of the Mission, and in October he spoke at the Church Congress. This speech, on methods of work in Africa, so exactly expresses the policy he prescribed for the Mission that parts of it are here given:

With your Lordship's permission I will speak instead of reading, and I will confine myself to that part of Africa with which I am most acquainted. Since I have been in Africa, during the last six years, there has been such an advance, in that small part of the great continent into which the influence of the Universities' Mission extends, as to give us great hope for the extension of missionary work far and wide in the future. Owing very much to the exertions of my predecessor, the great Bishop Steere, and those who have been trained by him, already the whole of the Bible has been translated into Swahili, the coast language. Also with the help of those who assist in this work, notably Mr Madan, Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford, who gives up his whole time to it, there are continually being issued from our press in Zanzibar educational works translated into that language. The initial difficulty is therefore got over. Though we have very many languages, still we are able, with the help of these translations into Swahili, to make translations into other languages much more easily, as the necessity may arise. Our work in Zanzibar, I am sorry to say, is not very greatly amongst those who live in the island, but principally amongst those whom we receive from Her Majesty's Consuls, as slaves freed from the slave ships and put under our care. However, in using these freed slaves for the purpose of extending missionary work in Africa, great advance has certainly been made. When I went to Zanzibar I found, for instance, that all classes of boys were mingled together in one school. Now the industrial boys are

separated, and we are able to give more particular attention to those whom we hope to train to be the future teachers and missionaries to their fellow-countrymen on the mainland. We have formed a guild of some twenty-four or twenty-five boys, who have come forward voluntarily to say that they wish to be trained for that work. They are as yet young, and the work is only tentative. Still, from having watched the characters of these young men, we are satisfied that there is great promise for the future. I had this year the great happiness of ordaining our first native priest. He came to us as a little freed slave boy, and we watched his life ever since. When I went last year to the station up country, where I had sent him to open a new station, because the chief alone of his people was a Christian, I found that he had more converts prepared for baptism and confirmation than I should have expected from an English missionary in the same circumstances.

We are more and more convinced, as years go on, that if Africans are to be converted in any large numbers it must be by the ministry of Africans themselves. It is unfortunately at a very great sacrifice of life that we English missionaries work in that country. It has yet to be proved whether Englishmen or Germans can live in many parts. Large spaces have been marked off on the map of Africa, indicating the sphere of influence of this or that Power, but as yet there is a mere handful of Europeans in the country. With all the difficulties that surround the life of Europeans in these regions, the great point, therefore, to which we must turn our attention is the training of an African ministry. Many things have been said as to the capacity and the stability of the Africans, as if it were a matter of the most remote possibility that we could accomplish with success this work of training up African missionaries ; but from what I have seen I cannot at all agree with the apprehensions I have heard expressed. Certainly as interpreters Africans are exceedingly able. I have been accustomed to use one man as an interpreter—formerly a freed slave—who will listen to me preaching a sermon in English for

twenty or twenty-five minutes, and then preach that sermon himself to his fellow-countrymen, in any one of three African languages, with earnestness and eloquence. From what I have seen of these young men who have been trained in our schools, I should say that they will certainly preach with more vigour and more power than the ordinary English clergyman when he begins the work of his ministry. But if we are to train an African clergy we must appeal to the Church of this country to give us the right kind of men to place at the head of our theological schools in Africa. We do not want men of any less efficiency than those who are chosen to be at the head of theological colleges and to train our clergy at home. Men of less efficiency will not do. We rather want men who have more efficiency even than those at home, because the material they have to work on is more in the raw. Fortunately, so far as the little sphere of our work goes, God has granted us hitherto such men. It depends solely upon the supply being continued whether there will be a firmly established and efficient ministry or not.

As an illustration of the way in which already we are using freed slaves brought up in our schools for this work, I may point to what has been done on Lake Nyasa. When I first went up there, there was no missionary, there was no missionary organisation, and not a single convert on the east side of the lake (on the other side Scotch missionaries have been working for many years). Last year I visited our work there, and this is what I found on the little island of Likoma, which we have chosen for our head-quarters. There is a boys' school under native teachers and English missionaries, a girls' school under two English ladies, with all the necessary buildings—church, schools, &c.—primitive, but sufficient. There is also a Mission steamer, which carries the English missionaries round to visit the different places on the shores of the lake. You must understand that these towns are built in most unhealthy situations, generally on a sand-bank with a marsh behind, and it would be almost certainly fatal to the life of any European to try to live in them. But by means of the

Mission steamer, given to us in answer to the appeal of one very self-denying missionary, Mr. Johnson, who had lived a long time alone amongst the natives and given up his life to them we are able to work efficiently in those places where no English missionary could hope to live for any length of time. Every year we send up from Zanzibar a band of trained teachers, who open schools in these towns wherever the chiefs and people ask for them, while the English missionary periodically visits them in the steamer, superintends the work, and gathers together converts and inquirers for instruction. Such is the work which we have already seen begun and going on during the last few years. By-and-by, if we find that these teachers stand the test of the terrible temptations which surround them in the midst of a heathen population, those who are most capable will be sent back to the island of Zanzibar to be prepared for ordination—some as deacons only, others, we hope, eventually as priests.

In considering what is the best way of approaching the Africans, I think that we ought to dismiss altogether from our minds that rather fascinating idea of a Christian village in a healthy situation, drawing people from all parts to live under the presiding genius of the missionary. I am convinced myself that such a system is an utterly false one. It presents a very fair outside picture, but what does it mean? It means that all the 'ne'er-do-weels,' all the people who are discontented with their own chiefs and with their own political conditions, would assemble together under the presidency of the missionary, who is at once elevated into the position of a chief himself, and becomes responsible for the well-being of the people under his care. In these circumstances he will inevitably come into collision with the natural rulers in his neighbourhood. Such a system must strike at one of the first principles of missionary work—viz. that the missionary should not assume civil power more than is necessary, or in any way acquire the position of a chief in the country. We have already tried having a freed-slave village in the middle of Africa, and everybody thought at first

that it was a very promising experiment ; but we have had to give it up because of this very thing. The missionary found himself looked upon as a chief, and held responsible for the good conduct of the people, without any police or army at his back to support his position and uphold his jurisdiction. Nothing could be a greater hindrance to his proper spiritual work. I am quite sure the true way is to go to the tribes where we find them, to uphold the authority of the chief, to try to instil into his mind Christian principles, and to remind him continually that he holds his power from God, and is bound to give an account to Him for the way in which he uses it.

The spiritual state of these people would not seem to oppose many obstacles to Christianity No doubt wherever Mahommedanism exists there is a great additional obstacle. We do not find that it has generally a strong hold on the people coming from the coast. These people are not idolators. They may, perhaps, be described as in this position—they believe in the devil, and know nothing about God. That is hardly their fault. They will say, 'How can we know anything about God? Nobody has ever been to tell us.' Not knowing anything of a greater power for good, they believe that this great power of evil is always working against them, and always has to be propitiated. Hence all the terrible crimes of heathenism. If anybody dies, his relations go at once to the 'medicine man,' and ask who has bewitched their friend and caused his death, and terrible crimes are the result. The progress of Christianity must be slow, because we must begin at the beginning, and be very careful to see that they do not profess Christianity merely owing to the influence of that superior civilisation with which we go to them, and which must naturally have a very great influence over them. Therefore, some long time must elapse before people are baptized. They must be tested in many ways to show that they know what they are going to profess, that the faith has really entered into their hearts, and that they are likely to live really Christian lives. I would say also that I think a merely emotional religion, or a

religion a large part of which is emotional, would be very injurious to them. In the infancy of their Christianity they need a strong discipline on the part of the Church. They need to have the laws of morality instilled effectually into their minds, or else we shall be sure to produce a sort of Antinomianism with a varnish of Christianity. It is not difficult to secure an outward compliance with Christianity. Very likely, for instance, an Englishman would be struck by the reverence of our boys at church; but it must be remembered that it is very easy for an African boy to sit still and be quiet compared with an English boy. What we have to do is to take care of their morality, to take care that they understand that when they give in their allegiance to Christ it is that He may help them to live a better, purer, holier life. I would say, then, that the utmost care has to be taken that all impurity of every kind, such as polygamy, is excluded from the Christian Church. The atmosphere is laden with impurity, and if once polygamy were admitted true Christianity would become impossible.

Missionary work in our part of Africa is now passing through a crisis. We have to ask ourselves the question, Is it possible for missionaries to work outside of the sphere of British influence? Because by recent changes we find a good deal of our work under the spheres of German and Portuguese influence. I am obliged to say to all suggestions that we must contemplate the possibility of retiring from those spheres, that it is utterly impossible for us to think of doing so. To adopt such a course ought to cover us with disgrace before our countrymen. It could never have the approval of our own consciences, and it would rightly make us appear to our children in Africa as traitors. And, as for the suggestion that we might ask for compensation, I have felt obliged to say plainly that it seems to me something like an insult for anyone to imagine that we would sell the souls of our people for money. But I am thankful to say that in the late agreements with respect to Africa the principle has been insisted on that in these spheres of influence there shall be the same

toleration for missionaries as there is everywhere in British territory, and I look to our fellow-countrymen to support us in seeing that the principle Lord Salisbury has been so careful to insist on shall be really confirmed and ratified on all hands so that it shall become a living fact in the history of the world for the future.

After six months in England the Bishop proposed to return to Africa. But first he was anxious to come to a perfectly clear understanding with the German Government about the position of the English missionaries in German territory, so, with the sanction of the Foreign Office, he went to Berlin, had an interview with the Chancellor, Count Caprivi, and was presented to the Emperor. On returning to London he preached at the farewell service held at St. John's, Red Lion Square, on November 3, and in the course of his sermon dwelt on some of the difficulties that might arise from recent political events, and referred to his late visit to Berlin :

. . . . There are some special difficulties which arise from the fact of our finding ourselves, from the turn which events have taken, outside the sphere of English influence in Africa, and working in the sphere of influence of a foreign Power. . . . We know very well that there will be adventurers, no matter what their nationality may be, whether English or foreigners, who will enter the country under European influence ; we may be quite certain that there will be adventurers who, for the purpose of freeing themselves of all moral restraints, will settle in the country and corrupt the natives. If they are our own fellow-countrymen it will be comparatively easy to deal with them. We shall have no difficulty in warning the natives against them, and we shall have no fear of misrepresentation at home. But with a foreign Power the case is very different, because it is very

easy to represent—say, in Germany—that we have been actuated in our conduct by political motives, or by the desire to push British interests, and we are helpless, because we have not the ear of the people of Germany, as we have the ear of the people of England.

There is another difficulty which we must contemplate. No doubt settlers and traders will be attracted to those parts of the country where the missionaries have been at work. Hitherto we are the only white people who have lived on the mainland. Naturally, when the Germans come into the sphere of German influence, they will say that the country about Newala and Magila is sure to be safe because there have been English missionaries living there for years past. Thus it is very likely that our living there will have prepared the way for an inrush of European settlers and an invasion of native rights and interests. Thus our missionaries will be in the unhappy position of having attracted Europeans to the country, to the great injury of the rights and interests of our friendly natives and their chiefs. Now there is every reason to believe that the rulers in Germany wish to act with fairness towards the Africans, just as, I believe, our own rulers do. The difficulty will not arise there, but amongst those who settle in the country, and who, if they are unscrupulous, can only too easily misrepresent the facts when once they have invaded the rights of the natives.

It was for that reason that I thought it wise to go lately to Berlin, because I thought it would put us in a better position in the future for acting as mediators should the native rights be invaded. I thought it well to make clear, what I am sure it is very difficult for many people to understand, that we could live in a country in perfect loyalty to any Power that we found established there, that we had no political aims whatever, and that our only object was to gather the people into the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. I know that there are a great many people who foresee great difficulties in our position, and they support their suggestion of difficulties by pointing to what has

happened in other cases. They say that there are Missions which have been, almost with contumely, driven out of countries that have been occupied by foreign Powers. That may be so, but we have to ask whether those missionaries had not become planters, owners of land, and had not aimed at obtaining political power in the country? No doubt such missionaries are likely to come in conflict with any foreign Power within whose sphere they are working; but I would ask, Has the Catholic Church, when she has been true to her principles, been defeated? She may be exterminated, but has she been defeated? That is the great strength of our position, and that is what, at any rate, gives me confidence. The Chancellor of the German Empire was very anxious to ascertain what was our position, whether we were some independent body, and what force we had at our back. I could see when he had satisfied himself that we belonged to the English Church that it made all the difference in his consideration of our position. That seems to be our great strength. We belong to a true branch of the great Catholic Church. Those who work on her lines, those who hold to her doctrine and worship, those who are in union with the great body of the Church which has passed to its rest, need not fear what man can do. They may be exterminated, but extermination will still further disseminate the principles which they love; they can never be defeated.

Then there is another difficulty, and a sad difficulty it is—the feuds between the differing missionaries who belong to the various denominations. Well, it requires two to make a quarrel, and I may safely say of those who are associated with me in this work that they are most deeply impressed with the folly of Christians flying at one another's throats in the face of heathenism. Nearly 1,900 years have passed since Christ ascended into heaven, and here we are still a small minority in the world. And what are we doing? Spiting and devouring one another; separated and divided in every direction. What infinite folly before this vast mass of heathen darkness! Of course, if we go to a

country like Africa and consider the Roman Catholics whom we come across there as very much the same as the heathen, it is impossible to avoid deadly feuds. It must be so. But if we remember that the vast amount of truth which we hold in common is infinitely greater and deeper than that fringe of differences which separates us, then I see no difficulty in our work. It was a great happiness to me to read in a letter from Mr. Johnson how he had met and received the first two French missionaries who had arrived at Lake Nyasa. If we act in that way I think that our difficulties will vanish. We may well ponder the words which the Emperor of Germany said to me the other day; they were very simple words, but important as coming from one of such commanding influence. He said: 'Mohammedanism is a very simple religion, but it has an immense hold upon Africa, and it would be well if Christian missionaries united their forces as much as possible in the face of it.'

The Bishop left England on November 10, and in the course of the voyage had the opportunity of getting to know Major von Wissmann, who joined the ship at Aden. They had met before, but the Bishop now for the first time was able to judge this distinguished officer's attitude towards the natives. He writes:

Wissmann was very pleasant. 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.

After staying about a fortnight in Zanzibar, the Bishop proceeded to Magila, there to spend Christmas, as he had done the three previous years. The steady work of the Sisters amongst the girls and women during the past year now made a great impression on him, and he writes of them:

. . . . I am sure their work is different from other ladies'. They have a greater idea of systematic visiting, and they go to the villages not to talk but to teach ; . . . . with them it is a part of their system, the time for which they have to account, and not their recreation time, and I think from what I have seen they have more power of keeping the girls.

The value of community life for Mission work was a favourite ideal of the Bishop's, and three years later he expressed, in a letter to Father Kelly, of the Society of the Sacred Mission, a hope that it might be practicable to establish something of the kind for men too at Magila:

I believe the work there can be best done by a Brotherhood whose duty it would be to go out into the villages and preach and teach while living a community life. This could only gradually be formed. . . . I am sure that persistent visiting in the many villages for miles round is the only way to do anything with the adults.

CHAPTER XI

THE DIVISION OF THE DIOCESE

1891–1892

AT the opening of the year 1891 Mr. Woodward was obliged to leave for rest and change, and went to India, the Bishop meantime remaining alone for three months in charge of Magila, with its daily routine of services, classes, and general supervision. 'The Bishop has been working tremendously hard and is knocking himself up,' writes a Magila correspondent on March 5; but indeed such is the constant record of all his staff.

Amongst the letters of this time is one containing an account of a public restoration of Christians as follows:

I have had one very pleasant work to do. About eight people who had been publicly censured for gross sin—three having been excommunicated for many years—have given up their sin and have come to ask for restoration. Two of them received absolution publicly the Sunday before last, and three more, I hope, will come soon. In some cases their return was made easier by natural causes, but their desire for restoration and willingness to take shame for their sin helps us to realise the advantage of obeying the commands of our Lord and His Apostles in the matter of excommunication. I believe if at the time we had only

remonstrated with these men, they would have lapsed into indifference. As it is, their excommunication weighed upon them, and prepared the way for their repentance and restoration.

At this time, too, the Bishop noted everywhere the peaceful and settled condition of the country as a marked contrast to its disturbed state in former years:

The German rule has had a most salutary effect on the country. I cannot help thinking that the new feeling which is being shown in favour of schools for the children is partly because the people think it will somehow be a safeguard to them to be connected with us and to have their children taught. We are now feeling able to take the line that we will send teachers as we are able, if the people themselves will build the school. The effect on the children of going to school is very marked. They now welcome us as friends at the villages without any fear.

Last Sunday I had as full a day as I have had in Africa. I went to Umba on Saturday, had Evensong, and preached; Sunday morning, Holy Communion, with a few words; later on Bondei service in church; then to town with congregation, vested and preached under a tree to a fair congregation, took a class, visited two sick people, and saw several individually. In the afternoon, rode through the forest, about two and a half hours' ride, and visited a new town where four Christians have settled. In the evening, service in Bondei and sermon at Msalaka; then to the large town near Mkuzi, and preached to the whole town, I should think, or very nearly. We went straight from church with lamps and bell, and boys to sing hymns. I ended by reading the Commandments, and, as there had been a case of murdering a child for some one of the many superstitious reasons for which children are killed here as soon as born, I stopped after the Sixth Commandment, and, I hope, frightened them seriously.

Next morning I rode on to Mkuzi to see Mr. Dale, who is doing excellent work there. I hear that there are fewer children

murdered, as the Germans have threatened to punish severely anyone who is found out, and I am sure it will make a great difference and save many lives.

The Bishop remained in charge of Magila until after Easter, when he was relieved by Mr. Key, and travelled back to Zanzibar. The short simple journey turned out to be longer and more difficult on this occasion than it had ever been before, owing to a combination of adverse circumstances such as often besets the traveller in Africa. He had successfully accomplished the same walk in 1884, but he now learnt for the first time that the island of Zanzibar is quite large enough to get lost in. His account of the adventure is supplemented by some details from a letter of the Rev. Samuel Sehoza, who was one of the 'poor boys' mentioned by the Bishop:

At Pangani we found a dhow was going next morning; we went on board in the dark and started early. The south wind had already begun to blow, and we came across very slowly. For the night of the 8th we anchored off the end of the island; then on the 9th we spent all day in beating against the wind, and made very little way. . . . We were all very tired of the dhow, and when we anchored at nightfall determined to try our fortune on land with a party of our Arab fellow-passengers, who were equally tired of the sea, and who professed to know the country.

I thought we should have landed among shambas and houses, but found it was very different. At first we followed one of the Arabs, who boldly assumed the position of guide; he led us along the beach until we were manifestly being hemmed in, the sea continually approaching nearer to the rocks, which were evidently hollowed out by the constant action of the waves. At last, when we were actually *in* the water I refused to go any

further, and turned back with Samuel, who carried my lamp, the whole body following. I soon found a path which led over fields of sharp rocks and was not easily discerned. After following it for some time it landed us on the brink of an empty well; however, we argued that a well meant a house *somewhere*, so back we went till we found a branch path, which brought us to a single house. We called up the owner, who said we should reach Zanzibar at three o'clock; he showed us the path, and after guiding us a little way, left us to follow it. Oh! *such* a path!—continuous ridges of sharp coral rock cropping up in the bush. I can't think how the poor boys with their bare feet, and outside the range of the lamp, got on at all. At last, after this sort of walking for the best part of an hour, we came to a better road over an open plain.

After some time we passed some villages, and then descended a hill to find ourselves again on the seashore, a little way beyond where we had first landed towards Zanzibar. There was a deep bay, and as none of us knew the way, we had not gone sufficiently inland to round it. We had wearily to climb the hill again, and to call up someone in the nearest village.[1] A man came out who was really very kind. After we had rested a little he guided us for about three-quarters of an hour, then he said there was only one road and we could not mistake it; but alas! people who know a country well little understand how easily a traveller in the midst of a dark night, with overhanging trees everywhere, can be puzzled to find the one road which they think so plain. As we wandered on and on through the dark clove plantations, and the seashore seemed sometimes near and sometimes very far off, I doubted whether we were not deviating very considerably from the one path which was to be so easily found. However, our guide had done his best; he had got out of his bed in the midst of a dark night to take an hour and a half's walk to guide perfect strangers, an example of kindness to travellers which we often

[1] This proved to be the same hut, and the same man came out again and accompanied us again some distance. – S. S.

find in this country. At last, about three o'clock, we did reach a broad road which we knew led pretty straight to Zanzibar. People were already beginning to start for the market with baskets of oranges and bananas on their heads, so I knew it was still a long way off.

We were rather hungry (continues Padre Sehoza), having had nothing to eat before we started. We met people carrying loads of oranges to town; we bought some and sat down under a mango tree. The Bishop was very tired and could hardly sit. He lay down on the ground; I prepared an orange for him, he took it in his hand, but was too tired to eat it. He tried to sleep, but could not. After twenty minutes' rest he got up, threw away the orange, and we resumed our walk. Early in the morning we were in sight of the town.

The Bishop ends:

I certainly never had such a night in my life, which has put me in good heart about my journey to Nyasa. Since my fever at Magila I had panted at every little hill, and began to think I was getting old and could not walk any more; now that I have got through such a night and am none the worse, I know that it is all fancy.

But a careful observer who was in Zanzibar at the time wrote ten days after the Bishop's arrival:

He looks to me older since his visit to Magila. He will have told you of his eleven hours' tramp from Mkokotoni on a dark night and not knowing the right road. I am afraid he felt the effects of it for several days. I was grieved to hear him say he was often so tired when dressing in the morning that he had to give himself a rest.

On reaching Zanzibar the Bishop found a wave of ill-health was passing over the Mission, and indeed over other

European residents. Several members of the staff had fever, while during a period of eight weeks six Englishmen in the town died. The hospital accommodation was quite inadequate, for, since the establishment of a British Protectorate over the island, the hospital of the German colony had been removed to Dar-es-Salaam, on the mainland; the French Mission hospital, on which a large sum had recently been expended, did not profess to take in either European or native patients without payment; the Sultan's Government had not yet established its hospital for soldiers and native officials; and the Universities' Mission had no further provision than a small dispensary for out-patients, to which a sick-room for natives was attached. In tropical Africa sickness plays a large part in the lives of all men, and in a Christian Mission the care of the sick must always form a branch of the work. For long the need of a hospital had been felt. Space, quiet, and care were necessary for every fever patient, whether brought down from the mainland stations or taken ill at their own posts in different parts of the island; concentration of the medical force of the Mission was required in order to save its strength by avoiding needless journeys to distant patients; a sort of responsibility of kinship seemed to point to the propriety of English residents in the town being able to turn naturally to the Mission for help in times of sickness; and last, but by no means least, the increasing number of native Christians under the care of the Mission made it imperative that they too during illness and in the hour of death should have skilled attendance and Christian care.

It was perhaps the illness and death of a Christian

native just at this time that decided the Bishop's action in laying the foundation-stone of a hospital before leaving on his next Nyasa journey. This man, David Susi, so often mentioned in the Bishop's letters, is known by name to all who are familiar with the life of Livingstone. As long ago as 1861 he was engaged as a ship's hand by Dr. Livingstone, and from that date onwards faithfully followed his master until the great explorer's death in 1873; he and his companion Chuma then collected and preserved the valuable maps, notes, and records, and also, in spite of almost insuperable difficulties and dissuasions, carried their dead master's body from the heart of Africa to the coast, and brought it home to be honourably buried in Westminster Abbey. On returning to Zanzibar, Susi entered the service of the Universities' Mission, and was invaluable to Bishop Steere as a faithful guide in many journeys. For years he could not bring himself to accept Christianity; but at last, on January 1, 1884, a few weeks before the arrival of Bishop Smythies, he was admitted a catechumen, and two and a half years later was baptized, choosing the name of David in memory of his first great master. Bishop Smythies found him an admirable guide and faithful friend throughout his long journeys, and now in May 1891, after thirty years of loyal service, Susi died:

Miss Campbell nursed him at the last in our infirmary room. Weigall had communicated him on Sunday; I buried him at Ziwani. The Consul came, and we had both choirs, and walked in procession from the church, the people very well behaved and respectful. Susi had been a good friend to me from the first, and I shall miss him more than any of our people.

A few days later the Bishop took the important step of laying the foundation-stone of a permanent hospital. For some time he had hesitated about undertaking this new responsibility, on account of the initial expense of building, of the considerable permanent expense of maintenance, and further on account of a grave doubt as to whether a sufficient staff of nurses would always be forthcoming.[1] However, these doubts were now overcome; the need of a hospital was so pressing and so continuous that it seemed an obvious duty to supply it, and the experience of subsequent years so fully confirmed the wisdom of the Bishop's decision that no sooner was the building itself finished than an additional wing was found necessary for the nurses, and in 1896 there was added a small annexe for infectious cases.[2]

After the hospital was put in hand, the Bishop set off for Newala, *en route* for Nyasa. Although he had professed himself 'in good heart' about this journey, he evidently had some misgivings as to being able to retain for long the supervision of the Nyasa work; the last journey had shown him that his strength was failing and he had begun to think seriously about the necessity of a second Bishop. Writing about a month before leaving Zanzibar, he says:

Life is very uncertain here, and it would be a great comfort to know that there would be someone versed in our ways to take my

[1] Since the opening of the hospital in 1893 the Guild of St. Barnabas in England has continued to supply as many nurses as are required.

[2] During a severe epidemic of measles among the schoolboys in 1896, and again during a much more serious small-pox epidemic in 1897, this annexe was found invaluable.

place without trouble. I have been for long intervals away from parts of our work, and that at a time of crisis. I am not getting younger, and cannot guard against this occurring again.

Landing at Lindi on May 16, the Bishop proceeded on the three days' journey to Chitangali, which tired him so much, in spite of having a donkey to ride, that he wrote from there: 'I feel I shall not be able to undertake many more journeys to Nyasa, if another.' After visiting the Rovuma stations, he wrote again on July 4: 'I have been going slowly, and find I am not up to travelling as I used to be.' The rest of the long journey was a terrible experience; increasing weakness took possession of that strong frame, and for the first time his sufferings wrung from him a cry of bitterness. He whose great strength had seemed at first almost superhuman, whose dauntless spirit permitted no defeat and made all physical exertion an exhilaration, now owned himself vanquished, and sorrowfully acknowledged that his travelling days were done:

I was much too weak to explore at all. . . . We left in the afternoon, and then began another weary march, seven days without meeting a soul, and often terribly hard walking. . . . I at last got to my journey's end, after six weeks of it. I find I quite overrated my powers; I was always miserable, always overfatigued, and always ill; if it had not been for the donkey I do not know how I should have got here. I could not climb any hill at last, and developed a great sore in my leg, which got worse continually, as I was obliged to walk and ride always. Now, I am thankful to say, it is all over, and I hope it will soon get well. It is a very dreary journey, ten days from the Rovuma to Isombe at my pace, without any people, and great climbs towards the end. Often the road was very bad. The elephants played dreadful havoc with it. I

had to plunge into water-courses, and then scramble my way out, all in intense weariness, now happily over. A year or two ago I thought nothing of it; now all the strength seems to have gone out of me. I had made every arrangement for going back the same way, little knowing how weak I was; I shall now send all the men back and wait for Maples.

Those who saw him on his arrival at the lake were struck by his changed appearance, and for two months he was unable to do anything but rest. At the end of this time he reports: 'Though certainly a great deal better, I am still an invalid, hardly able to get up and celebrate in the morning;' and then, at the end of a long business letter: 'Privately—please do not talk about it—I have never felt so *broken* as in the last two months.'

However, according to his custom, he held a Retreat at Likoma, and the work of visiting, baptizing, and confirming was slowly and laboriously accomplished in the intervals of severe fever. 'It is anxious work, and we are full of apprehension lest it should be too much for the Bishop,' writes Mr. Johnson. But at length it was finished, and in November he left Lake Nyasa for the last time, noting with regret in one of his latest letters that he should never again see the beautiful sunset effect over the island. But in saying farewell to half his diocese he had, with all his regrets, the satisfaction of leaving it formed and flourishing, full of work, full of promise, in wonderful contrast to its elementary state in 1885.

Correspondence between the Bishop in Africa and the Committee at home had been carried on during the year 1891, with the result that the Bishop relinquished his original

idea of a coadjutor and agreed that the diocese must be divided. On reaching Quilimane he wrote, on December 4, to the Chairman of the Home Committee, the Bishop of Carlisle (who, however, was already dead at that date [1]), as follows:

Will you kindly inform the Committee, if there is an opportunity, that I feel very sensible of their consideration in summoning me to take part in considering the question of the formation of a new diocese? I should like to be able to accede to their wish that I should come to England at once. But after being so long away from the districts near the coast I feel that I ought to visit each one before I come to England. Especially the great distance of the Nyasa part of my work, and my inability from want of health to return overland, has led me to neglect the Newala district for some time past, and I should not like again to alter my arrangements with them, having so often disappointed them. I therefore propose to go to that district, as I had intended, in January; to leave it in March and go direct to Magila; just stay there for Easter; then return to Zanzibar, so as to be ready to come to England in May.

I am afraid this seems rather delaying to respond to the kind summons of the Committee, but I hardly think I could shorten the time with due consideration for the interests of our work here. I fear, too, it may prevent my being present at our anniversary, which would have been a great pleasure. I have had a very prosperous journey from Lake Nyasa, and have been very well all the time.

Arrived in Zanzibar in time for Christmas, the Bishop spent a busy month there, and then visited the Rovuma stations, where he was particularly impressed by the work at Chitangali under the direction of the lately ordained

[1] Bishop Harvey Goodwin died November 25, 1891.

native priest. At Newala he held a Retreat in preparation for the ordination of Mr. Carnon to the priesthood, and then returned to Lindi, sailed to Zanzibar and thence direct to Tanga, reached Magila on March 17, and spent about a month in the Usambara country. He then started for England in response to the Committee's request that he would discuss with them the Nyasa bishopric, and reached London in time to be present at the thirty-first anniversary of the Mission.

If there had been any doubt in the minds of the friends of the Mission as to the necessity for relieving Bishop Smythies of part of his labours, it was at once dispelled when he appeared on the platform at the annual meeting. A shock of surprise at his altered appearance, a thrill of sympathy for his evident weakness, held the audience for a moment in complete silence, before they burst into the enthusiastic applause of hearty greeting. At this meeting the Bishop pleaded for a division of the diocese, not only on his own account—not merely to ease his labours and lessen his responsibilities—but because he was convinced of the impossibility of any one man being able to supervise the work of such far-distant places:

> I can easily show you the difficulties of the matter (he said in the course of his speech) by saying that if part of my diocese was in the City of London I should be able to supervise it with more ease than I can that part which lies in Nyasaland. I can come to London in twenty days: I came this time in seventeen days. But if I go to Lake Nyasa from Zanzibar, I must allow six months to get there and back, and to do the work I have to do when I am there.

It was pointed out by the Chairman that the Archbishop of Canterbury would only sanction the formation of a bishopric on condition that an endowment was raised, and that the meeting, in supporting a motion in favour of a new diocese, pledged itself to assist in raising 10,000*l.* for this purpose.

The motion was carried, and within five months the entire sum was raised.

During the summer months of this year the Bishop was too unwell to undertake his usual preaching and deputation work, and remained quietly in the country trying to gain strength. By the autumn he was strong enough to speak in public, and at the Church Congress made a speech on missionary methods from which the following passage is extracted :

With regard to the way in which we think it right to teach our natives, our desire is to distinguish very clearly between Christianising and Europeanising. It is not our wish to make the Africans bad caricatures of the Englishmen. What we want is to Christianise them in their own civil and political conditions; to help them to develop a Christian civilisation suited to their own climate and their own circumstances. For instance, we do not allow any of the boys in our schools to wear any European clothing ; it is not our business to encourage the trade in boots by spoiling the feet of the Africans for their own climate. That seems to be what has caused in the minds of many Englishmen a sort of feeling against Missions, because they see so many people of our poor country whose sole idea of perfection with regard to the things of this life is that they must be as much like Europeans as possible. Very often it only ends in a sort of bad caricature.

Then I would also say that it is very important that the missionary should not wish to draw people around him away from

the legitimate authority which is exercised over them. That is the way, surely, to manufacture hypocrites. Everybody who has a grievance against his chief, everybody who has some hope of getting free from rendering feudal service, will gather round the missionary, if he thinks he can be protected, and play off his Christianity against the power of the chiefs who exercise legitimate authority over him. What we want to do is to go to the people living, as I have said, under their own civil and political conditions, and teach them in the midst of those conditions, and Christianise, so far as we can, all classes of the people, from the chiefs downwards—beginning, of course, if we can, with the chiefs, as being the persons who have the greatest influence in the country. It is said sometimes, 'Why do you not try to teach more trades?' Well, you must remember that if we teach the natives trades which are of no use in the particular country in which they live it will only end in the Mission afterwards, instead of making them independent and letting them get their living for themselves, having to find them work and keeping them always in a dependent position. When we teach the boys trades our object is to teach them such trades as shall enable them to live in entire independence of the Mission hereafter, and to get their own living in their own country.

And then to turn to deeper things. I am certain that the people of Africa need not so much to be taught an emotional as a disciplining religion. It is not difficult to work upon the emotions of the inhabitants of a tropical country. . . . What we want is to teach them a religion which will lead them to discipline their lives. Sometimes when I have heard warmth of expression on the part of those natives who have been brought up differently, I have felt a little sad, as if there was something wanting amongst us; but my common-sense and my experience have always brought me back to this—that we must teach them a religion which will lead them to discipline themselves in the midst of this vast mass of impurity, in the midst of this terrible atmosphere of evil in which their battle lies. Yes, I do not suppose that anybody here in this pro-

tected country knows what a battle it is to anyone there in Africa to live a really holy and noble life. We hear of the virtues of the 'noble savage.' Let anybody who talks about the virtues of the noble savage come and stay in our country, and I think then that he will have to correct these theoretical impressions of his. I think that he would soon have to acknowledge that for anyone to live a really Christian life in that country means a much greater battle than most people have to fight amid that Christianised social opinion and those surroundings of protected life which most of us have here. Therefore we have to keep people a long time waiting before we admit them to Christianity; . . . there must be a long preparation first to test their earnestness and sincerity, and then there must be the deepest dealing with individual souls. Call it confession or what you like, we must deal with each individual soul. The spiritual pastor must put his arm round each individual African, and he must fight side by side with him the battle of life.

The Church must not be depressed to a lower level to meet half-way the heathenism of Africa. The Church must embrace the African and raise him up by her sacraments and means of grace, and spread a network around him, and raise him up to her high level, not abating one jot in morality or spirituality of what she requires of her children here at home. Only so, I believe, will there be a truly healthy, living Church in Africa. Then only will she dare, as we are daring, to try to form a native ministry, and to put before each boy who has intellectual capacity and is leading a high moral life that that is the life he is to look forward to out of gratitude to God; that as our Lord Jesus Christ has chosen him out of the millions of heathen who are still in darkness to be His son, and has poured down so many blessings upon him, so it should be the highest ambition of his life to take the message of the Holy Gospel to his brethren, and to spend his life in sharing those great blessings which he has received with his brethren, who will remain in heathen darkness if he does not go to teach them. That is what I believe many of our young men

have in their hearts, and one day I am quite sure that we shall see an enthusiastic and able ministry extending the work of the Church far and wide in Africa.

As the year drew to its close the Bishop prepared to leave England for the last time, full of plans for developing new work in his now more manageable diocese, and full of thankfulness that the Nyasaland bishopric had been accepted by the Rev. Wilfrid Bird Hornby.

CHAPTER XII

THE LAST YEAR'S WORK

1893

IT had been arranged that the Bishop should leave in January, and the farewell service was held on the 9th, but he was not well enough to be present. He recovered, however, and was ready to start in a few days, but to those who were privileged to see him in his last hours in England there was apparent for the first time a strange, unaccountable shrinking from action, a dread of starting, a pathetic reluctance to say the farewell which he must have felt would be his last. When the cab was waiting at the door he completely broke down, and laying his head upon his friend's shoulder sobbed in bitter sadness. Never before had his courage been known to fail, never had his profound personal affections been known to cause even a momentary flinching from stern duty. But the emotion was conquered, the wrench was made, and he reached the station just in time to jump into the already moving train. Undoubtedly he felt a presentiment that he should not see England again.

He had long had a wish to see the Holy Land, and had determined this year to visit Palestine on his way to Zanzibar,

and spend a month there with Mr. Travers before meeting Bishop Hornby at Port Said. At Jerusalem the disputed question of sites did not prevent his being profoundly impressed by the sacredness of the place, and, far from being disappointed with his visit, his general impression was one of thankfulness and satisfaction at having seen the land of that Gospel story which he had been labouring to make known amongst his African people. Writing from Jerusalem he says:

I had so often heard that I should find Jerusalem disappointing that I was agreeably surprised. The colouring is beautiful whenever the sun shines, and everywhere there is something picturesque to catch the eye. I may add that the new railway station is entirely unobtrusive and hidden from the city. The city itself and the country round is full of interest at every turn. The very things most to be deplored in connection with the sacred sites arise from the intense interest taken by multitudes of Christian people in the places once hallowed by the presence of their Lord during His life on earth. It is no doubt true that many places are connected with events which could never have happened there; but the meaning is probably only that, the places being uncertain where the events occurred, they are commemorated at these spots. In this way the whole Gospel history, and much Bible history besides, is impressed in the most cogent way on the minds of the pilgrims who visit the Holy City.

Now, at the end of our visit, I can only repeat emphatically what I said at the beginning, that I cannot think how anyone can say Jerusalem and the Holy Land are disappointing. At every turn there is something of deepest interest—something which calls up memories of the history of the chosen people or is intimately connected with the salvation of the world. To-day, once more, I have crossed, from Bethany, the Mount of Olives, and stood on the spot where our blessed Lord wept, as He

beheld before Him all the splendours of the city which He loved and which rejected Him. Even now, it seems to me, there could be no sight in the world more moving, more full of deep interest, than the city, with the temple in the foreground, as I saw it this afternoon, lit up by the declining sun. To have been allowed to visit it must be one of the greatest happinesses as well as one of the greatest privileges of one's life.

The arrival of the two Bishops in Zanzibar on March 2 was the signal for unwonted enthusiasm amongst the Christian natives:

Our excitement at Mbweni was intense (writes a member of the staff) when we heard the French mail was in, and though the sun was hot the clergy and laymen all walked to welcome them. . . . My turn came next morning, and I think the walk and service will live long in my memory. We started at 5.30, just as it was beginning to get light, and reached the cathedral at a quarter to seven. The church was filling fast with Kiungani boys, native Christians, and Europeans, to thank God for the safe arrival of our two Bishops. The service was one of high festival, and lasted nearly two hours. The Bishop delighted us by saying he was coming back to Mbweni that evening, and asked for a whole holiday for the children. . . . We rode back, and then set ourselves to prepare for our guests. . . . We walked as far as the field path, and there sat down to wait. Soon we saw the party from town approaching, our Bishop riding his donkey, and the Bishop of Nyasaland and his clergy and workers with him. We joined parties, and with the bright colours of the children's dresses and of the tropical vegetation we must have made a picturesque group. When we got within half a mile of Mbweni, we found all the village had turned out to welcome the Bishop. I never remember such a sight—the women dancing and shouting, and every now and then catching hold of the Bishop's hand, and calling him their father. It lasted all the way up to the house.

During the Bishop's absence in England good progress had been made with the hospital, which was now ready to be opened, and accordingly the blessing and formal opening took place on Sunday, March 12, with a good deal of ceremony, a large body of bluejackets and marines from the men-of-war in the harbour being present to add to the importance of the occasion. 'The hospital is quite beautiful inside– large, spacious, cool, solid, airy, open—everything that a building should be in this climate,' writes a visitor; and its work began under favourable auspices, although the nursing staff were saddened by the death of their gifted and gracious head, Miss Campbell, to whom the idea of the hospital was due, but who did not live to see the building completed. By an arrangement made with the Consulate doctor the medical and surgical work of the hospital has since been steadily carried on.

The two Bishops then went together to the Usambara country, where they spent the latter part of Lent and Easter. On Passion Sunday, at Magila, Petro Limo was ordained Deacon, the first Bondei, the first free-born native, to receive holy orders, and the Bishops then left, Bishop Hornby to proceed to his own distant diocese and Bishop Smythies to the Rovuma district. The passage from Zanzibar to Lindi was, by the kindness of the Captain, made on H.M.S. *Philomel*, and was enlivened by the excitement of capturing a slave dhow, of which the Bishop gives the following account:

We were at some distance from land, off Dar-es-Salaam, on Monday, when a dhow was sighted, and the interpreter advised a search. We thought nothing of it, as hundreds of dhows are

being searched continually. Presently, while we were at lunch, the exciting news was brought, 'Dhow has been boarded and is full up with slaves.' It turned out to be an interesting capture, rather out of the common, and it was a great pleasure to see the happiness of the poor people when they understood, as they soon did, that they were amongst friends. The dhow was not large, but forty-two slaves were found crowded on board, besides a crew of six men and eleven traders, including the owner of the dhow. The slaves were mostly adults; I noticed one little girl and one baby in its mother's arms. The mother was very weak, and when one of the sailors took her baby to help her on board the boat, she began to cry, but soon understood it was only to help her. The sailors are always most kind to the slaves, and full of indignation against the slave traders.

The captain of the dhow was recognised by the interpreter as having been captured before and punished as captain of a slave dhow. He looked as if he did not like it. There were no Arabs on board—all black men. On one of them, I suppose the owner, was found a contract to carry 135 slaves to Pemba, and we understood from the slaves that another dhow was to start from Kilwa or Kiswere that night. There was a possibility of the *Philomel* hearing of this on her return. One of the women told me they had fled before the Maviti—a general name for the robber tribes, perhaps the Magwangwara—from Magongo, about three days' journey from the coast. When they got near the coast they were seized and sold by the coast people. But apparently the Arabs, who were their real captors, had not come with them, but were to go on foot to Dar-es-Salaam, then take a dhow there and meet their captives at Pemba.

When the *Philomel's* boat first reached the dhow, one of the men threatened the first sailor to board with a revolver, but resistance was of course hopeless, and he thought better of it. Soon the whole fifty-nine people were on board the *Philomel*, a hole was knocked in the bottom of the dhow, and in three-quarters of an hour from the time she was boarded all was over,

and nothing was left of her but a few poor rats swimming hopelessly about in search of a home.

This is the great time for dhows to start for Muscat and there are always more captures now than at other times of the year. The dhows have been waiting, all preparations have been made and precautions taken; then when the south-west monsoon springs up they load and start off. There must be a good deal of slave trading going on. The German coast is not watched by men-of-war or boats, though the Germans hang the slave traders if caught in the act of carrying people off.

Besides rescuing slaves in smaller numbers, the *Philomel* has made two large captures lately. One was a dhow flying the French flag. The circumstances show what gross scandals are caused by the refusal of the French Government ordinarily to allow dhows flying its flag to be searched. This is evidently taken immense advantage of by the slave traders, to the great disgrace of France. The officers of the *Philomel* knew, from information received, that slaves were to be carried by this large dhow flying the French flag. They demanded to see her papers, which were quite correct. She was just about to sail—there were thirty-seven Arabs on board. Only four men went from the *Philomel*, they could easily have been overmastered by the crew; but they were so confident that with their French flag and correct papers they could not be searched that they were quite indifferent. However, one of the sailors kicked open a hatch, when a number of little arms came up from below, and she was found crowded with slaves—seventy-seven in all crowded down below, some under two decks without light or air. Yet this dhow had been cleared by the French interpreter only an hour before, and had received correct papers. The explanation soon came. 'What was the use,' the captain said, 'of paying 150 rupees to the French interpreter if this was all he got by it?' This gentleman is happily partly expiating the cruelties his greed has facilitated in the Sultan's prison.

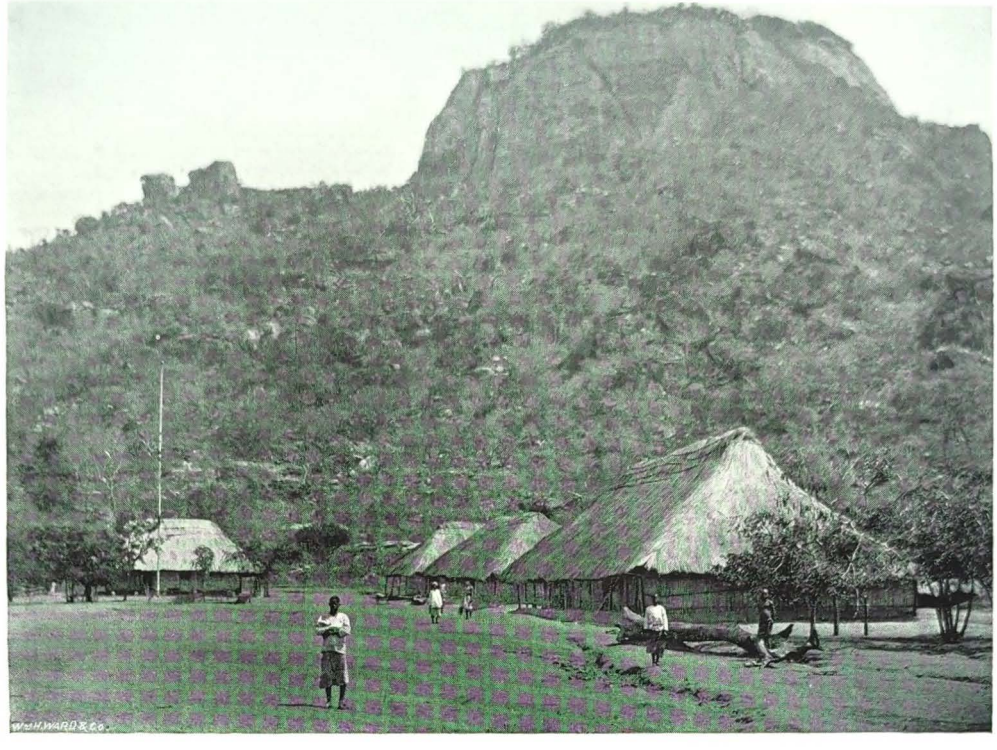
Since then the *Philomel's* boats found sixty-five slaves on

Fumbi, a small uninhabited island near Zanzibar ; we received nearly thirty, who were little children. A dhow was captured near, evidently all prepared to receive them. Knowing the boats were on the look-out, the slaves had been landed on the island.

Chitangali, May 7.—What I have said about the activity of the slave trade is fully borne out by what I hear from our friend Nakaam, the chief here. He tells me that caravans in increased numbers have been passing on both sides of him from Mataka's, Makanjila's, and Mtarika's, and elsewhere, and always with slaves ; that when they get near Lindi and the coast towns they hide their slaves in the bush, and go into the towns and sell their ivory. They then sell their slaves outside to the coast people. He says that many of them come from the other side of Lake Nyasa, but that Makanjila, being a young, reckless man, breaks up villages of his own people to send them to be sold at the coast.

We did the journey fairly, I, with the help of the donkey, with very little fatigue. We had rain one day, but happily it was over when we reached our night's resting-place. We had an enthusiastic reception here. Relays of men came to meet us, each company firing off guns, and dancing and shouting. Then all the women came following with their peculiar cry of joy, and the older ones throwing dust on their heads and shoulders till they were quite covered. Then the chief, Barnaba Nakaam, and Cecil Majaliwa, came out some distance to welcome us. I have never had a warmer or more cheering reception.

The new church is delightful, much larger than the old—the altar raised high up on steps—and all light and cheerful, and as good as they could build it with the materials they could get here. And all has been done by their own labour, without any help from us, since I was here last year. I am to baptize thirty people on Ascension Day, and there are about a hundred catechumens. It is certainly wonderful to think that five or six years ago the chief was the only Christian in the place, and that now almost the whole village are becoming Christians.



MASASI.

I do not know whether to admire most the constant cheerfulness of the men of this country on a journey like this or their extreme abstemiousness and indifference to food. Except to gnaw a little inferior sugar-cane, and suck at a bottle of rice carried by the boys, into which they put a little water, I could not see that they ate anything while they carried their loads for the twenty-five miles. Even the little boys said they would not have any rice cooked, as the place where we stopped was rather far from the water and it would delay us, though they cheerfully made tea for me, and served the cold lunch which I had been careful to provide for myself. One feels rather ashamed at one's dependence on eating on these occasions. Yet, though they had so little to cheer the inner man, the porters seemed always chatting to one another, and ready to tell all the news to any chance acquaintance we happened to meet.

The Bishop visited Newala and Masasi and then returned with all the clergy to Zanzibar, where, after a Retreat of three days, the second Synod was held, lasting from June 30 to July 4.[1] During the next three months his health was not good, and he more than once became a patient in the new hospital. Two great advances were made in the island work at this time: the opening of the large new chapel for the girls' school at Mbweni, and the beginning of a new building for the little boys' school which had hitherto been carried on in the clergy house close to the cathedral, but which henceforth was to stand on Kilimani, a beautiful site on the shore close to Mbweni, away from the undesirable surroundings of the crowded town.

Then in October the Bishop set off for Magila, and, with an extraordinary renewal of his old vigour, undertook

[1] *See* Appendix, p. 248.

an extensive preaching tour throughout the country. He travelled in great simplicity; no tent, books, food, or 'luxuries' were taken. The Rev. Petro Limo, who accompanied the Bishop, has kindly supplied some of his recollections of the expedition. A waterproof sheet, a blanket, two tins of biscuits, two of milk, one packet of tea, and one of candles—such was the Bishop's outfit. For the rest of their needs they relied on the hospitality of the native chiefs in whose villages they hoped to preach. Those who know African travelling will understand what such a journey must have been, and what privations the little company must have suffered. Sleeping on the ground often, and having, towards the end, nothing at all to eat except wild bananas, he toiled up and down the mountainous country, apparently oblivious to discomforts. Disregarding all persuasions to desist, he pressed forward with an ardour at which others marvelled. It was as though he braced himself for a last great effort:

Kologwe, October 6, 1893.—Magila is very nice at this time of the year. The long avenue of orange trees, now quite good-sized trees, by which it is approached, are full of blossom, so that the whole place is scented with it. It seems, too, to be healthier—lately there has been little sickness. It may be due to the tank being built which catches water off the church roof, so that we have pure rain water instead of river water to drink. On Sunday I went to Mkuzi for baptisms, and I determined to try a little preaching journey with Petro Limo through the part of the country lying between Mkuzi and the road to Kologwe, where I had never been. The result has been a most delightful little tour, which, I am thankful to say, I have had health thoroughly to enjoy.

We started on Monday, October 2, with one porter—a Christian boy whom I chose as likely to make a good companion. . . . I began our journey with some fear, as I had not been very well for some days, and the experiment of constant preaching in perfectly strange places was rather new, and I did not know whether I should be up to it or how we should be received. We began at Torondo, about three-quarters of an hour from Mkuzi, a village said to be very much under Mohammedan influences, and where there is a Mohammedan teacher and a little mosque. It is the largest village in the neighbourhood of Mkuzi that I have seen, and I found Mr. Dale had been there. Our fears were soon dispelled by the kind reception we received.

Our next village was a small one some way off, called Jamvi, our reason for going there being that they were all Petro Limo's relations. They seemed very pleased to see us, caught a fowl, killed it, and cooked it with some *ugali* or native porridge. Each day we were entertained in the same way, quantities of *ugali* being cooked for us with the accompanying fowl, enough for Petro, Benjamin, our porter, and myself. I eat with them in the native way with my fingers, no other implements being of course provided. Our various hosts were much struck by this, and I am sure it is wise to adopt this plan on such an expedition. Besides, the food is served in such a way that any other way of eating is unsuitable. It would also quite destroy the feeling of companionship with one's fellow-travellers and the people. To eat in the same way breaks down a great deal of barrier. We three always said matins and evensong together in Swahili—a still greater bond of union, though not yet, unhappily, extending beyond our three selves in most places.

On our first day we preached in five villages, ending at Kwa Kibai, the largest village I have seen in the Bondé country, and in the midst of a district thick set with villages all round. It stands much higher than Magila, which we looked down upon in the distance. I hope very much I may live to see a Mission established there. I had seen nothing like the population any-

where else in Bondé. The chief, too, seemed an intelligent and industrious man. There is one thing I cannot yet manage, and that is sleeping in a native hut, stuffy with its perpetual fire and, to say the least, not without terrors of unpleasant occupants—terrors of which St. Bernard and St. Francis were probably unconscious, and which no doubt St. Francis Xavier completely overcame, but which to unsaintly persons present a difficulty. As it was, I asked for a baraza (or verandah), and one was found, not very spacious, but sufficient for our simple needs—boys being sent to bring armfuls of grass, which I have learnt with a light mattress makes a not uncomfortable bed. Our host was a blacksmith as well as ruler, and we saw little of him in the morning, as he was hard at work transforming an old flint-lock gun by fitting a nipple into it. He had an English-made vice, and had had a copy made of a piece of iron drilled for turning screws which had been given to a friend of his at Umba by Mr. Wilson. German files he said he found wore out more quickly than English ones. I promised him some tools when he came to Magila, which he said he intended to do. This is always a satisfactory present, as it is a real help, and it is very difficult for an ingenious and industrious man such as Kibai to get them, though he values them very much and makes good use of them.

On our second day we preached in three villages and talked in another. One drawback to depending on the hospitality of the people for food is the immense time we sometimes have to wait, as they keep no store of food ready--and indeed the secret of the *ugali* being so good is that the flour used is freshly pounded. Unless we come at the time the people are cooking, not only has the fowl to be caught, killed, and cooked, but also the grain—here generally Indian corn—has to be pounded. This of course all takes a very long time.

On the second night we slept at Kwa Kifua (where we have a teacher, Hugh Mhina), more than two hours' journey from Magila, in a very pretty part of the country. He seems to be successful with his school, and the chief and people have been very kind to

him. . . . We slept at Kwa Mkului, where we have another teacher, Granville Kachipumo, who has a flourishing school and a few catechumens preparing for baptism. His house is very high up, on a tongue of hill with steep descents on three sides, and a most beautiful view over mountain and forest. The evening was very dark, but the chief called the people, and they all came and sat in the middle of the village to listen while Petro and I preached.

From Kwa Mkului, where Mr. Griffin had sent a donkey for me, we came on here, sleeping at a village on this side of the mountain which bounds the Bondé country. The grass along the road was terribly thick and high; but I had a splendid donkey, who forced his way through without flinching. In all we preached in thirteen villages, choosing generally the most important, I preaching in Swahili, and Petro Limo interpreting in Bondei. I have known no work more interesting or profitable for oneself, and I am glad to learn a little more by experience of what Mr. Johnson at Nyasa is doing continually, often under far less favourable circumstances. To do this work I see one must go as simply as possible, taking little literature to distract one, ready to give one's attention to anyone, often bearing to seem to oneself idle rather than run the risk of seeming to others preoccupied. I am also convinced now that it is quite easy to live on native food if we could only get it cooked as a good wife here cooks it for her husband, which I fear would be impossible. Though I had been unwell, I felt nothing of it from the time I started. Everything was in my favour: I could hardly have a more pleasant and helpful companion, the weather was perfect (though sometimes perhaps a trifle hot), the country most beautiful. It no doubt requires an effort to begin this work of preaching, and language is a difficulty, but I commend it earnestly to my brother missionaries. It must be often the only, as it is the divinely appointed, way of stirring up a desire for God and holy things in the hearts of men. We do not want them to think we have only come to open schools for children.

The above letter is dated from Kologwe, the newest development of work in this country, and by far the most promising. More than four years previously, the Bishop had been struck by the beautiful situation of a German planter's house here, abandoned during the insurrection. 'I went to look at the ruins of the house and the deserted cotton plantations,' he writes in June 1889. 'The site is a splendid one, and would be equally good for a Mission station.' But the country was in too unsettled a state then to allow of new openings being made, and it was not till 1891 that Mr. Herbert Lister, with a native teacher, began to collect a few boys and opened a school. In 1892 the Bishop paid a short visit to Kologwe, just before starting for England, and reported: 'Lister has been doing a good work, and seems to have gained great influence.' Up to that year there had been no resident priest, but the Rev. P. R. H. Chambers then took charge of the station; the Bishop spent a day there in the spring of 1893, and now paid his third visit:

The work here at Kologwe seems very interesting; of course it is only in its beginning, but the prospects, with God's blessing, seem very hopeful, and the populations massed together on the islands are much larger than are to be found in the Bondé country. In Kologwe itself, the largest of the towns, and just below us, there are two hundred and eighty houses. There seems to be very little Mohammedanism, but there are dreadful heathen customs. There are said to be quite few children in the Zigua towns because of the fearful amount of child murder. For many trivial causes the father will insist on killing his child, fearing that he shall die himself if he does not. Mr. Chambers tells me he has known of seven cases in Kologwe since he has

been here. In one case the father took away the child by force from its mother and killed it, because it cut its upper teeth first, and the mother tried to drown herself in despair. Surely to hear such things must move our friends in England to earnest prayer for a blessing on the work here, that by the spread of the knowledge of God such wickedness may come to an end!

Many of the chiefs are very friendly. . . . Serebo, the chief of Visalaka, seven hours off, sent five of his six sons to stay with us and be taught, and has sent presents of sheep and fowls. The chief of Kwa Sigi, two hours off, has been our warm friend from the first and has done everything he could to help us. We are building a school now near his town. At Kwa Mngumi, the first town we came to on the islands on the road from Bondé, about half an hour from here, the people are unfortunately not so friendly. Half an hour's journey before reaching their town on the Bondé side there is a river to cross, the Luengera, which is infested with crocodiles. The people of Kwa Mngumi used to make a great deal by putting charms in the water to keep off the crocodiles for people crossing the river. When Mr. Henriques crossed the first time he was told by a man who met him at the river that his donkey could not pass unless he paid for the charms in the water. Of course he refused, and put the man to flight. We are afraid we have mortally offended the Kwa Mngumi people by building a rough bridge over the river and so destroying their traffic. The parallels of heathenism are curious in similarity of principle under the most diverse circumstances. I suppose those who made the little silver shrines of Diana at Ephesus felt very much the same as the people of Kwa Mngumi, and the word used for her worshippers is 'Temple-sweepers,' just as those who here sweep round the spirit-trees are the worshippers of the spirit.

It is the custom here to throw the first-fruits of the harvest under the spirit-tree as an offering. Mr. Chambers, in preaching earlier in the year, said that now they ought to offer them to God instead. Afterwards about sixty people brought their first-fruits

to the Mission in order—old men, young men, boys, women, and girls. One chief, Sebo of Nyumbu, a hunter, who is very liberal to us, when he kills an animal in hunting, instead of offering a bit to the spirit as a thanksgiving, now brings a piece of the meat to the Mission.

Sunday, October 8.—I preached this morning in Kologwe to about three hundred people, and am going to Zavuza, the next large town, this afternoon. I spoke very strongly, in explaining the Commandments, about child-murder, reminding them that of all animals they are following the example of the dreaded crocodiles of their own river, the male being known to devour its young. To-morrow we start for Vuga *viâ* Kwa Sigi.

Misozwe, October 17, 1893.—We arrived here yesterday after a wonderful walk on the mountains, which took much longer than we expected. We left Kologwe on the 9th, and expected to be here for Sunday. We had no idea of what we were undertaking. The first day Mr. Chambers went with us as far as Kwa Sigi, a large place on an island where the people are very friendly. On the way we preached at Mgombezi, where we have found lime for our building, and so valuable is lime that any place where it is found is at once invested with a halo of interest. The work at Kologwe impressed me very much, as full of possibilities and being begun in quite the best way. At Kwa Sigi we have begun to build a school with room attached. We slept at Gereza near a tributary of the Luvu, the Mkowazi, and spoke to a few people in the morning. The next day it was very hot, and we had great trouble in passing a large German caravan carrying building materials to Kilima Njaro. In the afternoon we were obliged to cross a marsh, mud and water often above the knees for about an hour. We slept at a small village at the foot of the mountains, and the next morning, after a steep climb of about three hours, reached Vuga, old Kimweri's capital and still looked upon as the great place of the whole district, giving its owner a sort of right to lord it over the whole country, which the present Kimweri was nothing loth in old times to put into practice whenever he could.

Now he is held in check by the German administration ; but there is little love lost between them. Vuga is a wonderful place, more like Isombe on the way to Nyasa than any place I have seen. It crowns the top of a round hill with deep valleys on all sides and then the tops of mountains all round. On the east one looks over the plains of the Luvu and its tributaries lying far below, but in every other direction are mountain-tops. Kimweri welcomed us cordially in the middle of the town in the open air, surrounded by his *akidas* (headmen). It is not his custom to receive people in his houses. He was suffering very much from rheumatism in the knees and feet. A fat ram was presented to us, and we were then escorted to a large house outside the town, which was in fact the blacksmith's shop. It was light and airy, being open, with a shallow baraza on one side, but covered with charcoal dust. Here we had brought to us mountains of millet porridge to eat with our ram, which we promptly killed. We sent half to Kimweri, as our party was a small one. A great dance was being held in a space left on purpose in the middle of the town. The dancers formed a ring round two men beating drums, and three or four girls with feathers in their hands dancing in the middle. All the men kept time to their dancing by beating two bamboos on the ground, holding one in each hand. Kimweri sent in the morning to say that he hoped his friend would not be angry, but he was too unwell to come and see us. He had recognised Petro Limo, who is his relation, and I think he was really glad to see us. I doubt whether he would care to have any missionary at Vuga.

I had determined to make for Misozwe by way of the mountains, quite hoping by leaving on Monday morning to get there by Sunday. We were already high up when we started, but we climbed much higher, and walked through a most beautiful country, mountain-tops all around us and a splendid wealth of foliage of every variety on all sides. Our donkey was of very little use to us, and our porter of the valleys soon gave in. I saw he could not possibly carry his load, and felt very anxious, when by God's blessing we came upon a man on the way who agreed to

carry it till we should reach the low country again, at the ordinary rate of just under sixpence per day and his food. I shall always feel grateful to that porter. He carried his load up and down mountain paths which I could not get up at all without help, and only then with the greatest fatigue. And he did this without any apparent effort, and was faithful and cheerful to the end. I think he found out at last that by marriage he was some sort of relation to Petro Limo ; but that was nothing strange, as he found relations in every village. Old Kimweri seems to have had any number of wives and children, so that every important village is officered by one of the family, and they were again surrounded by their relations.

It was not because of this, however, but from the ordinary custom of hospitality to strangers, that we had food and lodging given us at each village where we stopped. There was a difficulty at first, as the people had had very little experience of Europeans and were evidently very much afraid, the women and children, and even the men, running away from us. We found that a traveller had passed who, though treated very hospitably, had forced the people to carry his loads for nothing, and had beaten and cruelly treated them. Naturally they regarded us with the greatest suspicion till they got to know who we were, but I am glad to say we were able to make friends at each place. I had to overcome my dislike to sleeping in the houses, as the villages were in such exposed situations that it would have been very cold outside. In each case we slept in villages built high up on the points of mountains jutting out over deep valleys, precipices going sheer down, and the houses on their very edge. The result is that there are the most splendid mountain views from each village. It would have been quite impossible to have got to these points through the dense masses of foliage had it not been that these villages were placed there, and there were paths leading to them. The country is very sparsely inhabited, and the villages often at great distances apart, so that it was a long and fatiguing walk from one to the other. Here again I found the donkey of

little use, and if it had not been for the cool mountain air I could hardly have walked the distances. The houses are just like bee-hives, round, and thatched to the ground with banana leaves. There is naturally no level space; the ground has been cut irregularly into ridges, each house standing on its own levelled space hollowed out of the ridge behind it, so that the village is built on a series of very steep steps. This is the case with Vuga and all the villages. The doors are very low and small, and I could hardly get into them. The people were good enough to give us always two houses, one for me and Petro, and one for the two porters and donkey-boy, with a fire for cooking. This they delighted in, but I must have faced the cold with nothing but my mosquito net above me rather than sleep in an atmosphere of compressed smoke and stuffiness. There is very little cultivation, but great quantities of sugar-cane and immense quantities of bananas. This is the staple food of the people—a green banana boiled or dried, pounded, and made into porridge. We always had boiled bananas as the quickest to prepare, and very insipid, tasteless food we found them to be. But the trees formed a beautiful feature of the country, and we constantly rejoiced in their cool shade.

Our first halting-place, on Thursday night, was Bambuli. Kimweri had sent a guide with us, and after many hours of most beautiful country we saw the town jutting over the valley of the Luengera, which we had crossed at its confluence with the Luvu close by Kologwe. Here it is a dashing torrent at the foot of the Bambuli Hill. We were not allowed to go into the town, but were taken round to a little village outside and looked at with great suspicion, for which I upbraided the people for their want of hospitality to the friend of their sovereign, Kimweri. After some time it was announced that the chief of the town was coming, and I saw his attendants look at us in a comical sort of way, as if they were expecting with amusement our surprise when we found he was only a boy of about fifteen, Kimweri's eldest son. He did not open his lips, and it must have been a very formidable

interview to him. The poor boy is very much to be pitied, as probably he has every wish gratified and no one to control him.

On Friday we went down a tremendous hill, on which we lost our way and had to go back, a very serious matter when it means almost climbing on hands and knees. Then we had to climb up another hill quite as formidable, and arrived breathless and panting at Shembekeza, which had looked quite near from a village on a neighbouring peak, but which it took about four hours to reach instead of one as we thought. Here the people were very frightened, as it was here they had been treated so badly.[1] In fact, these villages have many empty houses, and are being deserted for fear of oppression. The chief was away, but his *akida* at last, after my expostulating at their want of friendliness, did all he could for us. After a time we went and sat on a rock at the top of the village, jutting out over precipices going sheer down for hundreds of feet and overlooking the valley into which the Luengera flows, and which here divides the mountains throughout. The view was splendid.

The rock was the meeting-place of the village, where the men talk and prepare their tobacco, which, by-the-by, is the one crop they seem to grow largely. Here we were able to preach as we sat with them, and several seemed very interested. I saw one nice-looking old man very attentive, and asked if he had understood. He said he had tried to listen to all, but it was the

[1] 'When we came to Shembekeza the people of the town refused to receive us, for they said, "A German has been here, and he beat us and caught some of our people and made them carry his loads without payment. And now we hear he is coming again, and we are afraid to admit white men." But when they heard me talk Kishambala with them, and found that I was related to Kimweri, they took courage and admitted us; and in the evening, after the preaching, all the older men assembled and took counsel with us about that traveller. And the Bishop said, "Do not wait until he comes back; you had better go to Tanga and see the Bwana Mkubwa (Commissioner) and put the matter before him." And he explained to them that truly the Commissioner was not pleased with Germans who beat the natives for nothing, and that if they went to him he would see that justice was done. They promised they would go, but I believe afterwards their courage failed.'—P. L.

first time, and it was difficult to take it all in. I spoke Swahili, and Petro translated into Kishambala. In the evening the *akida* came, with the present of a fowl, to ask my advice about their trouble. He said if people had not come from Bambuli that day and reported about us, everyone would have run away from the village from fear of bad treatment. . . .

We saw many beautiful flowers and curious trees on our way. I noticed three kinds of balsam, one large pink and red one very plentiful and conspicuous, also a bright pink lily. We found two wonderful groups of tree-ferns, and in one place near a stream I saw them amongst the trees in every direction. Wild date palms were everywhere growing out from the rocks and precipices.

From Shembekeza we saw we had a very formidable walk before us, and we had long given up all hope of reaching Misozwe by Sunday, or indeed of slackening our journey, as tea and biscuits, and what was much worse for these long nights, candles, were getting very short. Far down beneath us was the flat valley of the Luengera, while on the opposite side three or four miles off, not much more for a bird, towered above us the mountain peak of Lutindi, our next halting-place. I had often seen this peak from the Bondé country, jutting up above the other mountains, and had wished to inspect it more closely. I hardly expected to do so, and certainly never should have done so had we not found that that was our only path. This great valley has no single town in it, as it has been for long the pathway of the Masai to their brethren across the Luvu, and of late years the battle-ground between the factions of Kimweri's family, led by Kimweri and Kibanga. Till now, I suppose, no one would have dared to cross it without an armed caravan in considerable numbers, and there was one place notorious for waylaying and murder. We had to get down to this valley by the steepest of paths, which it took us nearly two hours to accomplish ; then we came upon the rushing stream of the Luengera, where we rested a little, and after traversing the narrow plain in a burning sun, began our ascent.

The first part was not steep, and I was able to ride most of the way. Then we rested under trees by a stream and made tea. Afterwards the ascent began in earnest. The path was covered with fragments of dry grass trampled down from the long grass at the sides, and was so slippery that it was almost impossible to keep one's foothold with boots on, and without them my feet would soon have been cut and bleeding all over. Without help I feel sure I never could have climbed that mountain. It has immensely added to one's respect for donkeys that mine got up so easily. Fortunately for me the donkey-boy came to my rescue, and I found that taking his hand made all the difference, so that at last after great exertions we reached the top—not quite the top—the village which had been there had been destroyed by Kimweri, but there were five houses for which there was just room on a spur of the mountain below, only to be approached by a ladder resting on the rock. Our candles being nearly exhausted, and there being limits to one's powers of sleep, after dark I cowered over the fire where our food was cooking with my four companions in a hut just about seven feet in diameter, with the door just big enough to let me squeeze through on my hands and knees. Petro and I slept in a similar hut close by. It certainly was a curious experience, but we were very grateful for the shelter on the exposed mountain. I feel most grateful that all the time we had no rain, or we must have been in a miserable plight, but each day we had splendid weather. We had now come to Sunday, but on we must go, and for a long time we kept through beautiful shady woods on the top of the range which ends in the peak of Lutindi. At one place we passed under groves of sweet bananas, large and excellent, planted long ago near villages which have long since disappeared. We stopped and made our midday meal upon them and carried some on with us. After a long mountain walk we reached a village, still on a spur, though lower down. Here we found two German gentlemen encamped, who kindly asked me to dine. As may be imagined, I must have presented a strange appearance with my white clothes all tattered and soiled.

Yesterday was our last day, and a very long one it was. I fortunately could ride a great deal as we came down from the mountains, but towards evening my donkey showed such evident signs of fatigue that I felt bound to do the last two hours on foot. We got our food at the house of one of our teachers, Isaak Sige, who has an outlying little school here, and then I started on in front with Petro, crossed the Zigi River, and hoped soon to get to Misozwe ; but alas ! we took a wrong turn and went miles out of our way, wandering by moonlight in an almost uninhabited country, where not a soul was to be seen, taking first one wrong turn and then another, till at last, somehow or other, we reached our resting-place here in time for the festival of our little church of St. Luke to-morrow.

The journey has been most interesting, and I have enjoyed it very much ; and Petro and I have, we feel, won the confidence of the few people we have seen ; but from a missionary point of view we have been able to do very little—perhaps not all we might. But I remember that it was in an attempt to get to Vuga before that I saw the large population on the Luvu, which led to the foundation of our station at Kologwe, though I seemed then to have done nothing. The getting to know the country, the nature of the people, and the size of the populations may at any time turn out to be a help in deciding where we might be called to work. When one has seen for oneself one can so much better know than by any description where to think of beginning work or take the opportunity of any opening, and where not.

October 25.—At last I have got back to Magila, after being more than three weeks away 'on the jaunt.' I have never had a happier time. We have had splendid weather, not a day's rain when travelling. I have been very well, and I have got to see and know more of the people than ever before.

Finishing his work in the Usambara country the Bishop left in November, crossed to Zanzibar, and went on at once to the Rovuma, where he was anxious to spend Christmas

—his last Christmas on earth. He seems to have felt the discomforts of the passage more acutely than usual, and at Chitangali he writes:

I think I have never felt anything hotter than it is here now in the middle of the day.

The reality of the religion of the people at Chitangali impressed him strongly:

It is extraordinary the visible change Christianity makes in some people. When I first knew Nakaam's father he was a stupid old man who seemed to be rather deficient in mind. At first he would have nothing to say to Christianity. Now he has been baptized and is most earnest, comes to church every day, and is interested in everything connected with religion, and has a real happiness in it. Though he is much the oldest man here, and has lost all his contemporaries, he seems to have quite renewed his life, which is full of new interests and a new joy.

December 31.—I have just been delighted at getting two letters from Dr. Hine with accounts of the starting of the Mission at Unangu.[1] I should wish to say to our friends in England that I think that this is one of the most important steps yet taken by our Mission—that I hail it with the greatest thankfulness to God as the first great result in answer to the prayers and efforts of His people in England, who made it possible by their offerings to found the bishopric of Nyasaland. Without the numbers added by this to our Mission, and the fresh impetus to the work, it probably could not have been done for a long time. Unangu is one of the most important centres of population in Yaoland, and is as yet entirely untouched by any missionary effort. It is so high up that it will probably be of great use as a place of change and recruiting for our staff working under the Bishop of Nyasaland, and it gives hopes of great extension of our work amongst the

[1] Bishop Smythies had generously allowed Dr. Hine to leave the Zanzibar diocese, and take up work under Bishop Hornby, in whose diocese Unangu lies.

Yaos in the future. I have written to the Bishop to offer him, for two years, one of our best men, Yohanna Abdallah, whom I hope to ordain this year. I thought of it as I came up here from the coast; he had said to me he should like to go away to new work, and suddenly it came into my mind that he ought to go to Unangu. It seemed as if it was an intimation of God's will, as when I reached here one of the first things I heard was that Kalanji, the chief of Unangu, had sought the friendship of Nakaam, the chief here, Yohanna's father. Nakaam has consented to his going, and if he agrees himself, as I feel almost sure he will, he will go under the most favourable auspices, and be of the greatest use to Dr. Hine. Yohanna is already a good preacher in Yao and Swahili, and can read English apparently with ease. I shall feel parting with him, but I believe Unangu is just the place for him.[1] I commend this new effort of the Mission, undertaken by the Bishop of Nyasaland, most warmly to the prayers and alms of our friends, and would remind them that, as it is in the heart of the country, fifty miles from Lake Nyasa, it will mean a great additional expense. If any of those who have shown a wish to show their love to our work are moved this year to give special offerings which will not diminish from our regular funds, all of which we shall need, I know of no object more worthy from every point of view than the new Mission to Unangu. Contrary to the opinion of many, and speaking from a deeper experience, I believe that the Yaos are some of the most promising people with whom we have to deal—the most steadfast, and thoughtful, and earnest, when they become Christians.

[1] Yohanna Abdallah was ordained deacon by Bishop Tucker (of the C.M.S.) in August 1894, three months after Bishop Smythies' death. He worked three and a half years at Unangu, being a great part of that time in sole charge of the station, and on March 6, 1898, was ordained priest by Bishop Hine.

CHAPTER XIII

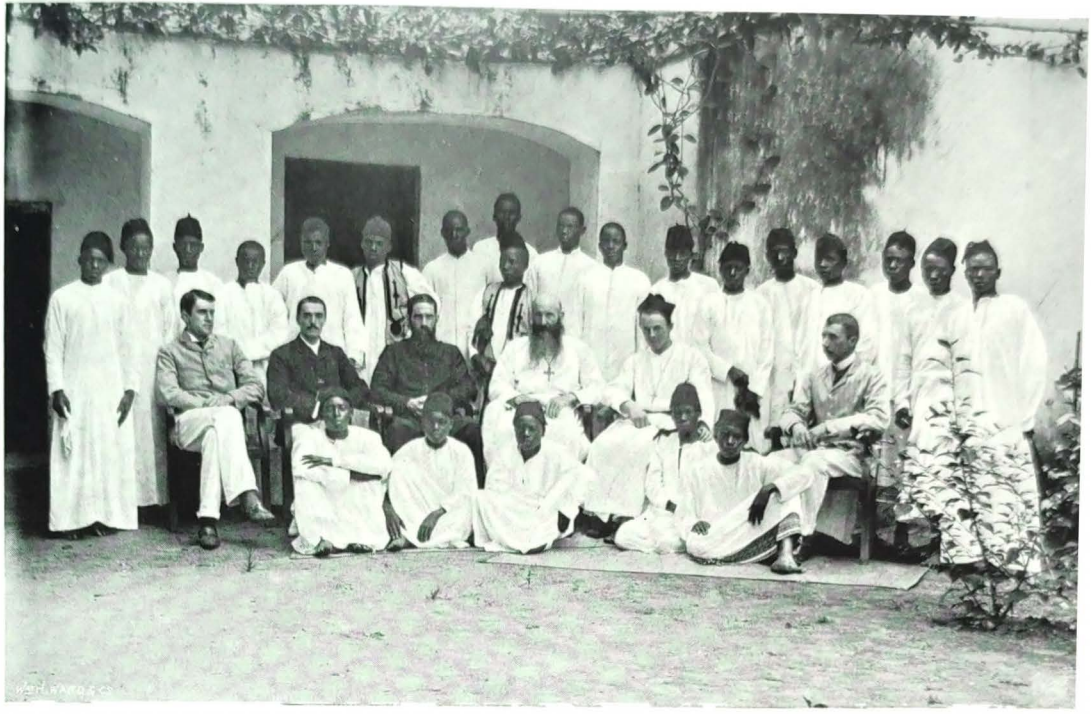
LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH

1894

LENT and Easter 1894 at Magila brought to a close the ten years' missionary labours of Bishop Smythies, and this last visit had for its crowning event the ordination of Petro Limo to the priesthood. The ordination was preceded by a three days' Retreat conducted by the Bishop himself, in accordance with his invariable custom, and in Magila church, on Passion Sunday, March 11, the first free-born scholar of the Mission became a priest. The strain of the latter part of Lent was severe. The Bishop himself took the three hours' service on Good Friday, and writes of it:

> Notwithstanding the all-important subject of the rice just now being planted, and the hindrance of repeated storms, the church was fairly full for the three hours' service on Good Friday, and I have never seen the people more attentive. Hardly anyone went out the whole time, though we were three hours and a quarter in church. Now, as ever, it is the story of the Cross which rivets people's attention.

On Easter Eve he ordained Mr. Gerrish deacon; on Easter morning he celebrated at the great festival service, when one hundred and twenty-four Christians communicated, and at a later service preached to catechumens and



KIUNGANI THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

hearers. It was scarcely a surprise to those who were with him that fever came on in the afternoon and kept him in bed for some days. This pressure of work prevented his visiting Kologwe as he had meant to do, and finding that he must catch the next mail to Zanzibar he wrote to Kologwe that he should like confirmation candidates to be 'ready by September 1 (D.V.).' Then he left the mainland for the last time.

He reached Zanzibar on April 3, weak and worn, but still able to work. Going to Kiungani, he began at once the usual routine of work—services, classes, interviews, translation revision; but the Retreat he had proposed to take had to be given up. On Sunday, April 8, he celebrated and preached at Kiungani chapel in the morning, and in the afternoon preached at the English service in the cathedral. Two days later he gave an address to the members of the Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses, and the words then spoken proved to be his last public utterance. On April 15 he was taken from Kiungani to the hospital, ill with a fever which never left him till his death.

Of this last illness the matron of the hospital wrote:

If you had been with him those last few weeks (he was three weeks in the hospital) and seen how utterly weary and worn out he was, your first feeling would be one of thankfulness for him. Wakeful nights were followed by days of weariness and increasing weakness, till we longed for rest for him. He said one night as he settled for the night, 'If only God of His great mercy will grant me some rest,' and now it has come to him, and surely he has earned it if anyone ever did. . . . He quite won my heart when I first came out by his fatherly kindness, his unvarying courtesy, his simplicity and utter absence of self-importance, though he was

every inch a Bishop. He was just the same when he was ill, always so grateful and courteous about every small thing done for him. His fear of being impatient—which he was not—was inexpressibly touching at times ; he said several times, too, it was so difficult to feel at all spiritual when one was ill, and that he ought to be very much so.

So for three weeks he lay ill in the hospital, always with high fever, always weak and weary, having apparently no rallying power left. Still, no one imagined that the end was so near, and it was suggested that sea air might probably reduce the fever. Many a Zanzibar patient has been saved when apparently in a far more hopeless condition, by being carried on board a steamer and sent either north or south. The French mail homeward bound was due on May 4. It was decided that the Bishop should sail in it, accompanied by a nurse and by his cousin, the Rev. Duncan Travers. He was able to walk down the hospital stairs, and was then carried in a hammock through the familiar narrow streets to the rowing-boat at the water's edge. When on board the *Peiho* he said good-bye to those who had accompanied him ; but, although he was afterwards prostrated with exhaustion, no one seems to have had the least presentiment that it was a last farewell. Those who left him were struck by his manifest weakness ; but they had before seen him ill and seen him recover, known him utterly 'broken' and known him again vigorous, and no one thought it was his last voyage. Some indeed supposed that he might be so far recovered in a fortnight as to be able to return from Suez or Port Said.

But it soon became apparent that this was not to be ;

and those who were with him had not long to wait for the end. The pathetic story of those two days in the great heat on the crowded ship must be told in Mr. Travers' own words:

The ship was due and expected to leave on Ascension Day. On the eve I went into town from Kiungani and slept that night at the hospital. At five next morning I celebrated for the Bishop. He enjoyed the service very much, and thanked me repeatedly for celebrating. The steamer was reported as having arrived, and the Bishop hoped to go on board that afternoon. However, she was delayed by a cyclone and only arrived at 6 A.M. on Friday, the 4th. We got the Bishop on board more easily than I expected, but saying good-bye exhausted him greatly, and in the evening he was restless. He found his cabin close and cramped after his room in the hospital. We got him outside and he lay on a couch in a recess, but was very restless all night. Next morning by his own wish we took him up on deck, but he was only up a quarter of an hour and then said to me that he could not bear it, it was too much for him. That night he was again very restless, and only slept towards morning. On Sunday morning he asked me to say matins for him, and afterwards he tried at times to read, but the effort to hold the book up seemed too great. We three said evensong together, and after the confession he said the short absolution, but before evensong was finished he had fallen asleep. In the evening we heard there was an empty cabin on deck more roomy and cooler than the one below. I at once took it, and arranged for the Bishop to be put in it immediately. He thanked me for taking the cabin for him. 'Oh, thank you so much, so much.' He went to sleep at once, but not for long. At 10.30 I went to my cabin, and at 11.30 Nurse came to me and said she did not like the symptoms, the temperature was 105° and over; she thought I ought to call the ship's doctor. He came and injected quinine, and everything was done to bring the temperature down, but it never fell to any extent—never below 104°. At 5.30 Nurse said she felt now the Bishop could not

recover, and that the end could not be far off. At 6.30 I celebrated. The Bishop was in a semi-conscious state when I commenced the service, but when I approached to communicate him, saying very clearly, 'Bishop, the Blessed Sacrament,' he smiled and received. It was a very sweet smile, and I feel sure he knew and felt what was taking place. After that the end came quickly. I hoped against hope, but when it was found that his temperature was steadily rising (before death it reached 110°), then I knew that it must be all over directly. At 9.30, as I was saying the commendatory prayer, his spirit fled. It was a very peaceful end. Both before and after death he lay as one asleep.

We robed him in his white cassock and purple cincture, and, with his hands folded over a little crucifix which we placed on his breast, he lay at rest. It was impossible to think he was really dead. Anybody entering the cabin would have thought he was asleep.

The Captain told me that we must bury him at sea. We were 800 miles from Aden and the temperature on deck was 91°. Had we been a day nearer, he would have thought whether he could take the body on to Aden, but under the circumstances it was impossible. I knew the Captain was right, though I hated to think we must bury him thus.

At half-past six, when most of the passengers were below dining, eight of the French sailors carried the body, wrapped in sailcloth with the English flag over it, to the rail at the ship's stern. I went before, saying the sentences, and the Nurse and three or four English passengers followed with the Captain and some of the officers. All present were most reverent. At the proper place the body was committed to the deep, and I finished the service. It was a lovely evening and a quite calm sea. The sun had just set and there was a new moon. I stood a long time looking at the line of foam made by the ship's screw as we continued our way and left the loved remains behind further and further every minute. The spot where he lies is almost half-way between Zanzibar and Aden, and about 500 miles south of Cape Guardafni

CONCLUSION

To this record of Bishop Smythies' ten years' episcopate is added the testimony of some who knew him and worked under him in Africa. Archdeacon Maples, who had often accompanied him on his journeys, who had watched the Nyasa work grow under his guidance, and who himself did not long survive his great leader, in an English sermon preached to the Likoma staff a few days after the startling news of his death had reached them, spoke as follows :

No one, I think, who knew our late Bishop even a little would dispute the fact that he certainly was endowed largely with that quality which ranks as almost the greatest essential in one called to such work as his—I mean zeal. It struck one at once, his zeal for God. He had a burning zeal certainly for the extension of the Church and for the gathering into it of all whom he met who were outside, and this too only because he had a burning zeal for God's glory, which he knew it was given to him to strive to promote in this particular way. . . . This zeal of his was manifest, I think, in all that he did. We can never forget how laboriously he spent each day, how untiring was his energy, how indomitable his perseverance ; how attentive to minute details, how mindful of everything, how determined (if I may use the colloquialism) to let nothing slide, how unwilling to let anything take its own way—and all this throughout the whole of his episcopate, and, I suppose we may say it, to the very last. . . . Responsibilities, powers, authority, all were to be wielded, exercised, made use of to the very utmost, for the furtherance of

the great work he had been called to preside over. So it was he brought to bear upon every department of his work, and upon every person connected therewith, the push and impulse and compulsion (one must even say) that came of his own zeal, so ardent and lofty and persistent and lasting as we all confess it to have been. He was a man—all who knew him well could not doubt it—who set before himself the highest ideal, and to him this ideal was (as we have been recently told to regard ideals) the very soul of his life and actions. God gave him along with his other endowments the power of never losing sight of his ideal. He gave him noble thoughts and views of his office and position amongst us, and the Bishop trusted them, clung to them, and translated them, one after another, all into action.

Let me illustrate by personal observation of his ways and habits some of those points in his character which, as I have said, constitute the claim made for him—he would not have made it himself certainly—to have been a really great missionary Bishop.

One recalls what he was on a journey, and how thoroughly he determined never to let the tediousness of travel or the weariness of it be an excuse for laxity as regards the great business of his life. Enjoying to the full the variety of the scenery as he took his course now along the valley of the Rovuma or Lujenda, now over the mountains in the Gwangwara country, now on the Makonde plateau or among the Masasi hills; fully alive to the interest that lay in bird and beast and flower, with a keen natural liking for such sport as chanced to fall in his way; still, when one was with him one never found that any of these things either absorbed him or occupied his chief attention even at times when it seemed little opportunity was afforded him for prosecuting those duties of his office which he ever regarded as his chief care. One was struck again and again, after perhaps a walk of twelve miles or so, how very little time during the midday halt he would give to absolute leisure: a rest of a quarter of an hour or so perhaps, and then the whole of the remainder of

the three hours, ere the walk was resumed again in the afternoon, would be given up to devotion and study. He travelled with a sit-up chair and a table, that he might not be tempted to yield to the desire to spend an hour or two on his back in mere listless reading or sleep. He read his office and then some devotional book, and then perhaps a stiff theological volume, and then he would write and plan and prepare for future addresses and Retreats; or if we stopped where there was a village and people to be talked to, he rarely if ever failed to engage *profitably* in conversation with the people—profitably for their souls I mean—employing an interpreter, by which means he was able to instruct or preach a little to them,[1] and none of this was done in a desultory or dilettante way. He had made a rule for himself in the matter, and he zealously and assiduously followed it, times out of number putting to shame the carelessness of some of us who have travelled with him at different times, who allowed ourselves to look upon a journey as a time when we might indulge in a kind of leisure we should have been ashamed to give way to when at the daily routine of life at a station.

Then, too, he was a fine example in a way which itself is a great mark of earnestness and devotion to duty, for it was characteristic of him that he would never, as I have said, let things slide; to him nothing was insignificant, nothing but what had its own importance, nothing so small, if a matter of moral or spiritual concern, but what demanded careful attention and arrangement. You will remember no doubt a familiar definition of *genius* as being 'an infinite capacity for taking pains,' and you will doubtless have often seen it noticed as a distinguishing mark of greatness, 'attention to details.' In largest measure these two qualities belonged to Bishop Smythies. No man more pains-taking than he, no man (we know it to our own annoyance very often) more attentive to details. How often do I not remember

[1] Bishop Smythies once said to an old member of the Mission that he had at times a sort of *dread* of preaching to heathen, a shrinking fear of introducing to these crude minds the solemnities of heavenly things.

occasions when a matter that appeared to me of no consequence was taken up by him as one of most serious import ; how he would return to it again and again, his busy, earnest mind never set at rest about it until he had found some solution of what appeared to him as a thing he must get changed or put to rights ! Yes, he had 'an infinite capacity for taking pains.'

And then how courageous he was, how entirely free from anything like pusillanimity ; he may have changed, nay, he did change, his opinion not unfrequently on this or that subject, this or that question of policy, but whatever his convictions were, at whatever time, he was always absolutely true to them. . . . When once his mind was made up he hesitated not a moment ; what he felt to be right to do he did ; above all things he scorned for himself inaction, or, as I have already said, letting things take their own course. Thus as we mentally review, as one or two of us are able to do, nearly every station in the Mission and nearly all of the various departments of work, we see how visible everywhere was the touch of his hand and the reach of his influence, revising, rearranging, impelling, restraining, strengthening, enforcing, developing—and now all that has suddenly ceased ; the work goes on indeed as before, but it must go on without the guidance and direction and control of that busy mind, that strong, firm will, that zealous spirit at the head of it all.

Time would fail me were I to do what would not be difficult, to dwell on another and yet another of those high gifts and endowments of his which bore so much fruit, and gave such an impetus to the work of our Mission all along the lines during the time over which his episcopate extended. . . . Yet there is one more word we would not leave unsaid when trying to gather up the lessons of his life. Bishop Smythies . . . . lived daily and hourly in the fear and love of God. He was eminently spiritual, one whose conversation—I use the word of course in its older sense—was truly in heaven, in spite of all his distractions, his daily anxieties, worries, and perplexities. He said to me once, quite simply, 'I have always found a great facility in preaching.' Yes, and we

who have listened to his Retreat addresses and his earnest, telling sermons could tell the secret of this : sermons came easy to him because his thoughts and affections seldom wandered far from the subjects out of which good sermons are made. One of the busiest men and most taken up with dealing with his fellow-men in endless talks, reasonings, persuasions, exhortations, he nevertheless maintained that best of all mental attitudes for a man to cultivate who wishes to conquer the world and its allurements—the spirit of detachment. And, if we may say it, one could hardly help noticing how his spiritual life grew and developed, how weaknesses we seemed to see in him in the earlier years of his episcopate in great measure vanished as time went on, giving place to fresh accessions of spiritual strength that came to him, we may not doubt it, in answer to his steadily maintained devotions and his earnest daily prayers.

Archdeacon Jones-Bateman, who had met the Bishop on his first arrival in Zanzibar, and survived him by three and a half years, wrote the following account, based upon the observation and intimate knowledge of ten years :

Greatness is what recurs to me constantly as his most marked characteristic. One never knew Bishop Smythies 'little' in any sense. His greatest power in some ways was his power spiritual. Certainly his Retreats—notably the first one he ever held—were very powerful and helpful, and made a life-long difference to many, I believe. Looking back, one marvels now how he so ably handled his first synod, though only six weeks after his arrival, and we all found we had a real leader. He was fired with an intense desire to deepen the spiritual life of all he came in contact with. It was specially marked in the persistent and persuasive way in which he urged on people the untold value to themselves and to their work of the systematic use of sacramental confession. The natives, too, specially recognised *greatness* in him. Partly, no doubt, his bodily presence impressed them, but

he had a way of taking for granted that people would do what he wished. Native chiefs almost always paid him great respect, and he spoke very plainly indeed to many, even to lawless men like Machemba, who had robbed our Mission caravan, and his fearlessness and his warning that Machemba had robbed God, not man, had its effect. . . . I was present when the English Consul-General urged him to evacuate Magila because the troubles of war constituted a certain amount of risk to the lives of the missionaries ministering there. Without a moment's hesitation, with a clear grasp of the great principle involved, he answered, 'I should never lift up my head again if I did.' 'Well, please put that in writing,' said the Consul-General. 'Certainly,' replied the Bishop. And we stayed there, and the Church at home said, 'Well done.'

He had a wonderful power of keeping in view a great principle, and refusing to be moved by any pressure of temporary expediency. It often happened, when the exigency of a growing work or the sudden illness of workers left posts unmanned, that the difficulty could be solved by hastily appointing some native teacher as reader, or making some layman deacon, or ordaining some deacon (native or English) priest. But he would never do it unless, quite apart from all pressure of circumstances, he was sure of the man's vocation and preparedness for the office. 'At whatever cost,' were words often on his tongue, urging the practical carrying out of principles which were all-important. It was the same with the question of the re-marriage of the 'innocent party' (though after attending the Pan-Anglican Conference in 1888 he partially relaxed in one or two cases): 'No permission of mine can make adultery not adultery, or make marriage what is not marriage,' though hardly anywhere in the Church more than with us could apparently cogent reasons be proffered for such dispensations.

His individual attention to people of all kinds, white and black, was very marked, especially when he wanted to get them to see things in a different light. I never knew him shirk a disagree-

able duty, though often he knew that an interview he intended to have might be painful or even stormy, and owned to dreading it, yet he always faced it and said all he felt bound to say. And sometimes his persistency won when argument failed.

We noticed during the first year he was with us how he visibly 'grew,' as someone in England expressed it. He got a grasp of things African with extraordinary rapidity, and rapidly learnt to re-adapt himself to African times and conditions. If a line was right it was no matter to him if it was temporarily unpopular; *e.g.* when the freed slaves in Zanzibar Island had got to expect the Mission to find them work, even if no work needed doing, he said, 'No, they must seek work in town as all their neighbours round about are doing.' And it proved to be as wise a line as it was at the time unpopular. People noted the same in England in his clear adhesion to a great principle. . . .

His power of sympathy with the Africans and the way he rapidly got to understand them was proved by his great personal friendship with many of them. This power was of the greatest possible help to our work at Kiungani, where he constantly stayed and got personally to know all the bigger boys, and was always ready to 'wrestle' with any temporarily wrong-headed or erring member of our school, and often with the happiest results, when all else had failed. *Wisdom* was what I know he daily prayed for, and, to my thinking, he was granted it in large measure. His statesmanship has been commented on at home; it was equally evident in his large plans for the government, and later on the division, of his huge diocese. His last pastoral, which contained some advice about the very difficult subject of fasting for natives, showed a wonderful wisdom in re-adapting catholic rule to make it real and native in uncontemplated and complicated African conditions, so bringing out of his treasure-house things new and old.

His constant reliance on the help of God found its daily expression in his deep desire to celebrate each day the Holy Eucharist on behalf of the diocese. We shall never know in this

world what we owed to those intercessions. One felt it to be the great power at the back of all his lines of work.

Yet with all this greatness and power there were signs sometimes of deep humility and self-accusation. 'Have you forgiven me?' were his first words in private on the day of his first arrival to a worker whom he had pained by writing a severe letter founded on false information. 'I must go back again to Newala,' he said on his last visitation of that district; it would mean a forty-six miles' trudge back over the path he had just come by, and the reason, because he felt that he had shown some irritation or displeasure at something, which had marred the friendliness of the farewell! Did he have some presage that it would be his last?

The letter he left behind for his workers, with his Will, tells the same story—asking their forgiveness if in any cases he had been hasty or lacking in gentleness or forbearance. This request stood 'confirmed' and 'reconfirmed' by his signatures at the end, with progressive dates during the last years of his life, showing that it was his abiding wish, as it was also the abiding proof of his self-watchfulness and constant recollection of the nearness of his call to rest.

The Rev. Godfrey Dale, who worked four years at Mkuzi, and whose knowledge of the Bishop is derived mainly from intercourse with him on the occasions of his annual visitations, writes as follows:

. . . . The next time I saw Bishop Smythies was at Mkuzi. I can remember little in connection with the visit except the keen interest the Bishop took in everyone and everything, and how good his memory was of the characters and histories of the different converts. It was always a busy time. There were baptisms, confirmations, excommunications, and reconciliations. He would sit up till quite late arranging the ritual of the services. His visit to Mkuzi generally coincided with Palm Sunday, and he was always most particular that the palms should be placed

in a particular position over the altar. Very little escaped his notice. I remember how the hours set apart for the girls' school incurred his displeasure, and how wisely he altered them to suit the village duties of the girls, a change which caused a marked improvement in the attendance ; and I also recall to mind a visit he paid with me to the chief of a village where we had an out-school. The chief always professed great friendship for us and a great desire to be taught, but it never came to anything. The Bishop gently bantered him, and compared him to a boy preparing for a plunge into the cold water and not having quite sufficient courage to make it. Although his Swahili was never good, his slow and weighty manner of speech had this great advantage, they remembered what he said, and as a rule grasped his point thoroughly. That is what I remember about that visit—making us all work hard and working the hardest himself, saying what was to be done, seeing that it was done, and knowing his own mind.

The next time I saw him, as far as I can recollect, was the following year, on Palm Sunday again. He was very ill, his fingers covered with whitlows. He reached Mkuzi on Saturday evening just before evensong, riding on Arobaini, the splendid Muscat donkey belonging to Magila. He really ought not to have come. He was thin and bent, and looked very grey and very old, with a haggard, worn-out face and a suspicious rim of yellow all round. He nearly fell off his donkey in alighting, from sheer fatigue, and said to me, 'I have come, Dale, but I am afraid I shall not be of much use. I shall not come to evensong ; I am too tired. We must discuss things after dinner.' There was a whole year's work to be discussed ! Just after evensong and before supper we heard a noise below, and looking out saw a large caravan with two Europeans come for the night quite unexpectedly. Nothing of course was prepared. For the first and only time in his life, I suppose, the Bishop (and no wonder) seemed disinclined to offer hospitality. However, I went down, and, finding that one of the Europeans was an Englishman, came up with him to the Bishop. He seized the Bishop's bad hand and

gave it a good English shake, making him wince with pain. We did what we could, and the Bishop's unfailing courtesy overcame his sense of fatigue, and he entertained them both in conversation until nine o'clock. Then we had to settle our affairs for Sunday, and stayed up until eleven before all was finished. On his way down to Zanzibar he stayed at Usagara House in Pangani, and a German told me afterwards that the Bishop was so worn and ill that he fell fast asleep in his chair in the middle of dinner. I accompanied him part of the way to Pangani, and he then broached to me his scheme of a Suffragan Bishop, which eventually ended in the formation of a new diocese. I can see him now at Kakindo, six miles from Mkuzi, under a zambarau tree near a pool covered with beautiful lilac water-lilies, saying his morning office whilst the porters rested and his boy and I got his breakfast ready. . . .

We hardly realised that he was dead at first. It was difficult to believe that we should never see that handsome, kindly face again. . . . I always loved him, and was proud to work under him, and it was only some months after his death that I began to see what a loss it was as the time for his annual visit came round and we knew he would never come. I think of him always as a magnificent man, of kindly face and courtly manners, of deep, ripe judgment, with a wise, discerning heart and a strong, though disciplined will—a born ruler and leader of men. In the annual Retreats we learnt to see something of the strong vigour of the inward man and to feel the influence of his quiet, patient saintliness. The point in his character which I admired, and which helped me most, was his extreme tenderness for those who had sinned and fallen away, and the hopefulness with which he always spoke of the possibility of their repentance ; and I remember the deep sadness of his voice when he had had an interview with a promising teacher who had committed some very serious sin : 'They seem to think I can give them permission to do such wicked things !' I suppose few men have known the African so well or loved him better.

August, 1897.

APPENDIX

I

Address delivered by the Right Rev. the Bishop of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, to the Clergy and Members of the Mission assembled in Synod in Christ Church, Zanzibar, in the third week after Easter, 1884.

PREFACE.

THIS Address was originally delivered from notes, in three parts —one on each day on which the Synod met. It mostly deals with matters connected with the worship, laws, and outward order of the Church, as they bear upon our special work in this part of the world. In the three days' Retreat which preceded the Synod I had an opportunity of treating of those things which concern our own personal, spiritual, and inner life, as also of what should be the characteristics of the Christian ministry, which will account for those subjects being but little touched upon in this address. The Synod met each day in the church at Zanzibar, and at the close of our deliberations I feel sure that all of us were deeply thankful to Almighty God for the harmony and concord which prevailed throughout. We began with very decided differences of opinion on many points which were to be brought before us, but in every case some way of ensuring acceptance from both sides was found, so that every resolution was passed without a dissenting voice.

My Reverend Brethren,—We are met together in the full belief that God the Holy Ghost will guide our deliberations. We

are warranted in this belief by the promise of our Lord that He would send down His Holy Spirit upon His disciples, and that He should guide them into all truth. In accordance with this promise we find the first Council of the Church, which met at Jerusalem, claiming that its decisions were really the decisions of the Holy Ghost. 'It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us' is the expression used in the letters by which the Council declared its decisions to the Gentile Christians. If we consider the history of the Church's progress in the world I think it becomes clear to us that diocesan organisation is according to the Divine will. Wherever the Church gained a firm foothold under the most dissimilar circumstances, and in countries widely distant from one another, we find the same system always adopted sooner or later. And diocesan synods were from the first, or very soon became, a part of that system. The Bishop does not appear as an autocrat, ruling according to his own caprice. If the clergy were bidden to do nothing without their Bishop, the Bishop was bound to take counsel with his Presbyters in synod assembled. We are met together, then, my Reverend Brethren, under a sense of solemn responsibility, according to the ancient rule of the Church and according, as we believe, to the will of God. We have invoked the aid of the Holy Spirit. I need hardly remind you therefore that this is no place for hot discussion, or a desire merely to gain victory in argument. It would be better to pass no resolution, and to appear to come to no conclusion in the matters before us, than to break the harmony of brotherly love which should reign amongst us. We ought to consider the subjects before us with the utmost gravity, as affecting the work of God and the good of the souls to whom we are sent, and at the same time with the utmost charity toward one another. There are sure to be differences of opinion, but it is for us to take care that they cause no word of bitterness. We must be careful also to throw no blame on any methods pursued in past time in the working of the Mission. We know that in such a work much must be at first tentative, and may have to be modified by experience. Also I confidently hope that no word will escape us of disparagement of the work of others, and no comparisons drawn between

different parts of the work of the Mission, with a view to magnifying the relative importance of this or that part. We come together to strengthen one another's hands. We all have one object in view—the glory of God—the good of the souls to whom we are sent.

I take this opportunity, my Reverend Brethren, of setting before you the principle of action which, God helping me, I should wish to adopt in discharging the duties of the office to which I have been called. I wish to allow the largest liberty in all methods which may be adopted by individual priests for the sake of deepening devotion and reverence, especially in the direction of ancient custom and Catholic precedent. Holding that the Church of England is a part of the Catholic Church, I will not hamper the liberty of any priest who interprets her rules in the most Catholic sense; by which I mean one who takes for his standard of interpretation the Canon of St. Vincent, '*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.*'

I should only feel bound to have recourse to the restraining power which has been committed to the Bishops of the Church for the purpose of checking crime, unbelief, irreverence, or carelessness, with which, under our circumstances, I confidently hope it will never be my painful duty to deal.

I look to you, my Reverend Brethren, to support me in carrying out these principles. If one of our brethren adopts a practice we do not understand, let us not condemn, but let us inquire the motive. If the motive is pure—a desire to promote the love of God, to promote reverence and devotion, to promote dignity of worship—there may be ground for difference of opinion: there is no ground for condemnation.

I will now call your attention to the first subject which comes before us for consideration—the subject of marriage, which is one of the most difficult with which missionaries have to deal. It is also one of the most important, because upon it seems to hang the whole fabric of social life. If a low view is taken of marriage, that low view affects for evil all social relations. If a pure and lofty view is taken of marriage, that raises into a higher atmosphere all other social and domestic relations. Now there is

undoubtedly a great temptation to the missionary sometimes to deflect from what seems to have been the universal rule of the Church, and to allow polygamy in certain cases to baptized converts. In so grave a matter it is clear that no Bishop or priest dare act on his own authority, but must defer to the general ruling of the Church. Hence I see that the first Act of the last Synod of the diocese of British Kaffraria, which no doubt had the same difficulties in view, affirmed the rule of Christian monogamic marriage as one to be followed in all cases. And I think we can see certain good reasons for rigidly adhering to this rule. The heathen with whom we have to do have been brought up with totally different ideas of marriage to those which have become ingrained in us by centuries of Christian tradition. We find, therefore, the greatest difficulty in teaching them the true conception of Christian marriage. No doubt this has been very generally the case with heathen tribes. The Church in her laws has therefore taken every means to enforce and preserve a high idea of the sanctity of marriage, knowing how easy it is, when exceptions are allowed, to descend to a lower level. These laws must press hardly at times on individuals. We find a man earnestly desiring baptism, who, in accordance with the law of his country, has married several wives. Say that, according to the customs of his tribe, if these women are put away, there is nothing before them but disgrace and infamy. In such a case we cannot urge the man to put away his wives without regard to their future, because that would be contrary to the principles of justice. At the same time, we cannot allow him to be baptized, because that would be contrary to the purity of Christian marriage. The only thing we can do is to bid him to wait till God makes a way, consoling ourselves with the thought that God is not a machine, that He is not tied even to the means which He has Himself appointed, that He can, when He will and as He will, unite people to His Church, and that we can with the utmost confidence leave such a case to His Fatherly goodness.

As marriage is a matter of such great importance, we should be most particular about its solemnisation under all circumstances. We must remember that marriage is an institution antecedent to

Christianity, and is a reality apart from it. At least we ought to take every pains to make it a reality amongst those heathen who are under our influence. We should teach those who are to be married to pledge themselves to each other by a solemn form of promise, publicly made, before a responsible person, preferably, though not necessarily, the priest in charge of the station at which they live. Unfortunately in our case mixed marriages are necessary, especially on the mainland, where, from the want of the influence of Christian women, there are many more male converts than female. In the case of these marriages the service of the Church cannot be used, but every precaution should be taken to make them binding. Wherever there is any probability that there will be desertion in time on the part of the heathen partner, we should use our efforts to dissuade from the marriage. The marriage service can only be used in its integrity in the case of both parties being Christian. It is evident from the structure of the service that it can only be used by a priest, and that it would be a presumptuous breach of ecclesiastical propriety for a deacon to use it. But in our circumstances it may be necessary (though I should only consider the most weighty reasons as justifying it) for a Christian marriage to be solemnised by a deacon. He will then be obliged to omit the forms of blessing which he is not commissioned to use. I commend this whole subject, my Reverend Brethren, to you as one that demands our greatest care. When, for instance, natives who have been on the mainland return to Zanzibar, and wish to be married by us, every inquiry should first be made as to whether or not they are already married. Grave complications must ensue, as experience has taught, from any want of care in this matter. The temptation will sometimes come to us, having regard especially to the native views of marriage, to allow persons who have been separated from their husbands or wives to be married to someone else, rather than live in open sin. We must then remember that, just as we contend that no act of any civil power, no laws of any court, can alter the law of God—so no service, however solemn, no act of priest or bishop, can make adultery to be lawful marriage. It remains the awful sin of adultery still with the sin of sacrilege added on the part of those

who have degraded their sacred office by using it for unholy purposes.

I now pass on to the subject of Ordination, and the principles on which I shall think it right to act in admitting persons to Holy Orders, or to what may, perhaps improperly, be called Minor Orders. I suppose in the matter of Ordinations a grave responsibility rests on the Bishop, which he cannot share with others; a responsibility towards God and His Church to take every precaution that no unfit person be admitted to minister in sacred things. I must not, therefore, be expected to ordain anyone to a sacred office because the necessities of a station seem to require it. I shall in every case try to consider the fitness of the man alone. It would seem to me to be more for the glory of God and the good of His people that, for instance, the communicants should receive the Blessed Sacrament occasionally, as a priest was able to visit the station, than that an unfit person should be ordained priest for the purpose of enabling them to communicate more often. I have no doubt that I shall often be called upon to dedicate men to the office of lay Reader. I wish it to be clearly understood that while of course such dedication will not be a bar to any further advancement, I shall not consider it to imply any claim to it. I shall then be left free to make any one a Reader, of whose moral character I am satisfied, if he shows missionary zeal and develops any gift of applying it. I shall also be able to use the office of lay Reader as a tentative beginning for those who may eventually become native deacons or priests. I would say much the same of deacons as I have said of lay Readers. It is clear that in the constitution of the Church there is great distinction between the office of a priest and that of a deacon. This will appear at once from the functions which they are severally commissioned to discharge. A deacon does nothing which a layman cannot do if authorised by the Church, or under the pressure of necessity, except administer the sacred elements at Holy Communion. A layman is bound to baptize in cases of absolute necessity, when a priest or deacon cannot be obtained. He can lead the congregation in prayer, preach, teach, and manage the secular work of the Church. A deacon is one who

is commissioned habitually to do these same things. A priest, on the other hand, is ordained to the cure of souls, which implies that he is appointed by our Lord, the Head of the Church, to do certain things as His representative, which could not be done by one not so appointed. If, for instance, a priest celebrates the Holy Communion, as it is really our Lord who is acting by him, and using him as His instrument, whatever effect followed when our Lord used the words, 'This is my Body . . . . this is my Blood,' that same effect follows now when those same words are uttered in His name by His appointed minister. But as it would be contrary to the whole spirit and order of the Church, which is the kingdom of heaven upon earth, for anyone to appoint himself to any office, if any deacon or layman were to use those words that effect would not follow, because he has not been appointed by lawful authority to represent our Lord in that matter. There is then a great difference between the office of priest and deacon, and I shall not consider that ordination to the diaconate necessarily implies a claim to the further step of ordination to the priesthood. There are many good men who are doing the work of deacons who require a good deal of reading and study, not to speak of other qualifications, before they would be prepared for the priesthood. If I lay it down as a rule that ordination to the diaconate does not imply a claim to anything further, I am left free to ordain such men deacons. As, moreover, the cure of souls distinctly belongs to the office of the priesthood, I shall not consider the deacon or layman in charge of a sub-station as having independent authority, but as assisting the priest who is in charge of the central station. This only applies to spiritual matters. In temporal matters special arrangements must be made according to circumstances; but I should suggest, my Reverend Brethren, that the less you are involved in secular affairs, and the more you can leave them to others, the better it will be for the welfare of your spiritual work. The only true spiritual influence is that which is gained by a loving persuasion, and by the example of a holy life —all else, though seeming to give influence for the time, rather interferes with a true and lasting influence than otherwise. I say this well knowing how much you are obliged to have to do with

temporal matters, but feeling that that makes it all the more important that we should keep the true nature of our work clearly before us.

I now pass on to speak of a very important subject which will come before our notice, the subject of Holy Baptism. The Church has always witnessed to the great care which ought to be taken in the preparation of adults for that Sacrament. I need only quote the Rubric of our own Prayer-book : 'Timely notice shall be given to the Bishop, or whom he shall appoint for that purpose, a week before at the least, by the parents or some other discreet persons, that due care may be taken for their examination, whether they be sufficiently instructed in the principles of the Christian religion ; and that they may be exhorted to prepare themselves with prayers and fasting for receiving of this Holy Sacrament.' I think that the principle contained in this Rubric is especially important to us in this diocese, and I hope it will be carefully acted upon, only that I shall ordinarily appoint those in charge of central stations in distant districts to represent the Bishop for this purpose. The Rubric is evidently meant to ensure that no adults should be baptized except after a most careful preparation. There are other principles, which the Church seems to have adhered to in early times, affecting the sacrament of Holy Baptism, which we should do well carefully to note as supplying rules of action for us under very much the same circumstances. Infants are to be baptized as soon as possible, if there are any competent persons who will guarantee that they shall be brought up in the Catholic faith. But it does not seem that infants were ever permitted to be baptized without such guarantee, unless in danger of death. The order that children should have godparents is a witness to this principle.

No persons capable of promising for themselves to observe God's law should be baptized as infants, or without the proper dispositions of faith and repentance.

Those who are baptized as adults should as soon as possible be confirmed, and admitted to Holy Communion. In the primitive Church there seemed to be no hesitation about delaying Holy Baptism even for a long time, if there was any doubt

about the persons to be baptized being sufficiently instructed or having the proper dispositions. But having been baptized they were at once admitted to Confirmation and Holy Communion. If an adult was sufficiently prepared for Holy Baptism, he was always held sufficiently prepared for the other means of grace which followed. I do not mean to say that there may not be a delay of one or two weeks to give opportunity for special instruction, provided that no adult is baptized who is not in such a spiritual condition, so far as we can tell, as would warrant his being admitted at once to Confirmation and Holy Communion. There may be necessary exceptions to this rule, but I should think they would be very rare. If any other rule be adopted, we are laying upon people very solemn responsibilities at their baptism, and not bringing them under the influence of those means of grace which our Lord has appointed to sustain the soul under its manifold difficulties and temptations. Besides, if we adopt the plan unknown to the primitive Church, as I believe, of allowing a time of probation between Baptism and Confirmation and Holy Communion, we tend to reproduce here that contented acquiescence in the division of Christians into Communicants and Non-communicants, which is such a painful anomaly in the Church at home. If a longer probation is needed, let it be before Baptism. Considering the great dangers to which the baptized are exposed in heathen and Mohammedan countries, we cannot wonder if they fall when we leave them without the strength given by the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit, without the constant supply of spiritual food which our Lord Jesus Christ has so bountifully provided.

I would also suggest, my Reverend Brethren, that careful instructions should be given to the baptized on the office of Holy Communion, which, if they follow the universal teaching of the Church up to comparatively recent times, they will look upon from the time of their baptism as their obligatory Sunday service. I know that there are some who shrink from encouraging people to be present at Holy Communion on those days when they do not communicate, for fear of discouraging the reception of the Blessed Sacrament, and leading them to put mere presence at the

service in the place of it. If I thought it had any such tendency I should quite agree that such a practice was to be deprecated. But some considerable experience has led me to believe that regular attendance at the celebration of the Holy Communion is a great means of encouraging frequent reception of the Blessed Sacrament, and I think all clergymen who are in the habit of teaching their people to come regularly to the service will bear me out in this. On the other hand, I believe that keeping away people from the service when they are not going to communicate has had the opposite effect. Such persons, when for some cause or other they miss their Communion, have nothing brought before their eyes to remind them of their duty, and consequently are less likely to return to their regular rule of Communion. It is clear that for many hundreds of years all Christians in every part of the Church did consider the celebration of the Holy Communion as the Sunday service at which it was a matter of obligation that they should be present ; and if, as has been alleged, such was not the practice of the primitive Church, it is at least very startling, and likely to be a difficulty to many minds, that the Church should have so universally, and for so long a period, departed from her primitive practice. But when I have been able to examine in its original context any passage brought forward to prove the difference of use in early times, I must say, with due deference to those who differ from me, that I have thought that it supported me in the belief that the practice of the primitive Church in this matter was the same as that which was afterwards universal. The fact that the highest class of penitents was allowed to be present throughout the service without communicating as a privilege ; the fact that different classes, such as the unbaptized and the demoniacs, were dismissed by name, seem sufficient proof that all Christian people were as a rule expected to remain. Indeed, I do not find any evidence that for some centuries after our Lord ascended into heaven there was any other regular public service. And this cannot be surprising if we consider that the one command which was given by our Lord's own lips to Christians as to the special form of public worship which they were to adopt was contained in the words : *τοῦτο ποιεῖτε εἰς τὴν ἐμὴν ἀνάμνησιν.* It

was recognised too that even ecclesiastics might have private reasons for not wishing to receive the Blessed Sacrament on any particular occasion, because we find that when their abstaining from Communion was likely to cause suspicion to fall upon the celebrating priest, they were to be inquired of, and if they had a good reason, personal to themselves, it was to be held sufficient. If, then, we would adopt the principles of the primitive Church, to which the Church of England refers us, we shall in every way we can make the celebration of the Holy Communion the Sunday service for Christians, and try to persuade them to consider it as obligatory. It is difficult for persons of limited capacity to become familiar with a liturgical service. Probably one such service is as much as we can expect many of them to know well. I believe it will be found more easy for them to enter into the meaning of the Office for Holy Communion than any other. This may at first sight seem to be contradicted by experience, because we find in England, even on the part of communicants, often a greater familiarity with the order for Morning Prayer. But surely that necessarily follows from the system which has been pursued. If from their earliest years children had been taught the meaning of the Holy Communion, if they had been taken by their parents Sunday after Sunday, as they are to Morning Prayer, and taught intelligently to follow the service, they would have grown up quite as familiar with that service as with the other. The celebration of the Holy Communion, being an act of the greatest reality and solemnity, and that expressed, as it ought to be, in every action of the officiating clergyman—having moreover a certain element of dramatic power—more readily takes hold of the mind of the simple and uncultured than a service more purely intellectual, and, so to speak, literary. No doubt these worshippers have a very inadequate realisation of the whole meaning of the service, but that surely may be said of all of us, when we contrast our own conscious poverty of apprehension with the exceeding depth of the Mystery. It will of course be necessary for us to teach our people how to behave during the service, and to give them private prayers to use as they have opportunity, to help them in their devotions. We shall also have carefully to teach them the mean-

ing of the service in its two aspects: that it is the means whereby our Lord gives us the sacred food of His Body and Blood to sustain our souls; that it is also the means whereby we plead the sacrifice of our redemption, and bring down all those blessings which He died on the cross to purchase for us. If we can make them understand that the prayers offered there go up to the throne of God supported, as it were, by all the power of the Sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, they will understand how it is of great advantage to be present at the service, even when they are not prepared to communicate. We shall teach them that to receive the Blessed Sacrament of our Lord's Body and Blood certainly is the most solemn act of a Christian's life, and the greatest help we can possibly have; but that the next best thing to that is to join in pleading His All-prevailing Sacrifice as far as we may, even while, from a sense of unworthiness, standing afar off and not venturing to claim our full privilege. I might say more and enlarge on the benefit to a Christian's life of that half-hour of solemn stillness in the morning, with its opportunities of private prayer, especially to those who have little room, and so little opportunity, at their own homes. But I have said enough, my Reverend Brethren, to show that if I feel strongly on this point it is not from a mere theory which I have formed, but from what has come under my own observation as well. I have been speaking hitherto of the worship of baptized Christians, as unbaptized persons are not admitted to the Holy Mysteries. There will be other services at which the heathen will be present as well as the faithful. It would seem to be well as a rule to make them as little liturgical as possible. Litanies, hymns, and intercessions would appear to be most suitable for these.

I feel that I ought to say a few words on the painful subject of Excommunication, which will be touched upon when one of the proposed resolutions comes before the Synod. The power of excommunication was undoubtedly given by our Lord to the Church; both expressly, as when He said, 'Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven,' and by implication, as in the words, 'If he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican.' Accordingly, we find St. Paul

excommunicating the incestuous Corinthian. But all experience, as well as the canons of the Church, teach us that such a power ought to be used with the greatest care, and not even in the case of gross crimes—although there may be a moral certainty that they have been committed—if they are only known privately or by hearsay. It seems only safe or lawful to use such a power in dealing with notorious evil-livers; and when the painful necessity arises the Church directs that it should be notified to the Bishop as soon as possible. Priests should always remember that they are not police officers, but that in every case they should lean to mercy. But if baptized people are proved to be living in open sin, which they refuse to give up, or for which they show no penitence, then I think there can be no doubt that, both for the sake of the possible good to their own souls, and for the good of the Church at large, they ought to be excommunicated, as we find laid down by St. Paul in 1 Cor. v. in treating of the case of the Corinthian.

With a view to carrying out the discipline of the Church in a missionary diocese like this, it would be well, if possible, to assign different seats in the churches to the baptized, the catechumens, and the hearers.

In conclusion, my Reverend Brethren, I would ask you to pray for me daily, that God the Holy Ghost may give me that wisdom which will alone enable me to discharge the great responsibilities of the office to which I have been called, and also that He will keep us united in brotherly love, so that we may continue to strengthen one another's hands in the great work which He has given us all to do.

May our Lord God, to whose loving care I commend you, prosper you in all your works undertaken for His glory and the salvation of the souls of the heathen to whom He has sent us.

ACTS OF THE SYNOD

1. That the offspring of mixed marriages should not be baptized until of age to answer for themselves, without sufficient guarantee that they be brought up as Christians.

2. In a marriage between a Christian man and heathen woman in which the man has deserted his wife, lapsed into heathenism, and lives in adultery, the woman shall be permitted, if under our influence, to marry again.

3. That a man at his admission to the catechumenate shall declare that he will not change his wife, or add to the number of his wives.

4. That a man who is married shall declare at his baptism that he will hold to his own wife and marry no other during her lifetime.

5. That heathen under our influence desiring to marry should make a declaration of mutual consent before a priest, if possible, and in the presence of witnesses.

6. That in the case of Christian couples, if a man desert his wife, or *vice versâ*, the deserted partner shall not be permitted to marry again till the matter has been brought under the notice of the Bishop.

7. That banns of marriage should be published in all cases, a clause being inserted to guard against polygamy; and that all persons at their marriage should make a declaration that they have no wife or husband living, such declaration having been already made at the time of notice being given of the marriage.

8. That a polygamist seeking baptism shall not be urged to put away his wives unless full arrangement can be made for their honourable maintenance.

9. That a Christian who takes back his wives after his baptism be excommunicated by the lesser excommunication, and be put into the position of a hearer, unless special circumstances should determine the priest in charge to deal more severely with the case.

10. That this question and answer be inserted in the service for the admission of catechumens: 'If you are married, will you promise not to marry yet another woman? I promise.'

11. That it is undesirable at the present time for the Mission to receive any more adult freed slaves.

12. That all able-bodied freed slaves, who are not required for the work of the Mission, should be induced to seek work for themselves independently of the Mission.

13. That no released slave settlement be founded again on the mainland.

14. That in the opinion of this Synod it would not be contrary to their Christian principles for our converts at any station to defend themselves if attacked by an outside foe.

15. That a clause be inserted in the Litany to the following effect: 'That it may please Thee to bless Seyyid Bargash, Ruler of this country, and to turn his heart to the acknowledgment of Thy truth.'

16. That in dealing with up-country tribes where circumcision is a tribal custom independent of Mohammedanism, Christianity should not interfere with it, but that to an adult desiring to be circumcised as a concession to Mohammedan influences it should not be permitted.

17. That definite rules as to preaching, hours of work, &c., should be furnished to deacons and laymen in charge of stations, and that a monthly report of the work be rendered to their immediate superior. Also that a record of the work done in the district be kept at the central station.

18. That definite instructions as to Mohammedanism be given to all catechumens.

19. That in the opinion of this Synod a Theological College should be established as soon as possible for the training of promising native boys for the work of the ministry.

20. That it is not desirable to send boys to Europe, if some means can be found of training them in Africa.

21. That a Committee be formed to ascertain native customs with regard to apprenticeship and industrial work.

22. That it be lawful to use, after the Prayer for the Church at the celebration of Holy Communion, or with the Collects at the end of Morning and Evening Prayer, or before the Prayer of St. Chrysostom in the Litany, the prayer for the heathen, for catechumens, or for the perseverance of the baptized, to be found at the end of the Litany of Intercession which has been printed for the use of the diocese.

23. That this Synod, while offering its grateful thanks to those who have laboured at the work of translating the Bible, desires

that it should be completed as speedily as possible, and authorises Archdeacon Hodgson to continue the work, in conjunction with other members of the Mission in England. The Synod also authorises Mr. Madan to proceed with his translations, and, with the approval of the Archdeacons, to arrange for their publication in England.

24. That this Synod especially desires to record its deep sense of the loss sustained, not only by the Mission but by the Church at large, in the death of the late Bishop of the Central African Mission, and of the deep debt of gratitude owed to him for applying his great and singular powers to the important work of systematising and reducing to grammatical order the Swahili language.

25. That, if a Synod be held next year, it is most desirable, where possible, that the agenda should be in the hands of members of the Mission two months before.

26. That translations of any part of the Bible into Swahili be printed in the first instance at the Mission press in Zanzibar.

II

Address delivered by the Bishop of Zanzibar to the Clergy and Members of the Mission at the Second Synod, 1893.

PREFACE.

The Synod met on June 30 in Christ Church, Zanzibar, and sat for four days, viz.: June 30, July 1, July 3, and July 4.

On the first and third days the Synod met both morning and afternoon, on the other two days only in the morning.

On July 1 the Bishop held an informal conference with the priests of the Mission in the afternoon, and also for the greater part of July 4, as the Synod concluded its deliberations early.

Each of the acts of the Synod was agreed to unanimously.

A dispensation from fasting is appended, because when the subject was discussed the Bishop, having said that the ordinary

rules would not apply in this climate, was asked to issue a general dispensation.

My dear Brethren and Fellow-workers,—It is now just nine years since we all met in Synod before, and, with all humility for our own shortcomings, we thank God for all that He has done for us since then. It is a great thing that the work at Nyasa has so prospered, in the able hands of Archdeacon Maples and Mr. Johnson and our Brethren there, that we have felt justified in founding a Bishopric for Nyasaland, and that our friends in England should have enabled us to do so by their liberal contributions. I also feel it a great cause for thankfulness that Bishop Hornby's appointment should have been so welcomed by our brethren at Nyasa, and, with God's blessing, we may look forward, I hope, to a great extension of the work.

Then it must also be a great cause of thankfulness that the educational work which centres in Kiungani, and which touches the whole life of our Mission, should have so advanced and developed. Already it seems to me there are some whose whole life has been raised to so high a standard, and who have been taught to put before them so high an ideal of what a priest's life should be, that we have the highest promise for our work in the future. There has also, as we all know, been an immense increase in the number of children under our instruction, in the number of our books in the Swahili language, and I hope also in the standard of education at which we aim.

As to our general work I shall not be expected to particularise, but I feel sure that my brethren will not consider it as any want of appreciation of the work of others if I speak of the happiness we must all feel that such great progress has been made in the village which is under the care of a native priest. Where seven years ago the chief was the only Christian, we now find almost all the people either baptized or preparing for baptism, and to all appearance trying to live up to their Christian privileges. Lately they have built a large church, entirely by their own efforts and at their own expense. I cannot mention this work without saying that, throughout, the chief has earned the gratitude of the Church by showing himself in all things her faithful son by zealous co-operation and generous help.

As our work has developed we have largely increased our buildings to meet its needs. At Mbweni, through the kindness of one of our staff, we have added one of our best houses for our industrial girls. The school buildings at Kiungani have been much added to, chiefly by means of special funds raised for the purpose, and we have lately, as you know, ventured on an undertaking which had been long talked of—a hospital for natives and a few Europeans here at Mkunazini. Though at first it may not be quite easy for all of us in time of sickness to accommodate ourselves to our new circumstances, I think there can be little doubt that the hospital will tell favourably on the health of our staff on the island. Already we have found the great benefit of it in this time of sickness, and our most grateful thanks are due to the devoted nurses, on whom the strain has fallen very heavily. It must be best, when we have fever or any serious illness, that we should be nursed where there is every appliance for the purpose, rather than in our own rooms, where we must go on living, often perhaps without change of air, and where, only too possibly, our sickness may act detrimentally on others.

But the building of the hospital necessitated a change in the arrangements of our Mission, which led me to consider whether we could not improve upon the past, and make some more direct effort to reach the Arab and Indian population of Zanzibar. I think I cannot explain better what change has resulted from this than by reading the letter I wrote to our Committee on the subject:

'Gentlemen,—You are aware that we have, with the help of our friends in England, built a small hospital near our Mission houses at Mkunazini, in the town of Zanzibar. We have a staff of three nurses and a matron attached to the hospital; and we have already found it of great use, not only to native patients, but also to members of our staff. I believe that to the health of our Mission staff in the island the advantages of having a hospital, with all necessary appliances, where they can be nursed in sickness instead of in our houses, will be found to be very great. But I find that if the nurses are to preserve their health they must

have a separate house adjoining the hospital, and this necessity offers an opportunity for making a change in our Mission arrangements, which, I think, will be of great advantage to our work.

'Hitherto the ladies, clergy, and laymen have occupied the Mission house at Mkunazini and houses attached, all having a common table. This was no longer possible when a staff of nurses was added, and at present, at great inconvenience, they live in the hospital. Our work hitherto has been almost exclusively amongst freed slaves—children, industrial boys, and adults. Very little direct effort has been made to influence the large population of Arabs and Indians, and their coloured Mohammedan followers, of which the town of Zanzibar consists. A house of mixed character such as ours was very unsuitable as a centre for any such work. We need a clergy house, where clergy and laymen may live in community together, after the system of the Calcutta and Delhi Missions. Such a house as ours has been at Mkunazini, unusual among ourselves, would seem peculiarly unsuited to the ways and habits of thought of a Mohammedan population. Mr. Madan, who feels very strongly on the subject, has suggested to me that if a clergy house was established, in all probability men specially fitted for the work would volunteer, from the Universities and elsewhere at home, to give themselves specially to work in the town of Zanzibar.

'It has seemed to me, Gentlemen, that such a plan as this is likely to commend itself to you, particularly at this time when England has assumed such direct responsibilities towards the inhabitants of Zanzibar. I understand that those most acquainted with India, and most cognisant of Missionary work there, consider that a great work may be done amongst those Indians who settle for purposes of trade in towns such as those on the coast of East Africa—that in their case, the barriers of caste being broken down, they will be more likely to listen to Christian teaching, and may on their return to India be a powerful influence for good in their own country. Those who volunteered for work amongst Arabs and Indians could not of course look for any immediate results, but must be content to work on slowly, gaining a knowledge of their habits of thought and their religion, and so gradu-

ally winning a hearing for the Gospel. If something of this kind is not now done for the people of Zanzibar it will almost amount to a scandal, and it will surely be unworthy of the distinguished name that we bear as a Mission if we are obliged to confess that it is hopeless for us to make any direct attempt to convert the people of Zanzibar. Unless we do so, we ought surely to make it plain that we are unequal to the work, that others may occupy the ground. I venture to think that the Committee will agree with me that such a course would bring a disgrace upon us which would be likely to injure all our work.

'These considerations have led me to determine, hoping for your support and the support of our friends in England, to build a house on a site belonging to and adjoining the hospital, large enough not only for the nurses, but also for two Mission ladies to work amongst the women and children, and to contain rooms for other ladies, members of our Mission, who may be staying in the town in passing. Miss Mills has been obliged to go to England for her health, and she will appeal for help to build a house for herself and her boys at Mbweni. This will leave our house at Mkunazini free for the occupation of a staff of clergy and laymen, who will make it one of their first objects to do Mission work in the town of Zanzibar. Hitherto I have generally found that the clergy have been anxious to work upon the mainland—and, no doubt, the work there is less difficult, and promises more immediate results. But I hope, under our altered conditions at Mkunazini, University men may be found to offer themselves for this special work as they do for the Calcutta and Delhi Missions. Mr. Madan proposes while in England to appeal for such men, and I venture confidently to hope that we shall have, for this fresh effort to extend our work, that support and sympathy on the part of the Oxford and Cambridge Committees, as also of the Central Committee, which I have never yet found wanting.'

This will show what I hope we may be enabled to do. It will depend very much on whether we are able to enlist the Missionary enthusiasm of competent men at home on behalf of this, the great town of East Africa. I have very good hope that with God's

blessing we may succeed. We are happily enabled just now to make a beginning with those members of our staff who are now in Zanzibar, the housekeeping being at present under the care of a lady, as is the case at Kiungani.

While thanking God for His mercies and taking courage from what He has done for us in the past, it is well for us to consider, at a time such as this, what is wanting, and how we may improve our methods and correct our deficiencies. This I suppose is one great object of our meeting together in Synod. It would not be profitable or lead to any good result to discuss, unless unavoidably by way of example or illustration, the particular action of Bishop or clergy, unless under exceptional circumstances, which I should hope would not arise amongst us. Generally I have noticed that such personal discussion, possibly sometimes necessary, has not been without scandal to the Church, deplored by those who seek her welfare. I think it will be found that where there is harmony in work the resolutions brought before a synod have rather to do with principles than with the line of action taken by particular persons.

One subject which we shall naturally, as missionaries, consider most anxiously, is whether we are using wisely, and to the utmost, the powers which God has given us for the conversion of the heathen and others outside the Church of our Lord to whom we are sent. And here I would ask my brethren to consider carefully, and with prayer to God for guidance, whether we sufficiently value preaching as a means of conversion, and whether we as a body preach with sufficient frequency and zeal. I would commend to your notice what the Bishop of Nassau says on the subject, at the beginning of his book on 'The Missionary's Foundation of Doctrine,' a book which would be profitable study for us all: 'A Missionary,' he says, 'can hardly preach too often if he has that to say which his neighbours, dying daily, need to hear before their race is run.' This is something very wholesome for us to hear and to remember. As he points out, we have mostly been brought up in a school which has had laid upon it the duty of recalling people's attention to the value of the Sacraments, the importance of corporate worship, and of showing and preserving

due reverence in approaching God by care for the details of His service and sanctuary. The ordinance of preaching had seemed to be exalted as the one great means of grace, and it was natural that it should fall somewhat into the background when so many other things had to be restored to their proper place in the conversion and training of souls. But we shall lose very greatly in our power for good if we are led by this reaction to give less than its due weight to the very prominent place occupied by preaching in the New Testament. And we, as missionaries, above all others, are called to exercise a preaching ministry. With us, preaching must occupy, if we are to preserve the proportion of things, at least as prominent a place as any part of our work. I have sometimes thought that the supposed necessity of keeping up a round of offices, desirable and very necessary in itself, has been allowed to interfere with our very important work of preaching. Missionaries, by the nature of their work, are allowed a greater freedom from the obligation to observe stated rules and times than priests in charge of settled parishes, chiefly to set them free for this primary duty of preaching the Gospel. Yet I have sometimes thought that our people here, who need so much instruction, get less preaching than people in England, and certainly our preaching is much less frequent than I have heard of in the case of missionaries elsewhere. I do not wish to be thought to undervalue in any way the regular offices of the Church. I notice that as a rule where they are most frequented and valued the work is generally most satisfactory. But I think those of us who are engaged in directly missionary work should make all our arrangements of times and services with a view to their interfering as little as possible with the direct preaching of the Gospel. I am very sensible indeed of my own shortcomings in this matter of preaching. Had I shown an example of more enthusiasm and greater diligence, others would have been encouraged to pay more attention to that department of their work.

A very great difficulty has been found in our mainland stations in getting the people to come to church for evensong on Sunday. Various hours in the late afternoon and evening have been tried, but with little success. The result is that they only spend a very

small part of the day in worship, and, it is to be feared, do not keep it so as to gain that profit for their souls which God intended. It is hardly to be expected that people who cannot employ any time in reading will spend their Sundays profitably unless they can spend a fair proportion of them in worship and in being taught. It is comparatively easy when most of the people live near the church ; but the difficulty arises when they live at some distance. If the catechumens come for the first part of the celebration of Holy Communion, as was the ancient custom, they cannot be expected to wait about while we have our breakfast for the service later in the morning, which is specially arranged probably for hearers ; and yet there is most likely not time to go home and return. The Christians who come to the celebration of Holy Communion cannot either be expected to wait for the second service. Unless they come to evensong they get no other service at all, and hitherto we have failed to get them to come. But surely it is for the health of their souls that they should come twice to worship God on His own day. It is not too much to expect of Christian people. I would suggest to my brethren who find the difficulty whether we have not made a mistake in trying to introduce from modern England a time for evensong which is unsuited to this country. We cannot expect people to come in the dark or at a time when it will be getting dark when they return home. Even in England it is only, I suppose, well within this century that late evensong has been introduced at all. The ordinary hour everywhere was three o'clock or earlier. That is the time for vespers I believe throughout Western Europe—two, half-past two, or three o'clock, hardly ever later than four o'clock. Might it not be well to try the old English time of three o'clock, which would give all an opportunity to get back to their homes in time for the evening meal at sunset? We could then impress upon Christians and catechumens the duty of coming, which we cannot do now. I know it is a hot and uncomfortable time for us Europeans, but we live for our people, and the heat would be no difficulty to them.

From our circumstances and the nature of our climate it is

unfortunately necessary that the priests in charge of stations should often be changed. This is to be lamented for the sake of the people, and it must be for their welfare that each change should carry with it as little change of service and ritual and methods as possible. I would therefore ask my brethren to inquire what has been the usage when any of them is appointed to the charge of a station, and not to make any changes without consulting me about them until they have been some time in charge. It must be an advantage to preserve continuity of practice and teaching, as long as it is not allowed to degenerate into stagnation. It would generally, I think, be for good and according to Catholic precedent if the Bishop was consulted before any marked change was made at all. But when a priest has been in charge of a station for a considerable time, and the people have learnt to look up to him, changes which are the natural result of his own work and individuality do not affect them as changes, but come in the ordinary course as what they might expect, and are welcomed as a further effort on his part for their good.

I have thought it well, in consultation with the Bishop of Nyasaland, to make a few alterations in the Mission paper signed by each person who joins our staff. We have inserted an appeal for men to work amongst the Arabs and Indians, and a clause to make clear our view as to the obligations those joining us in the future would undertake as regards marriage. We have omitted the allusion to stimulants, and we thought the time had come when we might leave out the clause explaining our system of common life now long established amongst us.

I take this opportunity of impressing upon my brethren again the duty of making it their first work to learn the language of the people to whom they are called to minister. I think there is sometimes a disposition to think that such knowledge will come without making it a matter of regular application and definite work, but this can only be expected in the case of a few who may be specially gifted. I hope those of my brethren who are competent to do so will feel it a duty to help those who have newly come, or, still better, as most of them I know have plenty of work of their own to do, that they will, if possible, help them to find a

native from whom they may acquire a knowledge of the language. I think in the case of Swahili this might be more largely done : the Mission will always bear any expense of such instruction, and it would, I hope, be for the advantage of the teacher as well as for ourselves.

In preparing catechumens for baptism, I hope one of the first things they are taught will be a private prayer suited to their state, to be said morning and evening. As our Lord dwells so strongly on the duty of prayer, on its being so pleasing to God and winning such blessings from Him, it would be well to teach even our hearers a short private prayer if possible. As soon as we begin to believe in our Father in Heaven it must be right to ask His help. In the case of Christians we cannot be too careful in this matter of private prayer. I am sure it will not do for us to presume that having been instructed about prayer they will themselves be able to put in practice what they have been taught. If we feel it most important that they should pray regularly, then we must ensure that they do so, by teaching them prayers to say by heart, such as acts of contrition, faith, hope, and love.

I think we have generally agreed that it is not well to give our converts any article of dress at their baptism. It would be well if at each station a special dress were provided, worked with a cross to mark its purpose, which should be used at baptism, confirmation, and first communion.

When possible it is good that those who have been confirmed should make their first communion together on a particular day, and the occasion should be marked as one of great importance in the life of the Christian community, as in the case of baptism and confirmation.

I must ask my Brethren very earnestly that the principle be accepted, which I think will be found universally in accordance with the usage of the Church Catholic, that all questions of dissolution of marriage, or union of persons who have contracted a former marriage not dissolved by death, should be deferred till they can be settled in consultation with the Bishop. Many of them present great difficulties, and the deferring the settlement of them, even

for some time, will generally be a gain, if only to exhibit a certain self-restraint in the action of the Church in such a matter.

I could wish that, throughout the Mission, we were accustomed to use the same minor offices—as sext and compline, where they are said. Though the books used in England vary in minor details, I think it will be found that the psalms which form the bulk of the offices are those which have been generally said for many centuries throughout the Western Church. It may be a small link of unity, but every link is of value which unites us with our brethren in their worship.

Now that our numbers are increased, and as we ask for the help of men and women trained in various occupations, the question of the length of our stay in England after a period of work here requires some attention. The first condition to be fulfilled is that health, both of mind and body, should be thoroughly recruited, or at least so far as is possible after the wear and tear of life here. That condition being always supposed, we must consider what time we may rightly take, purely as a holiday for rest and refreshment, should there be no necessity on the score of health, which is unfortunately unlikely, or should we be entirely recruited by the voyage home. It is usual for an English clergyman to take four Sundays or the inside of five weeks in the year, when it is possible, in parishes where the work is exacting. As missionaries we should hardly think it right to claim more. This would mean about three months in England, not counting, o course, the voyage either way, after three years of work here, and I should suppose for those who feel quite well and had no work to do in England, that would be found to be enough. Very few, I think, of those who are accustomed to and like work, would find it either profitable or pleasant to be entirely without work for a longer period. To those who had not many resources I could even imagine it might do permanent harm. If sickness is the cause, the case is different, because to suffer in God's cause may be as profitable to the soul as to work. But many of us find there is a great deal of work for us to do for the Mission in England, and work which often can only be done by us. We may therefore feel it is right to stay much longer in England, but it

will be, not to extend our holiday—though we must remember it does in a certain way do that—but to give our work for the Church there instead of here. And even so we need to be on our guard lest, because the work at home is pleasant or comes to us more easily, we unduly extend our time there—not, for instance, to suppose we must be a full year away, whatever may be our circumstances or the needs of our work. We are first of all called to be missionaries to the heathen and those outside the Church who do not yet know the love of God, and no work can fully take the place of that. Lest what I have said should raise any scruples in the mind of anyone which might lead to their hurrying back too soon, as has been the case, I would add that it seems to me that the decision of the Bishop, or of course a medical man, that it is not right to return yet, would be sufficient to settle the line of duty.

The subject of precautions as to health will come before us during the Synod, so that I will only say here that the tone of mind is very much to be deprecated which would lead men when they first come out to work here to disregard, to use no stronger term, the experience and warnings of those who know what this climate is, as to the precautions they ought to take. So far from this being a kind of heroism it will appear to be really selfishness, if we consider the amount of trouble to others in the way of nursing and over-work from loss of help, which such recklessness causes. Here on the Island of Zanzibar it generally takes the form of neglect of precautions against the effects of the sun; on the mainland, of taking ong journeys in the day with very little rest, as if the great object were to get from one place to another in the shortest possible time, without any regard to heat or fatigue, and without any apparent reason. I speak as one not altogether guiltless myself in my earlier years here, but experience has led me to believe that the matter is really a serious one; that health has been impaired, and possibly valuable lives sacrificed from these causes.

I am sorry that it should have happened that we have come together at a time of unusual sickness and sadness. After a long period of exceptionally good health we have had to lament, in the

death of Miss Eleanor Bennett, the loss of one who for many years had devoted herself wholly to the care of our girls. This and the epidemic of fever, which has thrown a cloud over us, will rather, I fear, take away from the refreshment which I hoped we should all experience from meeting together here. It may be the way God has chosen to give a chastened and disciplined character to our deliberations.

May He, to whose loving care I commend you, be present with us to grant us harmony and brotherly love, and to direct all our consultations to His honour and glory, and the praise of His Church.

ACTS OF THE SYNOD

1. That this Synod desires to express its thanks to Mr. Madan and the Rev. F. R. Hodgson for their arduous labours, which have happily resulted in a revised translation of the Old and New Testaments.

2. That a Committee be formed to consider the revised translations of the Swahili New Testament, consisting of the Archdeacon of Zanzibar, the Rev. H. W. Woodward, Cecil Majaliwa and Petro Limo, with the Bishop as chairman, with power to add to their numbers; to sit day by day and to report upon the translation; the result of their labours to be printed at Kiungani, and circulated according to the 26th Resolution of the Synod of 1884.

3. That in all books or translations issued by the Universities' Mission in native languages, while our own positive beliefs are stated and taught, the object shall be kept in view of so putting them as not to reflect on the beliefs of other Christians who hold the Apostles', Nicene, and Athanasian Creeds, so that our books may be read by them without offence.

4. That this Synod authorises the Rev. H. W. Woodward and Mr. King to revise the existing Swahili Hymn Book, with the following instructions:

(*a*) To make additions, particularly of Office Hymns, and to omit any hymns objectionable for doctrinal or linguistic reasons.

(*b*) To select hymns for translation or retranslation by competent persons.

(*c*) To submit before Michaelmas tentative copies to the various stations for suggestions, such suggestions to be referred to the Bishop.

5. (*a*) That in the instructions to Hearers, on p. 26 of the *Mambo ya chuoni*, in the place of § B the tract of the Bishop of Zululand, except so far as it is covered by § A, be inserted in the form already in use.

(*b*) That this Synod commissions the Archdeacon of Zanzibar, Mr. Woodward, and Mr. Chambers to form a committee, with power to add to their numbers, to revise Chapter V. of the *Mambo ya chuoni* with a view to making it more efficient for the instruction of our converts.

6. That this Synod, having regard to the great danger to health caused by want of care in this climate, strongly recommends the following precautions to the members of the Mission.

(1) That no one, till after at least a year's experience, should go out between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. in a black coat or without a sun helmet or pith hat, and that probably in most cases it will take much longer to know what it may be possible for each one to do without danger.

(2) That no one, at least till he has had this experience, should play football in the afternoon before 5 P.M.

(3) That no one should intentionally, without real necessity, go out in the wet or remain in wet clothes, and that travelling in wet weather should be avoided if possible.

(4) That care should be taken not to linger near swampy ground at or after sunset.

(5) That it is generally unadvisable to wear linen or cotton next the skin.

(6) That, where possible, care should be taken that filtered and boiled water only be used for drinking, except where it is of guaranteed purity. That filters in use be periodically cleaned and re-charged.

7. That it is most desirable that we should impress as far as possible, on all Africans ministered to in spiritual things by African

teachers, that it is their duty to furnish their teachers with temporal things, and that we should therefore, in bringing up all our African teachers, strenuously discourage all Europeanisms and luxuries which the Africans they will minister to will be quite unable to supply them with.

8. That this Synod desires to encourage natives in every way to purchase, however cheaply, our Swahili Bibles and New Testaments.

9. That wages should not be fixed for any native teacher without consultation, and reference to the general principles on which the Mission gives its salaries.

DISPENSATION FROM FASTING

I, CHARLES ALAN, by the grace of God Bishop of Zanzibar, do hereby dispense from fasting and abstinence all European members of the Universities' Mission who live and work within my jurisdiction. But by this dispensation I do not mean to discourage the observing of days of fasting and abstinence by a rule of self-denial, but only to relieve the consciences of those whose health might suffer if they felt they were under an obligation to fast in this climate.

C. A. SMYTHIES,

June 3, 1893. *Bishop of Zanzibar.*

III

Letter to Père Acker

The following letter was written to Père Acker, of the Society of the Holy Ghost in Zanzibar, in order to explain the attitude of the English Church towards questions connected with marriage, and towards other Churches.

Magila : Dec. 18, 1888.

My dear Père Acker,— . . . The Synod at Lambeth decided :

1. That as our Lord's words expressly forbid divorce, except in the case of fornication or adultery, the Church cannot recognise divorce in any other than the accepted case, or give any sanction to the marriage of any person who has been divorced contrary to this law, during the life of the other party.

2. That under no circumstances ought the guilty party in the case of a divorce for fornication or adultery to be regarded during the lifetime of the innocent party as a fit recipient of the blessing of the Church on marriage.

3. That, recognising the fact that there has always been a difference of opinion in the Church on the question whether our Lord meant to forbid marriage to the innocent party in a divorce for adultery, the clergy should not be instructed to refuse the Sacraments to those who, under civil sanction, are thus married.

I may remark on this that some of the most religious-minded people in England probably think that this last ruling of the Synod is not strict enough.

I may add that the permission lately given in Italy to the King's brother to marry his niece has been a great shock to us. We cannot understand how in any part of the Church such a marriage could be allowed; with us it would be universally regarded as incestuous.

On the question of polygamy, the Synod ruled that persons living in polygamy be not admitted to baptism, but they may be accepted as candidates, and kept under Christian instruction until such time as they shall be in a position to accept the law of Christ.

I am afraid I have nothing to report which would be considered satisfactory to one who did not know the Church of the Anglican obedience from within as to the attitude of the Synod towards the Roman Catholic Church. I think myself that I can see a great advance in the absence of bitterness and misrepresentation, and I rejoice at it; but the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards us makes it exceedingly difficult for a body of Anglican bishops to be generous on their part. The members of each body are kept very much apart by circumstances, and know very little of the proofs of the grace of God and the religious life working in the other; but we who belong to the Anglican communion do see wonderful proofs of the grace of the Sacraments amongst our own people, and we do see amongst those who believe in the Sacraments a high type of holy life being formed in them. This cannot be explained by the fact that the grace of God works in all who sincerely love Him, because if it were only

that, and if the Sacraments of our communion are mere shams, those who believe least in them would show the most proof of grace. God cannot help the souls of people by their believing in a lie. But we do see continually amongst ourselves that those who use the Sacraments with most devotion are enabled to live the most holy and self-sacrificing lives.

The Roman Catholic Church has always persistently refused to recognise this, or even to inquire into it; it condemns us as a dead branch of the Church of Christ without any true Orders and without any sacramental life, and will accept no advances on our part unless we allow first that her judgment upon us is just. I hold that, however ungenerous the Roman Catholic Church is to us, and whatever harsh judgments she may pass upon us, it is our duty not to retaliate, but to rejoice in all the good that God is doing in the world by means of her; and if there are forms of devotion and statements of doctrine which seem to us to savour of novelty, I think we ought to remember that it is very difficult for the people of one nation to enter into the religious sentiments of those of another, and so to refrain from condemning what we may have little opportunity to understand.

It is hardly possible to expect a large body of bishops, representing such a multitude of Christian people, to be actuated by such feelings in the face of unabated hostility and condemnation. I am most thankful to God that there has been so little retaliation on our part as a body, and I did my utmost to prevent anything that might seem like it. But a great longing for unity amongst all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity has sprung up amongst our people; and I cannot be surprised that, as all advances towards the Roman Catholic Church would be at once refused, except on condition of absolute submission, the Anglican Communion should be turning to other bodies similarly situated, such as the Church in the East, and should be trying to find in them a bond of union.

As you know, my dear Père Acker, I do not like controversy, and I very much dislike seeming to blame or pass judgment upon those whom I consider my fellow Catholics.

The *rôle* of Protestant is one that I can never play. But in

loyalty to that part of the Church in which God has called me to be a Bishop, I have felt it right to say so much in answer to your letters. . . .

Thanking you again very sincerely, my dear Père Acker, for your kind letter,

I remain,

Yours most sincerely in our Lord,

CHARLES ALAN SMYTHIES,

Bishop of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

IV

Extract from Pastoral Letter: Lent, 1894.

At our Synod last year we considered the subject of fasting, and there seemed to be a desire that there should be some greater uniformity in our practice and teaching than there has been hitherto.

I have often feared that, from our own inability to fast much in this climate, we English clergy have been inclined to shrink from teaching our people plainly the duty of fasting, to their great spiritual loss.

We know how it is taken for granted throughout the Bible that it is an important part of all true religion, how that in the Church it has always been wielded as a powerful weapon against our spiritual foes, and how largely it has contributed to perfect the lives of the saints. We cannot wonder that our people fall easily under temptation, if we have hesitated to teach them how largely our religion is a religion of self-denial for Christ's sake.

A priest who is a native of this country, who has naturally taught plainly and practically on the subject, has found the Christians under his care very ready to follow his guidance. I understand that the practice of abstinence on Fridays is so well understood amongst them that, even when out hunting, Christian men will not eat meat on Friday, in commemoration of the death of our Lord.

To those who come into contact with the coast, the fast of Ramadhan has made fasting familiar, and it will probably lead to more reality, if the clergy, in directing their people, take into consideration the customs of fasting we already find here, rather than follow exactly the use of the Western Church. In this country it is, generally speaking, no fast at all to remain without food till mid-day; it is what large numbers of people habitually do. Their idea of fasting is to remain without food from sunrise to sunset.

For the guidance, therefore, and support of my brother clergy, I direct that our Christian people during Lent should eat but one full meal, in the evening, on all fasting days, with permission to make a slight meal immediately after service in the morning, or immediately on rising, if they are prevented from going to church.

Also that on all fasting days they should abstain from meat food and all intoxicating drinks such as *tembo* or *pombe*.

When this rule of fasting in Lent has been tried, the people have found no difficulty in keeping the fast in this way, and have readily done so, I have no doubt, with great blessing from God on their self-denial. Christian people should also be directed to give alms of what they save in food during Lent.

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