PIONEERS IN AFRICAN WILDS

THE LIFE STORIES OF
ROBERT MOFFAT
AND
DAN CRAWFORD

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MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE MOVED THE WORLD

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ROBERT MOFFAT

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Frontispiece

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN PIONEER

BY

J. J. ELLIS

Contents

ROBERT MOFFAT

CHAPTER 1

The Laddie Who Kept His Promise

Man! thou art a result! The growth of many yesterdays,
That stamp thy secret soul with marks of weal and woe.

How fair the Firth of Forth shines in the morning sun; like a sheet of pure silver, shot with purple and gold! Yonder, too, is Queensferry. Rest your blue bundle upon my parcels; we have still time for a crack, mother dear."

The speaker was a tall, slender youth, with dark hair, and eyes of the same hue, singularly handsome in their liquid pathos. A broad high forehead, slightly shaded by scanty black hair, gave promise of considerable intellectual power; a large full nose above a mouth whose lips uncovered by moustache or beard, were tremulous with kindly humour and suppressed feeling. Altogether a face sweetly winning by its suggestions of sleeping smiles and ready sympathy. Evidently a youth to be trusted and loved.

"Aye, laddie, 'Kindness creeps where it daurna

gang,' says the proverb. 'Tis but little I can do now; but, oh, it goes sore to my heart that ye must go south. England is a bonny place, but it is like rending the flesh from my bones to see ye depart. 'Tis the Lord's will, and must be accepted."

The mother of Robert Moffat was tall like her son, but more perfectly proportioned. From her evidently he had derived his handsome face and dark eyes; her own eyes also shaded with a deeper shade of melancholy than usual as she looked upon her son, going to a situation in Cheshire. As her glance met his look, the regular rigid features softened into a smile—alike, but sweeter than her son's; a smile which made the marble sternness of her face radiant with an indescribable charm and grace.

"Ye are eighteen now, my Robert," she continued, "but it seems not long since the 21st December, 1795, when ye were born. We lived then in Ormiston, near Dalkeith, as my family, the Gardiners, had done a long time. They were poor as we were, but not a whisper was ever heard against them at the ancient cross.

"Ye were but a two years' old laddie when we left the little charming village. Your father was appointed to the Custom House at Portsoy, near Banff, and we all removed thither. Well I mind the dreary voyage. The ship was not over-clean, and we were sore disturbed by fear of the French

privateers, who had but just before taken a sloop from near Leith, so bold were they.

"Behind the low line of hills, through which the burnie went into the sea, was the little fishing village, with its many herring boats. Far away were the Caithness mountains, beyond the Moray Firth; inland, we had pleasant meadows and valleys under the plough. But ye loved to watch the broad fleet of fishing boats that went out to sea, stretching across the water in the setting sun. We stayed not there many years, but came to Carronshore, on the other side of that Firth of Forth that will soon separate us (perhaps for ever). We then moved to Falkirk.

"There in the long evenings, when our red-tiled cottage echoed with the clock tick, I would teach ye knitting and sewing, while I read to ye about the missionaries that lived upon tallow, to preach Christ to the Greenlanders. Aye, but they were holy men; would God all my boys might be like them!

"Old Willy Mitchell, the parish schoolmaster, was not a man 'to ride the water wi',' as the saying is; but ye might have learnt more from him. When ye ran away to sea, it went to my heart thinking when the wind blew about my sailor boy rocking upon the deep; but the captain loved ye so that he persuaded us to let ye make several voyages, for, thought we, 'a burnt bairn dreads the fire;' and so it proved. Ye were fain to come back to our lowly cottage, where,

with your three brothers and two sisters, ye were as happy as might be in a world like this. Ye were but eleven when I sent ye to Mr. Paton's school at Falkirk with your eldest brother, Alexander, who has gone to be a soldier. Mind ye the time, Robert?"

"Yea, mother; Mr. Paton taught me writing and book-keeping. But as after school hours he taught my brother Alexander and others astronomy and geography, I used to peep under their elbows to spy what they were doing in the circle, and by listening I gathered much I shall not forget, though I was but six months there."

"Let me see, it was in 1809, when ye were but fourteen, that ye were apprenticed to John Robertson of Parkhill, Polmont, to learn the gardening."

"True, mother; and well I remember him. He would not wrong any one of a penny, or mean to be unjust to us, but he *did* make us work. When we used to turn out at four o'clock on a winter's morning, so cold that we had to knock our fingers upon the spade handles to try to get some feeling into them, I sometimes felt my lot was hard. And then we were not starved, it is true, but we had no more food than we could well eat, I suppose for fear we should become dainty or lazy."

"That will never be your failing, Robert," replied his mother. "'Twas then ye began Latin, and learned to do blacksmith's work.

"In 1811 we moved across the Forth into Fifeshire, and were still at Inverkeithing when ye left Parkhill and went to serve the Earl of Moray at Donibristle, near Aberdour. Never shall I forget the fright we had when we heard that ye had fallen from a boat into the water, and were like to die."

"But I can swim now, mother, with the best of them. John Thomson, that is to marry my sister Mary, knows that. He was sinking for the third time when I was able to bring him to shore."

"And now, Robert, ye are going to be under-gardener to Mr. Leigh of High Leigh, Cheshire. We are proud that one so young should be so promoted; but, oh, we are loth to part with ye!"

"So am I to part with father and you; but if I get on I may be able to help you all. The wages are good, and I am sure to rise."

"I have no fear for your lacking gold, laddie; but one thing has weighed upon my heart. I want to ask a favour of you before we part. You will not refuse to do what your mother asks?"

"What is it, mother?"

"Nay; do promise me first that you will do what I am now going to ask, and I will tell you."

"No, mother, I cannot tell; you tell me what your wish is."

"Oh, Robert, can you for one moment think that

I would ask you to do what is not right? Do I not love you dearly?"

"Yes, mother, I know you do; but I don't like to make promises which I may not be able to fulfil."

The mother heaved a heavy sigh, and was silent. The tears ran down her cheeks as she looked upon the handsome youth going into the unknown perils of life, and going also alone. Love is a great deceiver; "Would I had been there—he should not have died" —"If I go with you, beloved, I can shield and protect you," we say, when experience proves that we can do nothing, but must leave ourselves and our dear ones in the hands of God.

Robert looked at his mother for a moment; and his tender soul melted at the sight of her distress.

"What is it, mother?" he said. "I will do it if I can."

"I only ask you to read a chapter in the Bible every morning and another in the evening."

"Mother, you know I read my Bible," interrupted the young man.

"I know you do, Robert; but not regularly and as a duty that you owe to Almighty God. But I shall go home with a light heart, for you will now read the Scriptures regularly. Oh, Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament. Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels. Then you cannot well go astray. If you pray, the Lord Himself will teach you."

"Yes, mother, I will certainly do as you desire. I have not yet found all that I want; perhaps the time has not come for the Lord to call me. Yet when I have sat in the kirk and hearkened to Mr. Caldwell, 'That man means what he says,' I have thought; and I have longed to be as he is. He is not perfect, but I am sure that he is a true Christian, and I would fain be one too."

"Well, Robert, ye cannot in your own strength find salvation; for even faith is the gift of God. But I have given ye over unto the hands of Christ, and I am sure ye will be found at the right hand of the Lamb. God grant not one from our family may be left out."

"Amen, mother; but we must now say farewell." And in a few moments mother and son parted only to meet once or twice again on earth.

Little thought the passengers who met that tall dark Scotswoman on her return journey home what bitter agony she was keeping down in her heart; nor probably did any one suspect that the young gardener who then, 5th November, 1813, crossed the Firth of Forth was to become aught more famous than a skilful grower of flowers.

Next day Robert went by ship to the Clyde, through the canal, and on the 18th arrived at Greenock, on the Firth of Clyde, after leaving which, through a heavy sea, the ship laboured until, at last, the breeze

right in their teeth, compelled the sailors to take shelter in Rothesay Bay. A man belonging to a ship of war, also in the harbour, was drowned while attempting to reach the shore; a press-gang boarded the ship on which Robert was sailing and carried off a sailor to serve his Majesty in the dead man's place. What if Robert Moffat had been taken instead? The king would have had a good sailor, but what would the Church have lost? But these things are under God's rule. The ship put in at Liverpool on Friday, 26th, and at five o'clock on the next night the young Scotsman arrived at High Leigh.

In a tiny lodge, one story high, in a somewhat secluded part of the beautiful gardens, built expressly for him, Robert Moffat found his home. Winning the good opinions both of the head gardener, Mr. Bearpark, and of his employers, who lent him books, it seemed as if he were to become famous in what is certainly the most ancient as it is probably the most healthy of the pursuits by which men obtain their daily bread.

CHAPTER II

The Boy Who Found a New Service

"He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity, the same,
Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friend, and ease,
Like him, he laboured, and like him, content
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went."

"WONDERFUL! wonderful! the world is indeed wonderful! What a pity a poor man can see so little of it! If one were rich, how delightful to visit other lands, to see the works of God, and especially that country hallowed by the life and teachings of Jesus! But it could scarcely show more of beauty than this landscape. Not a breath stirs the cornfields, scarcely a leaf moving, not a cloud in the sky; everything seems resting in the clear evening sun. How beautiful God must be to have produced such splendour in a world of sin! And how gracious to *me*! To die for me! What have I done to show my gratitude? Simply nothing. But wait, I shall soon be in a position of honour and trust. When I have money and influence I shall be able to glorify His Name and help His

people. How happy I shall be to give my money and do all that I can for Him."

Filled with such thoughts, and weaving for himself a bright future, never to be realised, except under far different circumstances than he imagined, Robert Moffat trudged along the six miles of road that lay between High Leigh and Warrington town.

We all weave out of our hopes a fairy splendour in which we shall be perfectly happy and wonderfully useful, and by and by we look back upon our dreams with deep thankfulness that they did *not* come true. The future that our God prepares for us is so much better than anything we can think out for ourselves; as we discover to our surprise, if not always to our delight.

The young gardener bent upon his errand was crossing a bridge when a placard, pasted upon the brickwork, caught his eye. Occupied with his own thoughts, the young man read, at first without fully realising the kind of meeting described upon the bill. It related to a missionary-meeting, at which a Rev. William Roby, of Manchester, was to take the chair. It was impossible to attend the gathering, for the date was now past; but the bill started Robert Moffat's mind upon a very different track. The stories he had heard of Moravian missionaries in Greenland and Labrador, read by his mother to the company round her winter evening's fire, rushed upon his

memory now. All the way into Warrington, and thence into High Leigh, the young errand man walked, considering how he might serve the missionary cause. He had never been at college, no Society would receive him; the only practicable plan appeared to be to become a sailor and get landed upon a foreign shore, and there seek to teach the heathen natives about Christ.

A few weeks after this incident Robert Moffat might have been seen walking through the streets of Manchester with a young man about his own age.

"Hamlet Clarke, I am going to see Mr. Roby; do come with me!"

"I will walk with you Robert, willingly, and will wait at the end of the street while you go in to see the great man; but you must go alone."

"It's nearly a mile from here," replied Robert; "but, oh, I wish the interview were over, Hamlet."

"I won't talk to you," replied Clarke. "You just arrange your thoughts before you come to the house."

After some half-hour's walk in silence, the friends parted at the end of a somewhat retired street.

"Here's the road. Don't hurry," said Clarke. "I'll wait for you. Good luck to you, friend."

"I wish it were two miles off still, and yet I want to go," returned Robert, walking very slowly towards the house. Clarke was somewhat surprised to see him reach it and then turn back a little distance.

Evidently his courage revived; for Clarke, who moved forward to meet him, stopped as Robert turned round again and walked boldly towards Mr. Roby's house. He began to ascend the steps, but again his heart failed him. At length, after pacing backwards and forwards once or twice, he ventured to lift the knocker, and in a few moments Clarke watched him enter the minister's dwelling.

After a long time, as it appeared to Clarke, Robert came down the steps and hurried to meet his friend.

"I'm so glad I went," he exclaimed. "He received me so kindly."

"What did he say?" asked Clarke. "Tell me all about it, Robert."

"Why, after that I had knocked at the door I would have given a thousand pounds, if I had them, not to have done so. Oh, how I longed to hear that he was not at home! But when he came into the parlour and smiled upon me I was soon at my ease."

"And what did he say? Was the cross-examination severe?" asked Clarke.

"Not at all. I told him all about my home in Scotland, and how I had been impressed with the sense of sin at times under Mr. Caldwell's preaching. The reading of the Bible since I came to England, I told him, had made me deeply wretched, and yet I could not for my promise sake leave it off. The Epistle to the Romans especially distressed me; but

I could not leave the book alone. It seemed as if all my sins, like a mountain, were falling upon me, though I did the best I could. At length I went, as you know, to attend the Methodists, who had just opened a chapel in High Leigh. I was afraid to men ion the Methodists, for fear it should anger Mr. Roby as it did my master."

"Did it?" asked Clarke.

"No; Mr. Roby said they were good people, and I was quite right not to give up attending their services when I found help from them. And when I told him that my father did not much believe in them, and had cautioned me against them, Mr. Roby only smiled and said good people often differed, but it was of little moment so long as they agreed in the main thing, Christ crucified."

"Well done!" exclaimed Clarke. "I love him for saying a good word for us despised Methodists."

"And when I told him how angry my master and mistress were that I should attend the Methodist services and help in their Sunday school he bade me not to mind losing their goodwill, for God would make it up to me by and by. But then he said: 'Now, Robert, tell me, are you *really* trusting in Christ? For a man may know much of religion, and do some things for Christ; aye, and I think suffer persecution for the Lord, and yet not be saved by the atonement of Christ.'

"That brought me to a standstill; but I told him how, one evening, while sitting poring over the Epistle to the Romans, I was filled with wonder at many passages I had read over many times before. I felt that there was a black cloud between my soul and Christ, but as I read the Bible again light seemed to break from each text and the Book was opened to me with new meaning, and I saw how God loved and gave Himself for me."

"What said he then?"

"Why, he asked if I were relying upon my own faith, or upon the merits and mercy of our Lord Jesus in connection with His atonement. I answered, 'Sir, I am a guilty, Hell-deserving sinner, yet God loves me, and laid all my sins upon Jesus Christ, my Substitute. He died in my place, and because He died I am forgiven. I have in my own soul the witness that I am born again.'"

"But what about being a missionary?"

"He encouraged me to wait upon the Lord, to see if it were really His will that I should go abroad, and promised to write to the directors of the London Missionary Society on my behalf. He thought that I might take a situation near him, and he would train me as far as he was able for the work before me."

"Then we shall lose you soon, Robert; that's certain. You will have to run on other errands, and do other service. Aye, but we shall miss you."

"Yes, Clarke, but we must do our duty. I will not go unless I am tolerably certain that it is the right way, and that I have ability. But here we are at our lodgings; let us go in to dinner."

Some weeks after this conversation Robert Moffat moved to Dunkinfield, where, in Mr. Smith's nursery garden, he found employment five days per week, receiving twelve or thirteen shillings per week for his services.

While there he won the heart of Mr. Smith's only daughter, Mary. Rev. J. De Kewer Williams, when preaching upon Thwaites, remarked, "He pleased his master, and he pleased his master's daughter; I wish young men would never get married until they marry their master's daughter." Moffat evidently pleased Mr. Smith; that he pleased Mary Smith may be gathered from the following conversation which took place in the parlour in which they had first met. Robert had come over from Manchester, where he had been residing in order to be near Mr. Roby, and now sat taking his farewell for life, as it seemed, of the beautiful, accomplished girl before him.

"Yes, Robert, had I been free," said Mary Smith, "I would willingly have gone with you to Africa."

"But you are in a different station in life. You will probably inherit a fortune. I don't wonder that your parents are unwilling to entrust you to me."

"It is not *that*, Robert. My parents have no other

daughter, and my mother's health is very frail. They would give me to you willingly if you were only going to stay in England; but they cannot endure the idea of my crossing the seas."

"Of course it is a fearful parting, and the Cape is worse than India or any other foreign part. I am to penetrate far beyond the borders of civilisation. Little is known of Namaqualand, to which I am going, but what is known shows it to be a terrible place."

"I should not dread that, Robert, or mind it much. It has been the hope of my heart to go as a missionary to the heathen; and, long ago, when I heard Mr. Campbell speaking of Africa, my heart said, 'O Lord, send me there!' I feel that I am not fit to become a missionary; but I should so love to serve the heathen by waiting upon you. But it cannot be."

"I see, alas! that it cannot. I must go alone; but, Mary, I shall never forget you."

"Oh, I should be so glad, Robert, if you could see your way to marry someone else. I love you dearly, and always shall; but I can't endure the thought of your going alone. You are the kind of man needing especially a woman's care; you will never keep yourself in order unless you do get married."

"But what if I did marry another woman?"

"I should understand, and not despise or cease to love you. And, Robert, dear, we could be together

in Heaven. I can't go with you myself, but I dread your going alone, where you will be among savages, without a friend or helper."

"But, Mary, I shall never marry where I don't love. You have grown into my heart and life, and I *could* be happy with you and none else. And then, it would not be just for me to marry a woman to whom my heart could not be given. It can never be given to another. Beside the wrong done to her, what sort of wife might I not get? I consider marriage is like a lottery—some get very badly off in the matter. I know I should get a good wife in you."

"You would get one who loves you, but who sees the way to marry you quite closed. No, Robert, I am impelled to go to Africa by an impulse I cannot master, and held back by a tie I cannot, dare not, break. When as a child I attended the Moravian school at Fairfield I caught their enthusiastic love for missions; and I so long to gather the poor dear heathen, to tell them about my Christ. While I have been working, looking after strangers in our new church, I have been quietly saying to myself, 'It is training Mary Smith for mission work.' It is hard to give up what I feel to be a duty at the call of another claim."

"Suppose we leave the matter, Mary. It is in God's hands, and He may yet bring us together. I shall perhaps be able to prepare the way, and who can

tell but that God may yet answer my prayers? I can see nothing but for me to go to Africa and you to wait in England until the way is more clearly opened."

"If my father and mother relent, and consent to allow me to come—eh, Robert?"

"Then you will come, of course, my dear. But let us do nothing to choose our own path. Mary, when I gave myself to Christ I gave ALL of myself. I go to Africa relying upon His help; and He who will open my path in the desert shall rule my love affairs too. I mean to marry only in the Lord; let us leave it to His decision, and whatever happens will be for the best."

Some three years after this Mary Smith's parents altered their minds and, without being influenced by any human being, consented freely to give up their beautiful daughter to Robert Moffat, and this with the consciousness that in all probability they would never see her again. But they lived to rejoice in the sacrifice, and recognise the loving wisdom of God in honouring their daughter among the rude tribes of Africa.

CHAPTER III

The Tame Man Who Loved Savages

"Pleasant 'tis to sit and tell
What we owe to love Divine,
Till our bosoms grateful swell,
And our eyes begin to shine."

"AND what do you get for it, man alive! How much gold do they send you from rich England?" asked a burly Dutch farmer, as he sat at supper with Robert Moffat, who was on his way with another missionary, Mr. Ebner, to Great Namaqualand.

"I can't say. I came out to Africa, not to seek gold, but men; I know the missionary's name is despised here, but I would not be otherwise than as I am for all the gold of England.'"

"But you must live."

"Yes, and the directors will send me what they can spare; perhaps £20 for the first year."

"Twenty pounds! Why, man, it is not half what a decent artisan can get anywhere at the Cape! I wonder how some of these directors would manage upon the money! Talk about meanness! A Dutchman is bad enough, but to be so consumed with love for the heathen, that they send you to starve among them! Bah! Bah! Do you know what sort of a

country you are going to?" he added, seeing that the young Scotsman was silent.

"Yes; not a garden of Eden, of course."

"A garden of misery, you mean! You'll find nothing but sand and stones, few people, and each suffering from awful thirst; plains and hills roasted like a burnt leaf under the scorching rays of a cloudless sun! And the chief of the country, Africaner, will set you up as a mark for his boys to shoot at; or mayhap make a drinking cup of your skull, or make a drum out of your skin to dance to."

"It wouldn't matter if you were an old man," said the farmer's wife; "but such a comely youth, and to become the prey of such a monster! It is dreadful!"

"Well, Scotsmen, if they attempt a thing, ever go through with it; so say no more, goodwife. You'll give us a service, won't you?"

"With pleasure; but you'll bring in your servants."

"What servants?"

"Why, the blacks, the Hottentots, of whom I saw so many."

"Hottentots! Let me go to the mountains, or call the baboons; or, stop! I have it! William, call the dogs in, they'll make as good a congregation as the blacks."

Robert Moffat made no reply; but he gave out a hymn. After he had offered prayer he opened the big Bible and read the story of the Syro-Phœnician

woman, selecting as his text: "Truth, Lord, but even the dogs do eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table." He had but proceeded a few minutes with his sermon when the farmer interrupted the preacher by saying: "Will Mynheer sit down and wait a little? he shall have the Hottentots."

Into the apartment accordingly soon thronged the dusky servants, until the room was quite full. When the service was over the Dutchman said to Moffat: "My friend, you took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard head. Who hardened your hammer to give me such a blow? I will never object to preaching to the blacks again."

The next morning, through barren and stony hills, over sandy wastes, without a path, the waggon, drawn by oxen, slowly toiled, until the travellers reached the banks of the Orange River. A raft made of dry willow logs, fastened by the creepers that grew upon the river's bank, floated the waggon over. The current here is strong, the stream being five hundred yards wide. The raft had to be taken to pieces each time, and each log conveyed back by a swimmer. After several days' delay all the goods were safely over, and Mr. Moffat was requested to place himself upon the frail raft. Not liking its appearance, and wishing to save trouble, the young man took off his clothes and sprang into the river. Thinking that he might drown, some of the best

native swimmers plunged into the water after him, but were unable to overtake his swift strokes. As they panted up the river side they asked, "Were you born in the great sea water?"

On the 26th January, 1818, he reached Africaner's village, which was to become his home for some twelve months. The whole of this period he lived alone (Mr. Ebner having left the mission), in one of the native huts, made by tying long wands together into a bee-hive shape, which framework was afterwards covered with native mats. This hut neither excluded rain, dust, nor even serpents. Two bulls fighting near it would sometimes demolish it, or the native dogs make their way through the mat wall.

He turned his attention chiefly to the children, many of whom were induced to wash themselves and their filthy sheepskin dresses.

No wonder that many a time the exile's heart was sad. But when depressed Moffat would take his violin and, seated upon a rock, pour out his sorrows in music, singing most frequently his mother's favourite hymn:

> "Awake, my soul! in joyful lays,
> To sing the great Redeemer's praise."

But the evening was generally occupied by conversation with Africaner, the chief, who would sit upon a big stone at the door of Moffat's hut and ask questions about God and the world He made so fair. The

chief would listen attentively, until at last he would rub his hands upon his head and say, "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head were too small and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

The chief's brother, Titus, brought him one of his two wives, who had hurt her hand, and who was only prevailed upon to come by her husband assuring her that Moffat was a "tame man." He would often sit and listen to the conversations between his brother and Moffat, and would say, "I hear what you say, and I think I understand, but I cannot feel; my heart is hard like a rock."

One evening, while the three were thus conversing, Moffat suddenly exclaimed: "Africaner, I must go down to Cape Town; come with me and see the wonders the Gospel brings with it."

Africaner started. "Are you in earnest; are you sure you are not joking?" he asked.

"I'm not joking; I really mean it. Do come with me."

"Nay, father, but I thought you loved me; would you wish me to go to be hung up as a spectacle to justice? Don't you know that I'm an outlaw, and a thousand rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?" placing his hand upon it.

"But no harm will come to you, friend. You are now a changed man. There is no danger."

"Well, I will deliberate, and roll my way upon the Lord. He, I know, will not leave me."

Three days afterwards, arrayed in a pair of leather trousers, a duffel jacket, and a hat neither white nor black, Africaner accompanied Moffat on his journey to Cape Town. The difficulty was to bring him safely through the Dutch farmers, many of whom had suffered injury from him during the period of his wildness. This, however, was successfully accomplished, and the waggon was approaching the house in which the farmer lived who had at first refused to allow his servants to attend the preaching. He was walking in the garden when he saw Moffat coming. He at once put out his hands and cried, "It's Moffat's ghost! Don't come near me! I knew Africaner would kill you."

"But I'm not dead yet; feel my hands," said Moffat, setting the example.

"Then when did you rise from the dead?"

"Come, let us go a little farther from the house; your wife will be frightened."

"A man told me that he had seen your bones; and Africaner had killed you."

"But Africaner is a Christian man now."

"Look, Moffat, I can believe almost anything you say, but that I cannot credit. Never! That would be an eighth wonder."

As Moffat continued to assert the fact, the Dutch farmer at length said: "Well, if it is true, there's only one wish I have before I die, and that is to see

this man. He killed my own uncle, but if he really is a Christian I should like to see him."

"Should you? Then, there he is," said Moffat, pointing to Africaner, who was sitting at their feet.

"Are you *really* Africaner?"

"I am," said the chief, making a low bow.

The farmer stood silent for some moments; at length, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed, "Almighty God, what a miracle of Thy power! What cannot Thy grace accomplish!"

The next day the waggons wandered over a waterless waste, and the following day brought them no nearer a river or pool. While searching for water Moffat spied a little smoke, and on reaching it found an aged woman, almost a skeleton, in the last stage of weakness.

"My mother, fear not, we are friends," said Moffat, as the venerable sufferer lifted her head from her knees. "Who are you?"

"I have been four days here; my children left me to die."

"Your children?"

"Yes, three sons and two daughters. I cannot carry wood for the fire, or when they kill game help them to carry it."

"But are you not afraid of the lions?"

Lifting up the skin of her left arm with her fingers as if it were a garment, she replied: "There is nothing

here for the lions to eat. I hear them, but they never touch me."

"Come with me, I will take you to the next village."

"No; they will only leave me again. I am nearly dead now, and don't want to die again."

"And this is heathenism," remarked Moffat to Africaner. "What is man without the Gospel? I look at you, Africaner, and wonder that one so gentle could have taken delight in violence and murder!"

Africaner made no reply, except a flood of silent tears.

At the Cape the Governor received Africaner kindly, and presented the once outlaw with a waggon valued at eighty pounds.

But Moffat was not to return with him to Namaqualand. This district lies to the north of Orange River, along the south-western coast of Africa. To the east it is bounded by a great waterless desert, beyond which, northward still, is the Bechuana or Bechwana country.

Among the Batlaping, a tribe of Bechuanas, two missionaries were labouring, Hamilton and Read by name. It was decided that among this people Moffat should labour. Before doing so, however, the young missionary was to accompany Drs. Campbell and Philip on a visit of inspection to all the London Missionary Society's stations in the eastern part of the Colony and Kaffirland.

But that tour was now completed; and when Robert Moffat returned to the Cape he had the joy of welcoming Mary Smith, his former employer's daughter, who had come out to Africa to share his life and toils.

Her parents had been very reluctant to give up their only girl, but had at length consented to spare her for the life God seemed so plainly to indicate. On 27th December, 1819, Robert Moffat and Mary Smith were married at Cape Town, and early in the following year started to Lattakoo, the headquarters of the Batlaping tribe. They were accompanied by John Campbell, of Kingsland Chapel, London.

The ignorance of the natives may be gathered from the reply of a South African chief, who, when asked if he were willing to receive missionaries, answered seriously, "Yes," if they could tell him how to become a young man again. And yet it was with considerable difficulty that permission was obtained from the supposed Christian Government for missionaries to visit and teach these people.

The Government, too, set their minds upon securing Moffat as their missionary to Kaffirland, and determined to force him into compliance with their wishes by refusing him permission to go to the Bechuanas. But at last they relented, and Robert and Mary Moffat settled down to labour among the people, to live with whom "required a strong stomach as well as a warm heart," said Robert Moffat.

CHAPTER IV

The King of Spades—The King of Hearts

"Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed aright."

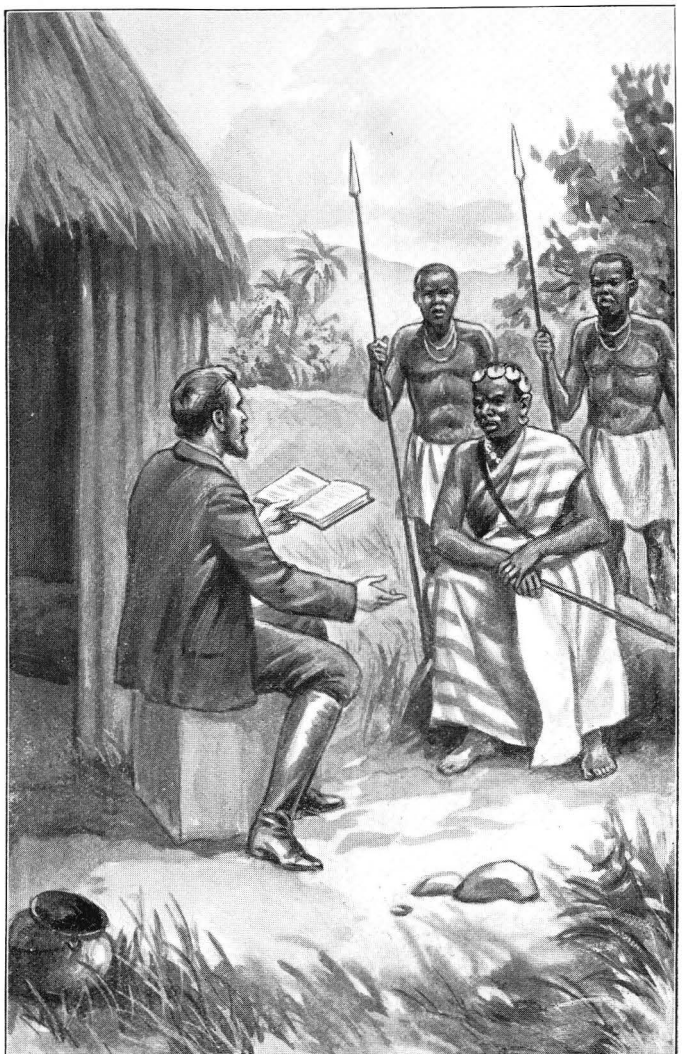
"RA MARY, your customs are good enough for you, but I see they will never fill the stomach," said a Bechuana to Robert Moffat. "Just think, it was but the other day you brought home a boy and a girl the Bushmen were intending to bury with their dead mother, and now Ma Mary has brought home a baby that had been buried alive by its mother."

"Yes, I know that you are in distress, friend; that there has been little rain lately, and that the people are suffering."

"Then why take extra mouths to feed? Let the babies die; what good are they? Besides, if their own mothers don't want them, why should we trouble about them?"

"But, dear friend, we love the children, and our God bids us teach them about Him."

"Well, you'll have enough to do to look after yourself, for the people are angry with you. They say it is your long black beard that frightens away



AFRICANER WOULD SIT UPON A BIG STONE AT MOFFAT'S DOOR AND ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT GOD (Page 24)

To face page 30

A TYPICAL AFRICAN NATIVE TOWN AMONG WHICH MOFFAT LABOURED

the clouds; or perhaps it's your white face that frightens the rain."

"Well, I won't look at the sky."

"Then others say that you kneel and pray to a thing in the ground, and that is why it does not rain."

"We do kneel and pray, it is true. You worship one spirit called 'One who produces pain.'"

"Yes, I wish I could get it, I would transfix my god with my spear, I would!"

"We worship the God who sends rain upon the earth, and who loves us dearly."

"Well, the man who has come to make the rain went into his house to make rain yesterday, as men thought, and one of the chiefs went in, and there he was lying asleep. But he jumped up, and, would you believe it? there was his wife with a milk-sack churning. 'There,' said the rainmaker, 'my wife is churning rain out of a milk-sack.' One thing the chief means to do is to turn you out of the country, and, if you won't go willingly, to kill you."

"Well, what must be, must be. I shall not leave the post God has given me unless compelled. But, who is that calling?"

"Ra Mary, you are wanted," said a loud voice.

"What is it?" replied Moffat, going to the door of his hut; his wife, who had been superintending the sprinkling of the floor with cowdung (which did

instead of sweeping among the Bechuanas), came with her child behind her husband. A number of armed men brandished their spears in a threatening manner; the leading men, addressing Moffat, declared that the Bechuanas had determined that the missionaries should be expelled the country, and threatened force unless they went.

"We love you, are anxious to serve you, and cannot leave you in your distress. Here," exclaimed Moffat, throwing open his coat, "thrust your spear into my bosom and then my companions will know that it is time for them to retreat; but we will not leave you unless we are compelled."

The chief lowered his spear, and shook his head. "These men have nine lives, they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality," he remarked to his companions.

"We are saved, wife, from this peril; but the work is still very difficult."

"I asked a woman to leave my kitchen while I went in to service, and she seized a huge piece of wood and hurled it at my head," replied Mary Moffat. "I left her in the kitchen and she seized everything movable."

"Yes, one of the men stole an iron pot last week, and it being hot dropped it on a stone and cracked it. They took the pot to the native smith, who promised to make the iron into knives. But it flew into

pieces when he struck it, being cast-iron, so they declared it was bewitched."

"It is hard indeed to live with people so degraded and filthy, but we must labour on," replied Mary Moffat.

"Yes. In due time the harvest will come."

Some months passed in quiet work, the hostility of the natives giving place to stolid indifference. At length, as the missionary and his wife sat talking far in the night-time, Robert Moffat broke silence by saying, "You know, wife, that we have some time longed to know more of Makaba and his warlike Bechuana tribe, the Bangwaketsi, who live some two hundred miles off. I think I should like to go and see him; there might be an opening for the Gospel among his tribes. And there have been disquieting rumours flying about concerning Chaka, the Zulu king. One of his chiefs, Moselekatse, has scattered the Basuto and Bapedi tribes, and founded the Matabele kingdom. The fugitives that have fled before him are gathered into a horde, called Mantatees, that are sweeping over the country destroying everything before them. They may come in this direction. If I went to visit Makaba perhaps I could hear about these Mantatees."

Accordingly, against the advice of Mothibi, the Bechuana king, Robert Moffat started, but in a few days returned with tidings that thousands of homeless

Mantatees were spreading like a swarm of locusts across the country, devouring, burning, slaying all in their path. By the assistance that Moffat procured from Griqualand, this danger was averted; the help he rendered in this peril giving him some influence over the people he had saved from destruction. But while no one threatened to persecute him now, still no one would listen to his teachings. He at length determined to resume the visit to Makaba that the Mantatee invasion had interrupted.

On the way Mr. Moffat saw plainly that the guides had missed their path, but they refused to believe him, saying that his compass (or "self-seer," as they called it) did not know its way in Africa. Presently the moon rose, but they were still unwilling to admit their blunder, and declared that for once the moon had risen on the wrong side of the world!

Makaba received them kindly.

"I wonder that you cared to trust yourself with such a villain as they declare I am," he said. "But my heart is white as milk—now let me see the waggons march through my village."

On the Sunday morning Moffat paid a visit to the king. He was seated upon the ground, surrounded by leading men, who were either preparing hyena skins, cutting them, or sewing them into mantles.

Sitting down among the company, Robert began

to talk about Jesus, but none heeded until some mention was made of His having raised the dead.

"What an excellent doctor He must have been to have raised the dead," remarked one of the men.

"The dead live! Never!" exclaimed the king.

"Yes, they shall all rise again," said Moffat.

"What! all that have been eaten by wild beasts; all whose bodies have been left in the desert, will they live?"

"Yes, and come to judgment."

"Will the slain in battle rise again? Will my father rise?"

"Yes, most surely."

"Hark ye, O men," said Makaba, turning to his companions; "ye have heard the tales of long ago, did ye ever hear such words as these?"

"Never! never!" was the universal response.

"Father, I love you much," he said to Moffat. "The words of your mouth are like honey to me. But it is too great a thing for the dead to rise. The dead must *not* rise. Hark you," he exclaimed, shaking his spear, "I have slain thousands, and they must not rise. They *shall* not rise; they are dead for ever!"

"Why don't you cure this lame man, and then they will believe?" whispered a man sitting by.

Within a short period of the interview Moffat had to retrace his steps to his home, which was now shifted to a slightly better locality,

called the Kuruman, from the adjacent river.

At the end of 1826 Moffat, having shifted his family to this new station, resolved to start and spend some time among the Baralongs (a Bechuana tribe), to live with them and learn their language.

Some ten weeks he spent among them, and at the end of that period he could speak Sechuana perfectly. This people may be understood from the remarks of one of the most thoughtful of the Baralongs, who, when asked what was the finest sight he could desire, replied, "A great fire covered with pots full of meat;" adding, "How ugly a fire looks without a pot!"

When Moffat returned the Batlapi Bechuanas were amazed at the skill with which the Scotsman could speak their language. Their interpreters had made singular blunders in repeating his teachings, on one occasion saying "the salvation of the soul is a *great sack,*" instead of an "important subject;" henceforth Moffat needed no interpreter, but could speak himself directly to the people.

CHAPTER V

The Sower Who Reaped the Harvest

"The weary nicht o' care and grief
May hae a joyfu' morrow,
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel, our nicht o' sorrow!"

"TEN long years of work, Mary! It is now 1829 and not a ray of comfort or success until now! No wonder the directors in London talk of giving up the work here; but, oh, it is worth the waiting! Do you remember what you have so often said? 'We may not live to see it; but the awakening will surely come, just as certainly as the sun will rise to-morrow!' Now it has come. The chapel has been crowded long before service each Sunday, and it was delightful to see the people. They used to crouch upon the forms, and when one fell asleep and tumbled to the ground his companions were delighted. Now they listen as if they had never heard before."

"True, Robert; I knew it would come. If we will only wait, good work cannot be lost. It seems to me you can no more expect the Church of God to be built up in a day than expect oak trees ready grown

before you plant the acorn. What I say is, let us do our part and, if we are faithful, either we or some others shall see the reward. But I wish the people would not shout and cry so."

"Yes, but the Bechuanas are like the Scots; they generally keep down their emotion, but when it does break out it is terrible.

"'I seek Jesus,' said Umsilu to me the other day. 'I am feeling all I can after God; I have been like a hunter who wanders unarmed through the forests, where beasts of prey prowl on every side. But now, thank God, the day has dawned, and I can see my danger!'"

"Yes, Robert, it is indeed delightful. This very morning I was speaking to the man who killed his wife because she did not work hard enough to please him. How changed he is. 'Oh!' said he, 'I have been sleeping in the lion's den; what a mercy that I have not been devoured! I have been blown to and fro like a cabash upon the water, and might have sunk.'"

"But what pleases me more than anything else, Mary, was the vile old Matabogie, who has been such a persecutor and chief blasphemer. She hated the sight of the chapel, and would have destroyed it had it been possible. She wandered in the other day in search of her grandchild, and heard only a few sentences of my sermon. She met me this morning

as I walked from the corn store. 'Oh, Ra Mary, my sins! my sins!' she cried. Tears ran down her furrowed cheeks as she exclaimed, bitterly: 'To live I cannot; to die I dare not. Oh! what shall I do?'

"I directed her to the Blood of Jesus, but she interrupted me. 'Look at yonder grassy plain; you cannot count the dewdrops pearling each grass blade, neither can you count the number of my sins. What shall I do?'

"'My mother,' I said to her, 'consider how precious is the Blood of Jesus. He is God and man; quite holy and without sin. By His death upon the Cross He procured our pardon. Is not *His* Blood sufficient for all sin? I am sure it is. Why, sister, hearken! I myself felt, when far over the seas, the same distress of heart; but, blessed be God! I also saw that, however many my sins were, Christ was able to forgive and cleanse away them all. I was walking through the scorched fields when the storm came on. It poured down rain, oh, how quickly the ground was covered with grass! Is there not enough water in the great river for all that will come? My sister, Jesus is all-sufficient.'

"'Well,' said she, 'continue to teach me. I am very old and sinful in the world, but I am only a child in the school of Jesus Christ!'"

The people now began to find out that, instead of rubbing grease and red ochre upon their bodies, it

was better to make the fat into candles. They began also to prepare skins for garments, which they brought to Mrs. Moffat to cut out and arrange for making.

Frequently a man would be seen with a coat with sleeves of different colours; sometimes with only one sleeve, the other not being yet made. Now and then a man would complain that his jacket would not fit him, the reason being that he had sewed it upside down. Yet it was a victory to have induced them to wear clothing; the Gospel, after changing the heart first, changed the dirty, naked savage into a cleanly, becomingly, well-dressed believer.

In the latter part of the same year two messengers arrived from Moselekatse, the king, who had once been a sub-chief under the Zulu king. They examined with great curiosity all the work of the missionaries; their houses, walls, and the ditch which brought water to irrigate the garden. "You are men, we are but children; our king must be told of all these things," they said.

To protect them Moffat accompanied them upon their journey home, going all the way to the territories of their master. They had not been travelling many days when, spying a strange object upon a tree, Moffat went to it. "Why," said Umbate, "it is only a tree house. There are twenty houses in that tree."

"And do people live in these nests?"

"Yes, oh, yes. It is because of the lions. The

one room of each house is high enough for a man to stand upright in, and about six feet each way. They climb up by a notched tree-trunk."

Upon arriving at Moselekatse's village this chieftain entertained his visitors with a sham fight; but, brave as he was, the king was afraid of the waggons. With one hand on his mouth he approached these singular structures, being especially interested in the construction of the wheels. "If this be made of many pieces of wood, how came the iron round it?" he asked. "Why, there is no end or joint!" he remarked.

"No," said one of his men, who had come with Moffat; "my eyes saw his hand cut these bars of iron. He cut off a piece from the end, and then joined it as you see them."

"Did he give medicine to the iron, or was there any enchantment?"

"Nay, nothing but fire, a hammer, and a chisel—nothing more."

"O Machobane, my heart is white as milk. You fed me when hungry, and when I was in danger you helped me; for when you did it to these two men, my friends, it was to me that you did it—even to me."

"Then, O king, let me tell thee. This morning I saw a man come to one of thy great nobles. His two boys had been seized by a war party, and are slaves to one of thy chiefs. The poor man laid down a few strings of beads and some trifling ornaments and

offered them to buy back his boys. But when the chief looked scornfully upon these things, the father put a half-used knife and a few trinkets he had borrowed, but, alas! he was repulsed with scorn. Oh, but it went to my heart to see his look of woe! The chief said that he wanted an ox, and the old man hath not even a sheep. I will pay for the boy (for one, I hear, is dead)."

"O Machobane, it shall be so; the chief shall sell the boy to thee, the stranger's friend, and thou shalt make the father's heart white as milk."

Many days after, upon his return journey to the Kuruman, Moffat restored the boy to his delighted parents, and no doubt his own children will receive the reward.

* * * * *

"The Gospel of St. Luke is now translated into Sechuana; what shall we do to get it printed?" said Moffat one day to his wife after his return home. "It has been a hard task to reduce the language to writing, but it is done now."

"Go to the Cape, and then the hymn book can be printed at the same time."

"So I will," and to Cape Town the missionary went. But the printers at the Cape could not undertake the work; and so, having learned how to print, Moffat returned home, bringing a printing-press which had been sent as a present from England.

"Look!" shouted a man, rushing through the

Kuruman village and holding up a sheet of paper, upon which printed characters were scarcely dry. "Moshete made it with a ball and a shake of his arm. Isn't it wonderful what these foreigners can do?"

In 1835 Mary Moffat fell ill; but just at the critical time, when her life was despaired of, a scientific expedition for the interior reached Kuruman. Dr. Smith, its head, at once took the case in hand, and, by his skill, under God's blessing, Mrs. Moffat arose as one from the dead. To aid Dr. Smith, and also to provide timber for the roof of the church now being built at Kuruman, Moffat visited the dominions of Moselekatse, the Zulu king, a second time. Moselekatse was delighted to see his friend, and kept him as his own guest, permitting the expedition to visit any part of his dominions that they desired. With the timber to roof the church Moffat returned home, to find his wife was still weak and ill.

By Dr. Smith's advice she was sent to the Cape to regain strength, and Moffat, during her absence, set off to visit Mosheu, a chief who resided about a hundred miles from Kuruman.

"When I first saw you," said the chief to Moffat, "I had but one heart, now I have two. I want to do wrong, and yet I do not. Come with me to my village. I forget so much on the road; let us go together."

But the request could not be complied with at that time. But, at last, the time came when the promised visit was to be paid.

"Here he is! The white teacher! The black man's friend! Run, collect the people! Ra Mary is here!" And the villagers of Mosheu's villages thronged round Moffat, touching his hand and then trembling at their own boldness, until, what with hand-shaking and squeezing, the kind Scotsman was almost worn out. It was nearly midnight when at length he lay down in his waggon to snatch a little sleep, and when at daybreak he appeared at the waggon front there arose a glad shout from the throng that stood waiting to see him.

"Here he is, awake at last! Preach, Ra Mary! Preach love! Mosheu has told us about your Jesus, and how He loves the black as well as white. Tell us more! more! We are very thirsty, and can take much water!"

And for an hour "God so loved the world" was the subject of a sermon such perhaps as never was preached under similar circumstances. The milkmaids paused with their pails in their hands, having tied their cows to posts to attend to the sermon, while every dark face glowed and reflected the love that burned in the weather-beaten, loving visage of the tall Scotsman.

He had hardly finished his sermon when an old woman hobbled off to her house and brought back a large bowl full of sour milk. "Here, drink that!" she said. "Drink away, drink much, and then you can preach a long time. We are thirsty to hear. Tell us all you can, and don't leave off until you are too tired to speak more!"

A second time the missionary preached. When he had finished he said to Mosheu, "There was a young man who wore what had been once a pair of trousers with only one leg remaining. He had the skin of a zebra's head with the ears attached, and a hat, and some strange thing round his neck."

"Oh, he is a wonderful young man. When he hears anything great it remains in his head. Listen, he is now preaching over your sermon. Come and you will find that not a word is misplaced."

"No, and the gestures are exactly mine. He is certainly a remarkable man."

"Now, Ra Mary, you go and rest; when the moon rises and the cows are milked you must preach to us again. We will chew over the cud of what you have told us, and we shall be ready for more very quickly. The more I hear the more I want to know. It is wonderful, and wonderful! but so sweet to hear about Jesus."

The next day was precisely similar, except that the people were even more eager for teaching, and that they begged to be taught to read.

"Give us medicine to teach us to read," they cried.

"But, I can't. You must learn the alphabet first."

"Then we will. Oh, teach us!"

Moffat went into his waggon and found an old A B C with a corner torn off. This he spread upon the ground, the people kneeling around in a semi-

circle. Pointing to the letters in order, Mr. Moffat named each letter in succession. The noise was deafening; each man shouting a different version of the name.

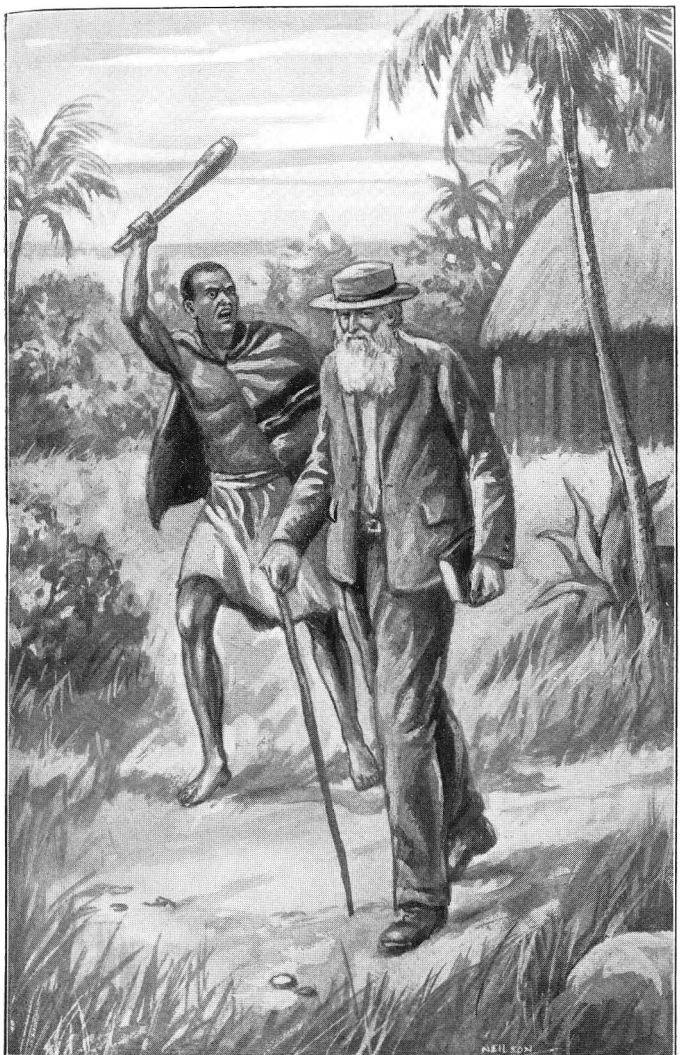
"I think, perhaps, we should do better if we had a little less noise," said Moffat, rising to stretch his back, that ached with stooping.

"No, I'm sure I can't learn unless I shout. The louder I roar the quicker my tongue will get used to the seeds," cried one man; and the din increased.

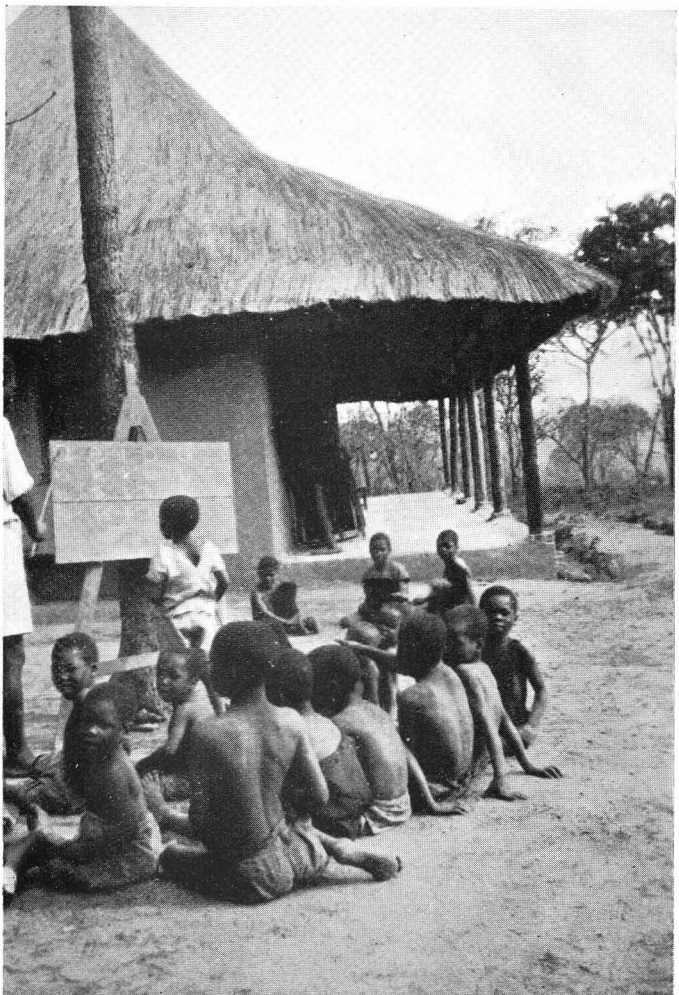
As Moffat moved away some young people came running towards him, and, seizing him, exclaimed, "Oh, Ra Mary, do teach us the A B C to music!"

"Well, let us get into one of the other houses and I'll try."

The hut was instantly crowded, and the strain of "Auld Lang Syne" was pitched. Each round was taken up more heartily, and the melody so melting to British hearts gave equal satisfaction to the swarthy sons of the desert, who sang to it our familiar A B C. Two long hours the lesson continued, and then after Moffat left far into the night the tune arose upon the darkness. Sleep was utterly impossible, until nearly three o'clock in the morning; and when, soon after daylight, Moffat awoke, it was to hear "Auld Lang Syne" re-echoing from every corner of the village. The boys herding the calves, and the milkmaids at their work, sang "Auld Lang Syne," A B C being substituted for the words that are part of our national heritage and pride.



A MAN RUSHED UPON MOFFAT AND DEALT HIM SEVERAL BLOWS WITH A HEAVY STICK (Paeg 55)



AN OUTCOME OF ROBERT MOFFAT'S LABOURS—TEACHING THE YOUNG TO READ THE SCRIPTURES WHICH HE TRANSLATED

CHAPTER VI

The Finished Task that Cannot End

"This Book, this holy Book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high Divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love.
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of Time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow:
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs to read, believe, and live."

"WELL, David Livingstone, we are glad to be back. When we got down to the Cape with the Sechuana New Testament it was a grief to find it could not be printed there. 'Don't wait here,' said the governor, 'just jump on board ship and get it done in England.' Oh, but it was a sad voyage. Our little Jamie died, just after a little stranger came to enlarge our circle. Jamie was a lovely child, and would ask such strange questions about the world beyond the grave; now he has seen with his own eyes the King in His beauty. He was singing, 'O that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more,' and to our bitter sorrow he was parted from us. It was under the cloud of this

sorrow that the ship cast anchor at Cowes, 6th June, 1839, and it is now 10th December, 1843. My parents are both alive, but my Mary's mother has gone home. Oh, Livingstone, what responsibility rests on England to send the Gospel to the world, and yet how few care about the heathen! It grieved me to see men who spared nothing for their own comfort, and who would give vast sums for a book or a picture, dole out a guinea for the Gospel! Said a man to me, 'Bosh about the heathen! They're just like moths, unless they're saved. If they do die without hearing the Gospel they only lose Heaven!' They don't believe in a Hell in England now; alack! alack!—the belief in immortality seems going out in England."

"Never mind, we must do our best. These new fancies will pass as other follies have. I am sure of this, that neither in Scotland nor Africa will anything satisfy the heart's hunger and give it peace but the atonement of Jesus Christ appropriated by faith. In death we want no husks; nothing then but the Blood of Jesus!"

"True, and now I am intending to toil at the Scriptures. I want to see the whole Bible in the Sechuana tongue before I die."

To this work Robert Moffat gave all his strength, and in 1857 his task was accomplished, and the Scriptures were finally printed in the Sechuana dialect.

"What about this book?" asked a heathen of a native convert. "I can't understand it; does it speak?"

"Yes, it does; it speaks straight to my heart, and its words are sweet and strong. They comfort and yet they purify the heart. Did you but know how good it is you would long to read it too."

Before this work was finished (if it can be said to have been finished while the influence of the work is still increasing), Livingstone, who had come out to Africa a bachelor, had married Mary, Mr. Moffat's daughter, taking her to his station at Chonwane, where he resided with Sechele, the chief of the Bakwena.

"I feel so unwell, Mary," said Moffat to his wife, the work of years has been done. I can't tell if I'm in the world or no. I feel as if I wanted to die, for my work is over."

"Nonsense, Robert, your work is never done. Go on; read the manuscript of the Bible over again. See if you can't find a mistake, and then tell me how you feel."

"Well, wife, the remedy was efficacious," he said an hour or two afterwards. "I'm all right now, and don't want to die until my time comes!"

"And here is more work, Robert, for you. Livingstone's discoveries have stirred up English Christians to send missionaries to the Matabele,

Our directors want you to take ten young men with you, and stay a twelvemonth with them until the mission is well established. Will you go?"

"Yes, certainly. Oh, yes; I will go."

"But you are now near sixty-two years of age, and have seen forty-one years' service in the mission field."

"Yes, dear wife, and I would choose the same lot if I had my time over again. It has been a delight; indeed it has, but, oh, those years of weary waiting before we saw any success."

"Thank God, we were able to hold on until the tide turned; but, Robert, the progress is still very slow."

"True; but it is progress. And now we have the Word of God in the native tongue. We have passed on our toil to an unsleeping, undying witness."

"'Twas the best thing that ever you did when you translated the Bible, Robert. The printer little thought when he printed the pages what that blessed work would accomplish among the pretty copper-coloured sons of Bechuana."

"True; but we shall know when God divides the rewards among those He loves. May we hear Him say, 'Well done!'"

"Amen," replied Mary.

CHAPTER VII

The Aged Worker Who Could Not Rest

"Who hath learned lowliness
From his Lord's cradle, patience from His Cross;
Angels, He calls you; be your strife
On earth to lead an Angel's life."

"SEVEN hundred miles of sandy waste! Seven hundred miles is a long journey, but I will take all care of the station until you return," said Mary Moffat.

"I feel you could not bear the discomforts of the life among the Matabele, Mary. Your health, I know, is shattered by the climate. It goes to my heart to part from you so long; but if I go I may smooth the way for the new missionaries. We must make the sacrifice, my dear."

"If you think it best for the mission, I am quite content," replied Mary.

And without long delay the unwearying veteran started for the north, into the remote regions whither the Matabele had retreated to avoid the outrages of the Boers. Calling upon the way to see the chief who had been Livingstone's friend, in due course Moffat reached Moselekatse rather tired.

"Moshete, my heart is white as milk to look upon you; but wherefore are you come?" asked his friend.

"It is the purpose of the English, who love the

Matabele, to send teachers to live with you, that you may learn the way of peace."

"But I know not these new men. I love you, but all men are not alike. Stay with us yourself; I want no other white faces."

"But you will not refuse to receive them?"

"Nay, but I had rather traders came. I want men to make me guns and houses, men who can teach us how to fight; they are the men I want. Why not send me some of these kind of men? Don't the English fight?"

"Alas! yes."

"Then it can't be wrong."

"Nay, Moselekatse; but the Gospel bids us love one another, and to do good. The missionaries will teach you of the love of God."

"Well, they can come, as you wish it; but I had rather have a keg of gunpowder. But I can deny you nothing; you know your way to the heart of man."

"Would I were able to make your heart what I desire. Oh, Moselekatse, hearken to the words of a friend! You are aged, and must soon die; could you not love Jesus and go to Heaven?"

"I should like to; but I love not the thought of death."

"Aye, but you must die all the same. Where will you be after death? Oh, king, think of that."

"It is that I often do think about; but I love not such thoughts. Death is bad in itself; but that *after* death is dreadful. It is like jumping into a deep pit;

who can tell what misery there may be in the darkness?"

"There need not be. Jesus loves you, and died for you. Oh, friend, do love Him, and ask Him to save you. Do you pray?"

"Sometimes I say the prayer that you taught me; but, oh, I would I were other than I am."

"Jesus will make you so. Listen, there went a man out one day a-hunting, and he fell into a trap. The poisoned spears rent him, and he could not get out. What will become of him?"

"He must die, certainly."

"But one came by and pulled him out, and pulled out the spears from his body."

"But the poison remained in his blood, and it will kill him."

"True, but the stranger cured that, and made him a stronger man than before."

"It is impossible!"

"Oh, king, you are the man who fell into the pit. None can help you out but Jesus. He will do it, and will cure you of the poison in your wounds and make the old man to become young again."

"How can He do all this?"

"Because He is more than man. Oh, king, love and trust Him."

"That I will try to do. But it is hard to do so."

"Pray for Him to help you, and when we part it shall be to meet in Heaven."

"I will do all I can to please you, Moshete, and for your sake I will let the captive I have go free."

"I am thankful; but I shall be the more delighted if you will love the best Friend I have, Jesus Christ."

"I do try, and will try, but it is so hard; for my mind is like a cavern in which the lion dwells. When will the light shine in; oh, when? Would you were with me always!"

"There is One better than I am, Moselekatse, who is always with you; Jesus is always near, and He is able to help you to know what is right, and to do it, too. Ask Him to help you."

"We part; but I shall never forget the white man who is the stranger's friend. May the Great Spirit care for you, and bring you to your loved ones again." And so they said good-bye, to meet no more below.

Early and late at the saw pit or the blacksmith's forge, talking to the people, twelve long months of toil succeeded the Sunday morning, 17th June, when the two friends parted.

Henceforward Moffat visited no more northward than Kuruman. That station became a sort of central home for all who were pressing northwards.

Incessant activity for the well-being of others marked every day. It seemed that the now aged pair could never rest. But a dark cloud fell upon them when their eldest son, Robert, was taken away by death. Then their daughter, Mary Livingstone, was

called home. The circle was beginning to decrease—a bitter experience known to us all.

One evening, while returning home from the service, a man rushed upon him and dealt him several blows with a heavy stick. Before Moffat could defend himself the lunatic (for such he was) had fled, leaving his victim fearfully injured.

It was many months before he fully recovered, and then his heart was sorely wounded at the fact that one of the mission people had inflicted the injury.

"I should not have minded it so much had it been a stranger. But to think that one I loved and had helped should have served me so!"

"He knew not what he did, Robert."

"True, but to think that he was one of our own people."

"Robert, we have before seen that those we expect most from often repay our kindness with ingratitude. It is enough to break the heart to help the saints. Did not the Jews, who were benefited by Christ, cry 'Crucify Him!' Shall we have better treatment than He had?"

All alone until 1870 Moffat laboured at the Kuruman, though his sleeplessness and cough disturbed and distressed him. Yet he did not relax his efforts, but continued to undertake labours that might well have exhausted a younger man.

On Sunday, the 20th of March, 1870, Robert Moffat preached for the last time in the Kuruman church. On the Friday following the departure took place. For weeks before messages of farewell had been coming from the distant towns and villages, from those who could not come to shake the missionary's hand.

At length the crowds caught sight of the aged pair as they came out of their door and walked to their waggon.

"Let me touch his hand! Let me come near her. Oh, never to see them again! Oh, Ra Mary, and Ma Mary! we shall miss you sorely!" shouted the throng.

With his eyes streaming with tears, Moffat took his place at last in the waggon.

"This is more my home than any spot on earth. Here my children were born; here some are buried. Would I could lay my dust here with them."

"John," said Mary Moffat, as she bade farewell to her son, whom they were leaving behind, "do have the poor lunatic who attacked your father put right with the people. I hear that men are avoiding him. He should not have become intoxicated. I know drink deranged his reason; but, oh, beg them to deal kindly with him for our sakes."

"I will," said her son, as he bade her good-bye.

As the waggon left the village a long, bitter cry

went up from the weeping crowd; a wail such as rises from the deathbed of a firstborn and only child. When the heart feels deeply, then is it bereaved indeed!

Accompanied by their youngest daughter, the Moffats went slowly to the coast. A public farewell breakfast was arranged at Cape Town, after which they sailed for England. As the white cliffs of England came in sight, the shy, diffident man, who seemed unable to realise what a hero he was, said to his wife: "Mary, do you remember our first visit to England? We sat in the congregation at Walworth. The Misses Esden came to us, thinking I was captain of a ship. I hope they will not bring me much to public meetings again. I had rather face the lions in Africa than the eyes of an English crowd."

"You must not be so shy, Robert. They love you dearly, and it does men much good to look upon one who is, like yourself, a living witness to the faithfulness and mercy of God."

On 24th July, 1870, the ship arrived in England, the Moffats landing at Southampton exactly four months after leaving the Kuruman! But the patriarchal pair came home almost completely worn out in the Master's service.

Many have suffered and died for Africa! But of all who have laid down their lives for the Dark Continent, none died with more heroic, cheerful self-surrender than Robert and Mary Moffat.

CHAPTER VIII

The Accepter of God, Honoured of Men

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

AFTER visiting the North of England, the Moffats went to reside in Brixton. On the 21st of December a birthday present of £1000 was presented to Robert Moffat as a tribute of esteem, love, and reverence. But about the same time Mary Moffat became unwell. A slight cold increased into bronchitis, and though she was with difficulty kept in bed, her rambling conversation gave uneasiness to her friends.

Suddenly her cough ceased, she drew a few deep breaths, and then her spirit fled away.

"Mary, my dear, only *one* word," said the sorrowing husband.

But not a word came back, as the bereaved widower sobbed out to his loving daughter: "After labouring lovingly with me for fifty years, she has left me all alone without saying once good-bye! For fifty-three years I have had her to pray for me," he continued; "who will pray thus for me now? I have no more home below. Mother is gone, Jeanie, and I, too, shall soon be flitting."

And so father and daughter travelled about the

country, living first in apartments at Brixton, and afterwards at Ventnor, before settling into a house of their own at Brixton.

During a visit to the scene of his childhood, sixty-three years after leaving it, Robert Moffat found the red-tiled cottage that had been his father's dwelling.

"Know ye the M'Killops?"

"No, no such folk live in Carronshore."

"The Patons?"

"No; my father used to mind of some of that name, but they are gone long ago."

"William Monteith?"

"Ah! did he drive the carrier's cart from Falkirk to Edinburgh?"

"Yes, sure, that's the man."

"Well, he's deid lang syne; but the woman you see standing at yon door is a dochter of his."

"Nearly all gone! Well, let us go and speak to her. But, who is this?" he exclaimed.

A little woman ran up to Dr. Moffat and, seizing him with both hands, stood looking into his face.

At length she gasped out with difficulty, "Are—you—really—the *great Moffat*?"

"Well, I believe I must be the person you mean, whether small or great. But why do you ask?"

"Because I was at the schule wi' ye—my name is Mary Kay; and you'll surely come to mind me? I sat in the class next ye, and ye often helped me wi'

my lessons. I have ay keepit my e'e on you since you left Carronshore, and I'll let you see a lot of your ain likenesses. I was ay sure ye would come back to see this place some day; and though I didna expect ye the noo, I'm fair daft wi' joy at seeing ye."

"Come then, Mary Kay, will ye show me my father's cottage?"

"Aye, and Mrs. Arthur, who lives in it the noo, will be proud to show you."

So speaking, she led the way into the cottage.

"There stood our eight-day clock," said Robert Moffat, "and the girnel (oatmeal chest) stood there, and the aumrie (cupboard) stood over in the corner."

"Aye. But, man, ye have grown a terribly long beard; I can't thole these long beards. Not but John Knox had a long beard too, just like yersel'."

"And are any more of my schoolmates alive?"

"There's only Andrew Johnstone, the tailor; would ye like to see him?"

"Aye," and they found the tailor sitting cross-legged on his board.

"Andrew, man, here's Moffat come to see ye; the great missionary from Africa," said Mary Kay.

"Aye, aye! Maybe he is, but there's plenty of folks ganging about the country noo-a-days passing themsel's aff as great men, and they are just a wheen impostors."

"Oh, man, Andrew! are ye no' believing me, and I've kenned him mysel' a' my days?"

Laying down his needle, Andrew looked hard at his distinguished visitor and said, "Are you aware, sir, that if you are really the person you represent yourself to be you would be the father-in-law of Livingstone, the African explorer?"

"And so I am."

Pushing his spectacles forward, the tailor exclaimed: "Is it possible that the father-in-law of Livingstone stands before me and under my humble roof?"

"Yes, it is true."

"Well, then, I know not what to say, save that I'm proud of the day ye set foot under my rooftree. But the lads are gathered round the door; will ye not hold forth?"

This Moffat did, expounding to them the charms and rewards of missionary work.

Sunday, the 5th August, 1883, found Moffat too weak to attend service.

"Come, let us sing and have worship at home, my dear," he said; and father and daughter sang together the praises of that Christ he was so full of.

"Don't exert yourself much," asked his daughter, as he attempted to ascend the stair.

"I feel I can do it, and I like to."

But on Wednesday he wound up his watch with trembling hand.

"For the last time, my dear," he said to his daughter who watched him with fear. "Oh, my dear," he

exclaimed, "the end has nearly come. I am not loth to go. I shall meet my Mary in Heaven!"

"But father, dear, I hope you are not going to leave us yet."

"Nay, my dear, but it will be soon. They have gone over the river, and I must go too. I mind not how quickly."

It was not for long that the pilgrim lay waiting for the crossing of the river. He signed the loving watchers to cover his cold hands, and then his looks wandering from one to another, the death struggle began.

At half-past seven on the evening of Thursday, the 10th August, 1883, the call came, "Come up higher," and the victor passed to his crown.

Around his grave in Norwood Cemetery devout and honourable men stood in deep sorrow at the bereavement that had fallen upon the Church, but far away in the sunlight of God, Robert and Mary Moffat continued their service for Him they had loved and served below.

DAN CRAWFORD

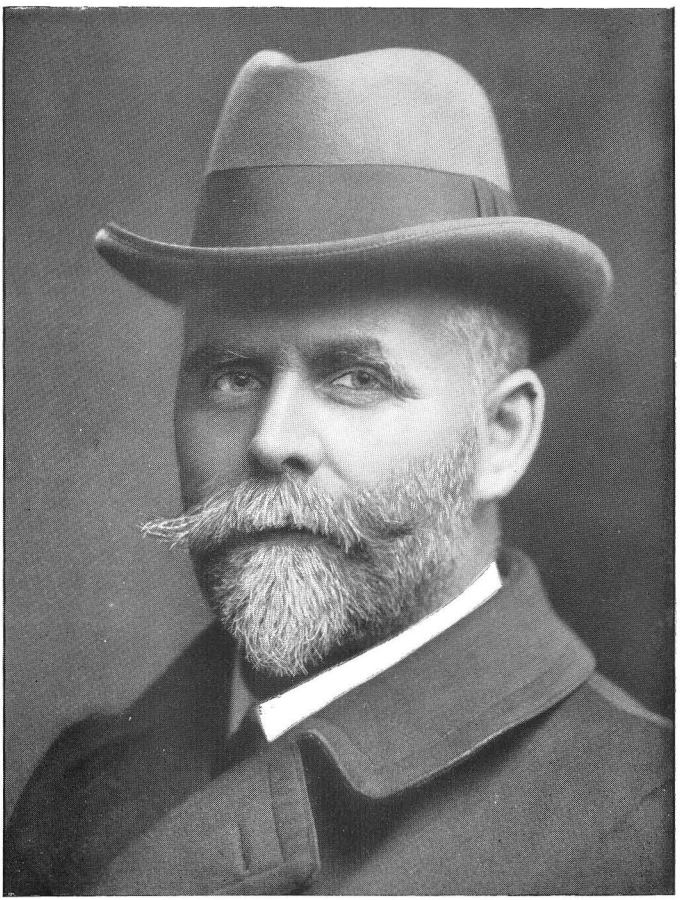


Photo: Brown, Greenock

DAN CRAWFORD

DAN CRAWFORD

THE CENTRAL
AFRICAN MISSIONARY

BY

JOHN HAWTHORN

Preface

THE changes which have taken place in African mode of travel in the last thirty years, the rapid march of Western civilisation which now threatens to outstrip the Gospel preacher in its advance upon the native populations of Central Africa, make it exceedingly difficult for younger people of the present generation to realise the dangers and difficulties which were the accompaniments of missionary enterprise at the beginning of the present century.

To bid "good bye" to a friend going to Central Africa in the late nineties was the nearest approach to a "death" separation our fathers knew. Yet there arises before us the names of those pioneers, Moffat, Livingstone, Laws, Arnot, Crawford, from the West of Scotland, who were prepared to leave all and follow Him. Among them Dan Crawford occupies an honoured place. Something of his simple faith and labours abundant are rather imperfectly set forth here, if perchance some other youthful heart will be encouraged thereby to respond to the call: "Who will go for us. Faith triumphs over difficulties, and it was with faith that Dan Crawford faced his difficulties in the African Bush, and so became more than conqueror.

J.H.

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DAN CRAWFORD

CHAPTER I

The Boatman's Child

"In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come."

THE writer was travelling from Bath to London some years ago, and had for companion in the railway compartment a commercial traveller who was a native of Lancashire, and was then resident in Southend-on-Sea. Conversation turned towards the scenery of Scotland, and particularly to the beauties of the Firth of Clyde. Imagine his surprise when his fellow-traveller declared there was no spot so dear, nor any he had ever visited, so pretty as Brodick, in the Island of Arran. Certain it is that Arran, the island of mystery and romance, possesses remarkable beauty, and the person who could watch the sun set behind its towering peaks without being moved in wonder and awe must be devoid of the emotion which the beautiful in nature can arouse.

The island occupies an important place in the history of Scotland. For a time it provided

a refuge for King Robert the Bruce. It was while hiding in a barn on the island the fugitive king watched the struggles of a spider to extend its web from one rough beam to another laboriously crowned with success; a sight which inspired the Bruce to renew the struggle which finally freed his country from the oppression of King Edward. It seems a far cry from Bath to Brodick, but in the story the two have been strangely joined.

The natives of Arran are of Celtic origin, and until recent years the Gaelic was freely spoken in ordinary conversation by the older generation. The influence of their surroundings produced a hardy, self-reliant, and independent race of men, who were accustomed to wrest their livelihood from the rocky soil, or from the waters which surround their island home. Between the villages on the island seaboard and the ports on the opposite coast a regular trade is carried on, and for many years this was done by means of small wooden vessels, the character of which was best described by one of the men engaged in the trade: "One mast, one man, one day's provisions, two days at sea, one day short." The boats were owned by the men who sailed them, and carried coal, bricks, and building material from the mainland, taking back the produce of the island, or tailing these, a cargo of gravel as ballast.

Crawford, M'Kenzie, and M'Kelvie have for long years been common names on the island, and these names were specially pro-

minent among the men who owned and sailed these "smacks." They mostly showed the impetuosity and originality of the Celt, and were free from the conventionality which obedience to a stated routine produces. It was from this hardy stock that Dan Crawford of Luanza sprung. His father, Archibald Crawford, if he heired nothing else, heired his place beside his father, Daniel Crawford of Corrie, near Brodick, in the little smack which made its regular trips to Saltcoats for the coal which was then being produced in abundance from the mines on the Auchenharvie Estate. It was during these trips that Archibald Crawford met Mary Mackenzie, a fine young woman. Her parents were natives of Arran, but had removed to Ayrshire, and finally settled in Saltcoats, where Mary was born. Friendship ripened into affection, and in 1866, Mary and Archibald were married and took up house together in Glasgow. The husband's seafaring life—for by this time he was owner and master of a small schooner—made it necessary for them to live nearer the firth, and in a short time they removed to Gourock, where, in 1870, their second child, a boy, was born. True to Scottish custom, he was given his grandfather's name, and was christened Daniel Crawford. Ere the child was four years old, his father had succumbed to a fell disease, and the mother was left to struggle for the maintenance of her two children, one of them a girl three years older than Daniel, and herself.

That refuge of the Scottish widows, "a wee shoppie," seemed the most likely way of accomplishing this, and so her tiny capital and her untiring energy was put into the shop in an endeavour to make ends meet. This slender income was helped by "the mangle," another "widow's mainstay" of these bygone days. Mr. J. P. Struthers, of Greenock, a godly man, widely known for his writings, and also as the Editor of the *Morning Watch*, took an interest in the lonely widow, and no doubt his kindly ministry did much to inspire and encourage her efforts.

Both the children were a comfort to the mother, and in many ways they did what they could to requite the devoted care so fully given to them. Daniel's education was such as the Board School gave at that time, and that was got over as quickly as the law allowed; then the lad entered the office of a lawyer in Greenock. After a short period he forsook the law to become clerk to a painter and decorator. Anxious to augment the slender income of the home, he never had the time nor the means to indulge the youthful vices of his day, and he was affectionately spoken of by those best able to judge and to speak of him, as "a guid laddie."

But goodness is not grace, and in the now awakening sense of manhood there was coming to the youth a consciousness that all was not well with him in his relationship to God. Preaching in those days was more fearless than it is to-day, and in the seventies and eighties

of the last century an intense evangelism was at work, as evidenced by the Revival of 1874. Dan Crawford must have come under the influence of faithful Gospel preaching, for ere long he became deeply concerned concerning his sins and his eternal destiny. In order to meet this new experience of his life, he felt he must do something, and he therefore became a Sunday School teacher. In this work he was brought into contact and was yoked with another young man, who was an earnest Christian with a joyous experience of conversion. Contact with him brought home to young Crawford that his fellow-worker had a joy of which he knew nothing. This led to intimate conversations between the two; these talks, however, only tended to increase Crawford's difficulties.

This condition continued for over a year, during which time his minister, Dr. Purves (who was not only a brilliant scholar but a devout believer) sought to help him through his difficulties, which were intellectual as well as spiritual. He was surrounded by good influences, and sought the company of God-fearing people, who were all anxious to lead him in the right paths.

The Lord's words, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God," were exemplified in Dan Crawford's case, for throughout the months of struggle with his fears his face was steadfastly set to do the right. So deep did his

anxiety become that he could neither eat nor sleep, and he would wander off alone along the shore, or on to the hills behind his home, there to wrestle with God.

Had he but known it, God was all the while waiting to give him as a gift the thing he so eagerly strove to get.

Like everything he did, his coming to the Lord was thoroughly unconventional. On a Sunday evening in May, 1887, he was on one of his lonely travels, when he suddenly remembered an invitation which he had received more than once. It was given him by his colleague in the Sunday School; an invitation to come and join him at an evening Gospel service in what was known as the Dairy Hall. He had rather despised that sort of thing, but to-night he made up his mind to seek this meeting-place, if perchance he might be helped by the preaching there.

For Dan to decide was to act, and also to get to the hall in the quickest possible way. That this way led across a railway cutting, and through the cemetery, to a rather high wall at the back of the little hall, presented no difficulty to the impetuous youth. Without hesitation he took that way, climbed the wall, and, unobserved, breathlessly entered a small room where the meeting was already in progress. When the simple service was completed and the congregation had dispersed, the youth sat still, and for two hours his friends placed before him, as best they could, God's way of

salvation. He knew the great truths of the Gospel message, how that Christ was delivered for our offences, that He was raised for our justification, that the work which secures the salvation of the sinner was completed, and that God's Word says: "He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life." These things he knew, but he trembled to venture. Retreat he could not, nor would he dare to commit himself.

Suddenly his Sunday School colleague, whose name was John Storer, took a carpenter's pencil from his pocket, and, stooping down, drew a straight black line on the floor in front of the trembling and astonished youth; then looking up into his face, said, "Now, Dan, you'll not step over that line until you have trusted Christ." A moment of hesitation, then with his whole soul behind it, the anxious lad said, "I will," and with a manly stride crossed the line. Only those who have been eye-witnesses of similar scenes can imagine the emotion which moved those five people when they joined to sing:

"Dear Dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more."

The next morning Dan gave thanks for the food at the breakfast table, and related to his mother and sister the experience of the night before. It is to be feared that his mother's feelings, religious woman though she was,

were not unlike those attributed to the mother of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Spurgeon's mother said: "My son, I always prayed that God would bless you, but I never prayed that you would be a Baptist." To which the son aptly replied: "But God always gives more than we ask, mother." Young Crawford's answer to his mother's questionings was no less apt.

The young Christian's first experience of the difficulty of witness-bearing is worth recording, as an encouragement to other lads who may be in like case. That confess Christ he must was the firm conviction with which he left his home on the Monday morning; but there was one of the office staff of whom he was afraid. The moment of opportunity came. He was alone with his fellow-workman. "To doubt would be disloyalty, to falter would be sin." Yet he could not summon courage to speak, nor yet find words whereby to express himself. In his own excitement he had failed to notice that the restraint was as great on his companion's part as on his own, until the former suddenly stammered out: "Dan, I was converted last night!" The die was cast for both, and the scene that followed was worthy of the old-time revivals.

Thus in the office of the Greenock tradesman the light commenced to shine which was to carry the radiance of the Sun of Righteousness into one of the darkest corners of Darkest Africa.

John M. Murdoch, a native of Kilmarnock, who had been a baker, came from Glasgow to reside in Gourock about this time. This man had suffered from blindness from his early years, but in his adversity he had sought and found the Lord, and through His grace had been able to turn his affliction into a means of glorifying God. A truly godly man, deeply taught in the Scriptures, he gathered round him a number of young men, including Storer, Crawford's friend. Crawford had been introduced to this group, and he gladly became the learner at the feet of this unlettered but faithful expounder of the truth. Murdoch was one of the great spiritual influences of the young disciple's life.

CHAPTER II

A Novel Apprenticeship

"Teach me to live; no idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy."

DAN CRAWFORD could never be judged by the ordinary standards of the man of the world. His individuality was stamped on everything he did. The music of his life, whether at home or abroad, was based on the key of "B" natural. Therefore we find him from the time he was converted doing things after his own fashion. Men might call it "erratic genius," they might indulgently smile at him, or actively oppose him, but he went on in the even tenor of his way. He never allowed himself to be bound by convention, nor hampered by custom Did a thing require to be done? He did it, if he felt it was the Lord's mind he should, and he left the consequences with his Master. From beginning to end of his life this was characteristic of all he did. Herein lay the secret of his greatness as a missionary. He ever felt himself to be the Lord's freeman, untrammelled by the things which bind lesser men, and willing to do and dare if God be thereby glorified

These qualities, which were to be evident on the mission field, early began to manifest themselves in his Christian service. His daily journey from the home in Gourock to the office in Greenock was performed on foot, and it became a daily pilgrimage. He could be seen darting from side to side of the road, to exchange a greeting, to hand out a Gospel tract, or to quote to a fellow-traveller a text or a stanza of a hymn, all of them extolling the Saviour or telling of His atoning work.

Thus early he followed the example of the first disciples, who went everywhere preaching the Word. Nor were his words unaccompanied with deeds. He went about doing what good it was possible for him to do, and that irrespective often of his own personal needs. It is told of him that in order to gain a hearing for the message of salvation, he would repair to the harbour, and there open out the lunch his mother had prepared for his midday meal, and share it with a labourer or quay loafer. While they ate together he would tell him of Jesus the mighty to save. Sometimes this resulted in the listener receiving the greater portion of the food, to the physical detriment of the giver. When remonstrated with, Dan's reply was: "You cannot expect a *hungry* soul to listen on a *hungry* stomach."

Always an individualist, he would frequently do the unexpected. He would by one means or other gather a knot of people on a side street, sing to them a hymn, then bear his testimony

to the saving grace of God, then move on. Stories abound of the out-of-the-way means he frequently took to accomplish the end he had in view. That he was not ignorant of the humour which lurked in these situations was evident to all who knew him, and probably no one relished the humour of some of them more than he did himself.

Imagine one scene. The place is Princes Pier, an important railway and shipping terminus; a dense throng of people leaving or joining the Clyde steamers; a young man of very small dimensions suddenly hoisted to the top of a barrel. He is deprived of his cap, and a strong voice says, "Now, speak, Joe." Poor Joe was speechless, but Crawford was ready, for he started to sing lustily a stirring Gospel hymn, in which many of the crowd joined. When Joe got his breath he did speak. Surely an unorthodox kind of meeting if ever there was one. Yet fruit followed. Joe and Dan afterwards went their own ways, but out in the long grass of Central Africa, nearly forty years afterwards, Dan met Joe's two sons. They were yoked together, and if not after the same fashion, were engaged in the same work. If there were no barrels, there were native kraals, and under dark skins there were weary hearts, the yearning of whose souls was an unspoken appeal to speak a word for Jesus.

But these scenes had their pathos as well as their humour. The young enthusiast was standing at a windy corner of Greenock on an

exceedingly stormy evening, endeavouring to make his voice carry a Gospel message to a flaunting public house, with its ribald company inside. He was interrupted by a staid and sober church elder, who laid his hand on the lad's shoulder, and in a kindly voice said: "Go on, my boy, God loves to hear you speak well of His Son." This kind action and encouraging message was never forgotten by Mr. Crawford.

Zealous in his service, he was no less earnest in his desire to learn the will of God for himself. His Bible was his constant companion, and in its precious pages he found not only the heavenly manna which fed and nourished his own spiritual life, but that which supplied the motive and incentive for his manifold activities. The thoroughness of his desire to be blessed and to be made a blessing is witnessed by the following story, told long afterwards by one of the companions of those youthful days. Three young men knelt together in his little chamber, and in youthful simplicity, and with the burning glow of their first love, pleaded with God for themselves and others. Crawford's prayer, however, in its earnestness, impressed itself so much on the others, it never was forgotten by them. In an agony he cried: "Lord, make us three the holiest men that have ever lived."

John Murdoch began to conduct Bible Readings in his home, and at these meetings Crawford was a regular attender. They proved to him a source of great blessing, and under the

Scriptural teaching then received his earliest conceptions of faith and practice were formed. So steadfast was his conviction of the truth of the principles thus learned, that throughout his life he never saw any reason to modify or change them. This association eventually led him to identify himself with a company who met simply in the Lord's Name, and refused to be called anything else than Christians or Believers. In simplicity and in dependence on God they sought to carry out the principles and practices of the New Testament churches. They accepted the Scriptures as the only rule of faith and conduct, and they claimed the guidance of the Holy Spirit in worship and ministry.

Characteristic of his thoroughness in these matters it is recorded that when he was baptised he sent a post card to his friend Storer, on which was an intimation worded in this fashion: "By Command of the Lord Jesus. Buried with Him in baptism. Dan Crawford, on Thursday, Sept. 15, 1887."

Feeding thus upon the Word of God, and having an ever-deepening conviction in his soul that the business of the Christian is to listen, to learn, then to do the will of God, no great time elapsed until the vision of a wider field of service began to open before his eyes.

The call of distant lands and darkened souls was heard by him, and this was reinforced by the Lord's command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The great Revival of missionary interest in the eighties of the last century had its effect on his youthful spirit, and to the question, "Who shall go for us, and whom shall we send?" Dan Crawford made the glad response, "Here am I, send me."

The young disciple had two important and living reasons for staying at home, in the mother who had so lavished her affection on his infant days, and in the sister to whom he was devoutly attached. To go out in response to that call seemed to be the desertion of a duty which claimed him at home. Yet through the questionings and uncertainties there ever came the urge to go forward and leave the rest to God. In his own way he asked himself the question: "God says, Go ye. I must obey; for how can a 'stayer' be a 'goer'?" In these days there came to him the vision of another mother and her Son; of a final and farewell meeting on the outskirts of a Galilean town, when two strong young arms went round the body of that mother in loving embrace, then gently but firmly unloosed the mother's arms which clung around his neck, and, turning his back upon her, He stepped out on that mission of mercy and love which meant for its end the enfolding in His arms of the weary and sin-sick sons of men; but before which the arms must be stretched in shame and suffering upon a cross. From that time the question was settled, the pathway which the Master trod was good enough for His servant. Thus with-

out question or reserve he gave himself to God for His service wherever He might lead.

His severance from his secular occupation did not come at once, but he was steadily becoming more engrossed in the spiritual work which was to become his life's vocation. There flourished in Greenock in the eighties of the last century the West End Christian Union, an association of Christians brought into being as the result of Professor Henry Drummond's evangelistic campaigns. Its objects were threefold: prayer, preaching, and the deepening of spiritual life; and, like the Keswick Movement, it had for its motto: "All one in Christ Jesus." Numbered among its members were Col. Lammond, a well-known Greenock gentleman, who was the leader; Wm. Shearer and Wm. Cooper, who latterly went to China under the C.I.M. (the latter suffered martyrdom in one of the Chinese risings); and Robert Sharp, who became a prominent surgeon in Cape Town. Dan Crawford was also prominently identified with this Union, and gave no little help in the preaching.

The call to give up his work came as the result of a visit paid to Greenock by Mr. Somerset Gardiner, the founder of the White Ribbon Army. Seeing in this man that life of simple dependence upon God for everything, which he was beginning to realise was God's path for him, the young disciple resigned his situation in the decorator's office, and in company with Mr. Gardiner, set out to go from

place to place preaching the Gospel wherever hospitality was offered to them. Their only plan was sheer daily dependence upon God for guidance, for sustenance, for everything.

His wanderings about the country brought the young evangelist into contact with not a few notable persons, including the saintly Handly Moule, Bishop of Durham; J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, and others well known for their love and interest in the spread of the Gospel. It is safe to say that his itinerary in the company of this simple and somewhat eccentric follower of Christ was the means of forming friendships which Mr. Crawford valued as long as he lived.

During a visit to Scarborough, while preaching on the sands, Crawford made the acquaintance of Mr. James Corson, a Leeds clothing manufacturer, who invited him to visit him at his home in Harrogate. Here, in the late autumn of 1888, Crawford met Frederick Stanley Arnot, who had just returned from a 7½ years' sojourn in the heart of Darkest Africa. Of Mr. Arnot it could be said that he was the man on whom David Livingstone's mantle had fallen. Like Livingstone, he was a native of Blantyre, and in his boyhood's days was a companion of the great explorer's children. While still of tender years he heard a letter from Livingstone read to his family. As this letter described the awful miseries attending the practices of heathenism and slavery, the boy buttoned his coat and said, "If God spares me

to be a man, I will go to Africa to do what I can to right these wrongs."

In fulfilment of this vow, he had penetrated right into Livingstone's country, had dwelt with the natives, and in their service had endured great hardships. He was for a period virtually a prisoner in the hands of one of the most powerful and, alas, one of the most degraded chiefs in Central Africa. On his return to Britain his story of that vast unexplored and unknown land, where he had been so long shut in, attracted much attention and did not a little to quicken interest in Darkest Africa.

At Harrogate, Crawford formed two of the most important and most enduring friendships of his life. For many years Corson was almost the solitary link, outside his own family circle, which Dan had with the home lands. Arnot's story decided Crawford's sphere of service.

Speaking of that fateful meeting, Mr. Crawford frequently said: "My dear old leader. He won me for Africa when China was calling. He told me of those far-off lands beyond the Lualaba, of tribes unreached by him, but waiting for me. He told me how that even in death Livingstone had dreamed of that Katanga."

CHAPTER III

A Venture of Faith

"And still to all who seek Thy way
The wondrous power is given,
That while their footsteps press the clay,
Their souls ascend to Heaven."

"FAITH LINES" has become a familiar expression in connection with missionary work, but few if any of those who use it to-day know anything of the simplicity and artlessness which characterised the dependence with which men like Anthony Norris Groves, J. Hudson Taylor, and Frederick Stanley Arnot ordered their lives in the sight of God and before their fellows. Arnot went out to Africa without committee or organisation of any kind to support him, and in absolute dependence on God he had spent those years amid the untouched heathen, bearing his witness, and proving the God of Elijah.

The testimony of an intrepid African explorer to the character of the life he was living is worth quoting here. Sir Ralph Williams, who met Mr. Arnot at Victoria Falls, wrote: "He was the simplest and most earnest of men. I have seen many missionaries under varied circumstances, but such an absolutely forlorn

man existing from day to day, almost homeless, without any of the appliances which make life bearable, I have never seen. He was imbued with one desire, and that was to do God service."

Dan Crawford was not unaware of what was entailed in the decision he had made, but in the school of God he was beginning to learn that the principle of simple trust in a loving Father was the true rule of life, and if this was God's path for him, he was assured that in it he could trust God for the temporal supplies as truly as for his spiritual sustenance. The months that followed the fateful meeting at Harrogate swiftly passed, but the younger man had, with his usual abandon, thrown himself into the service of Africa, and had joined himself to Mr. Arnot. In the preparation of Mr. Arnot's first book on "Garenganze," Crawford busied himself, and rendered to his colleague all the help he could.

Dan's extraordinary zeal, and the indiscriminate use he had made of his voice in open-air preaching had by this time began to exact its penalty. He suffered from a hacking cough, which seemed to be the forerunner of something more deadly—the dread scourge which had brought his father to a premature grave. Not a few of his friends were in doubt as to the wisdom of his going forth to face the dangers and privations which awaited the African missionary. To send this stripling to Africa would kill him in twelve months, said others; but the man most concerned went on in his service,

making his preparations for Africa all the time, and as he did so, thoughts like this filled his mind: "One year? Then let it be a year spent in winning Africans for the Saviour."

The simplicity of his faith saved him the trouble of a cumbersome outfit. On a March day, in the year 1889, as the London train steamed out of Glasgow Central Station, a youth of 19 was seen leaning far out of the window of a third-class carriage, with the fore-finger of one hand pointed upward, the while he waved with the other hand a parting salute to the friends who had gathered on the station platform to see him off. In the little company was the fond mother with the toil-worn hands, which told their own tale of the years, now for ever behind. When a friend spoke a word of comfort in her ear, her reply was: "He spared not His Son."

Dan Crawford was to be one of a missionary party of fourteen, recruited during Mr. Arnot's stay in Great Britain. On March 19, 1889, a farewell meeting was held in the famous Exeter Hall, London. This meeting was not only notable for its size, for many were unable to obtain admission, but it was also notable for the character of the audience. It was representative of that company of His own who dwell with the King for His service. Henry Groves, son of Anthony Norris Groves, the pioneer missionary to Persia, was one of the speakers. Others who had a real interest in the work of the pioneer missionary expressed their

good wishes, commending the noble band to God for the work to which they had been called.

The arrangements made for the voyage out split the party into two. The forerunners, Mr. and Mrs. Arnot, Fred. Lane, Archibald Munnoch, George Fisher, and Dan Crawford, sailed from Lisbon on board the S.S. "San Thome," for Benguella, on April 6, 1889, the voyage of 4740 miles occupying 38 days. It is worth recording that Dick, a native lad of 20, who had been Mr. Arnot's boy when in the interior, was at Benguella to meet him. Dick was the firstfruit of Mr. Arnot's labours, a devoted servant, now an earnest Christian, and the firstfruit of the great harvest which was to follow.

Those six did not leave England in order to become missionaries; and because they were already missionaries the period on board ship was a fruitful time of testimony to the Saviour they loved and served. The fact that their knowledge of Portuguese was limited did not prove an insuperable obstacle, and if they could only converse with their fellow-passengers with difficulty, they had provided themselves with literature and Scripture portions in Portuguese, which were freely distributed among passengers and crew.

In Crawford's diary of the voyage there are frequent references to malaria, and all on board had reason to fear this "White Man's Scourge." Those fever-infested districts had been penetrated by men who had known nothing of the

cause of malaria, nor of its cure, and already many had paid the penalty. In the ranks of African missionaries it had done its dreadful work. The outgoing party were forcibly reminded of this, for at Principe they were informed of the death of Mr. Selvey, a missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society on the Congo, while one of the first visits they made after touching African soil was to a little "God's Acre" among the palms, where the dust of others who have given their lives for Africa awaits the resurrection call.

A journey into the interior was no light thing. The only means of conveyance from the coast to the far Garenganze, over a thousand miles, through forest, long grass, swamps, and river, was the native caravan. This meant that every load had to be carried on the head or shoulders of the native, and that the long trek had to be made on foot. To enlist the necessary native carriers required under most favourable circumstances, time, tact, and infinite patience. For this reason, Mr. Arnot planned the sailings of the party as he did. His intention was to proceed with the work of collecting carriers immediately on arrival, so that everything would be ready for a move inward immediately the second party arrived. Here the faith of the forerunners was to be put to a severe test.

Mr. Arnot had been in communication with the missionaries of the American Mission Board, who gladly undertook to help him by

recruiting natives to act as carriers, and for this purpose one of them, Mr. Saunders, had gone inland. During his absence from Benguella a baby was born to him, but died within a few hours. Then the good Dr. Webster, in whose care Mrs. Saunders was recovering, took ill, and in a few days died also. Alas, the first duties the band of missionaries undertook when they disembarked was to comfort a widow mourning the loss of her husband, and a mother grieving for the child which was not. Thus early did they become acquainted with the price which was being paid for Gospel progress in Africa.

The information gleaned by Mr. Saunders, coupled with their own observations, soon convinced the party that the recruiting of natives for the transport was almost impossible under the conditions then obtaining. At the coast the natives were engaged in trading, and from up-country came news of tribal wars and hostile chiefs, which made the free movement of men and goods impossible. At this time the two "R's," rubber and rum, were having their most demoralising effect on the raw African, and the trade routes were mostly blocked.

In these circumstances there was only one thing to be done, and that was to stop the setting forth of the remaining missionaries, if this was possible. The Eastern Telegraph Cable had only been laid down at that time, and the first paid message which passed over

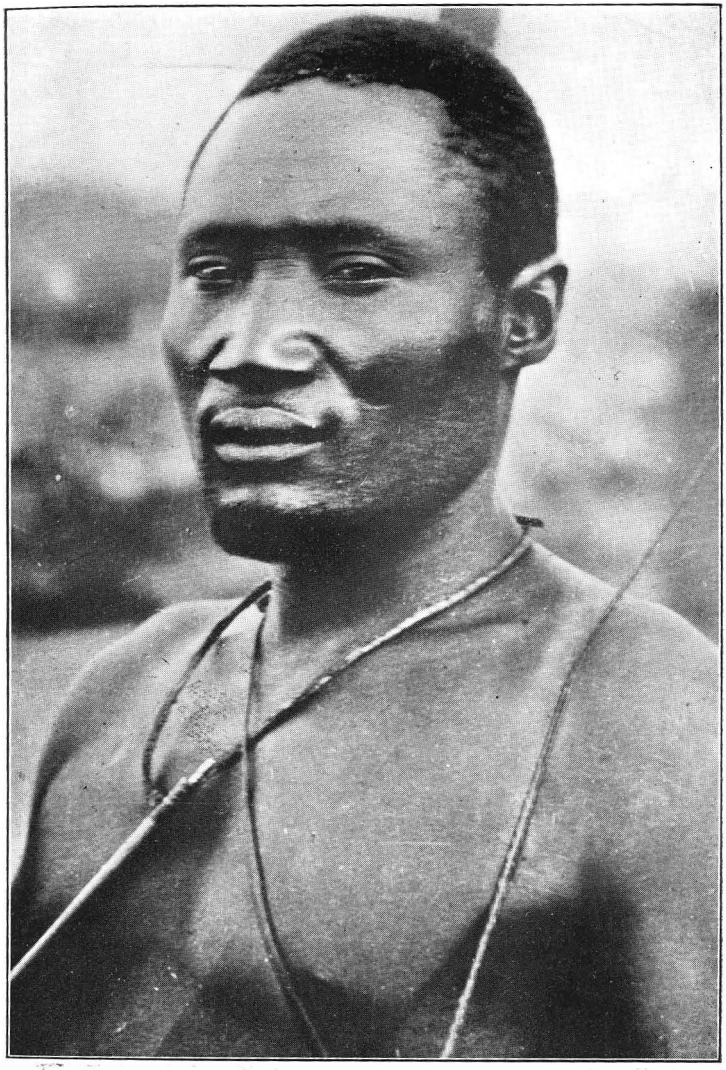
it was a request from Arnot that his friends should delay their departure. This message arrived too late to intercept them, and on the 7th August the steamer bearing the remaining eight missionaries dropped anchor in the harbour. But one of the little band was destined never to set foot on African soil. Mr. R. J. Johnston, from the North of Ireland, had sickened on the voyage, and just as the harbour was reached the spirit parted company with the frail tenement of clay, and the Lord took him to that desired haven.

Meanwhile Arnot, accompanied by his wife, Lane, and Munnoch, went into the interior to Bailundu, where it was hoped some men might be obtained, if the Chief Ekwikwi could be placated. Their caravan consisted of three sorry pack animals and six carriers. Crawford and Fisher were left behind to care for the balance of the stores and trade goods which in the meantime were safely housed at Benguella. Lane and Munnoch returned after four days, one of them suffering from fever. Mr. and Mrs. Arnot pressed on to Bailundu, where the American missionaries came to their aid, caring for Mrs. Arnot, the while her husband scoured the country in search of the native helpers he needed. Weeks were spent in the quest, and it was not until 1st September that he was able to get back to the coast with a caravan of one hundred and sixty men.

Crawford, tired of waiting at the coast, where he had intermittent attacks of fever,

had found an opportunity to move forward, through the kindness of the missionary friends already mentioned. The widow of Dr. Webster was returning to Bailundu, and of the party brought down to take her to the interior, there were six carriers for whom there were no loads. These were offered to Dan, who hastily gathered together six loads. Of these, only one was for himself, and that for a thousand miles' journey. He travelled so light that his kit did not embrace more than a single change of underclothing, and not a second pair of boots. Included in this tiny outfit was a copper kettle with the word "Ebenezer" engraved on the handle, and aptly named, for the message on its handle cheered his heart while its contents "comforted his innards."

It was not long before the party came across evidences of the infamous slave trade, shackles and other accompaniments of the traffic in human flesh being found in the path. Eight days brought them to Chief Ekwikwi's camp. These days gave the young missionary his first experience of African travel, an experience as varied as any adventurous young man could wish; now thrown from the back of a donkey in mid stream, then crossing a swiftly flowing river in a leaky bark-boat. Now he is to get a first taste of the craft and arrogance which these petty chiefs can exercise as they hold up the traffic to ransom. His American friends were able to bargain with the king, and after a compromise the caravan is allowed to pass.



"ONE OF THE STEADY SORT, A REAL ELDER WITH NO NONSENSE"
—Dan Crawford.

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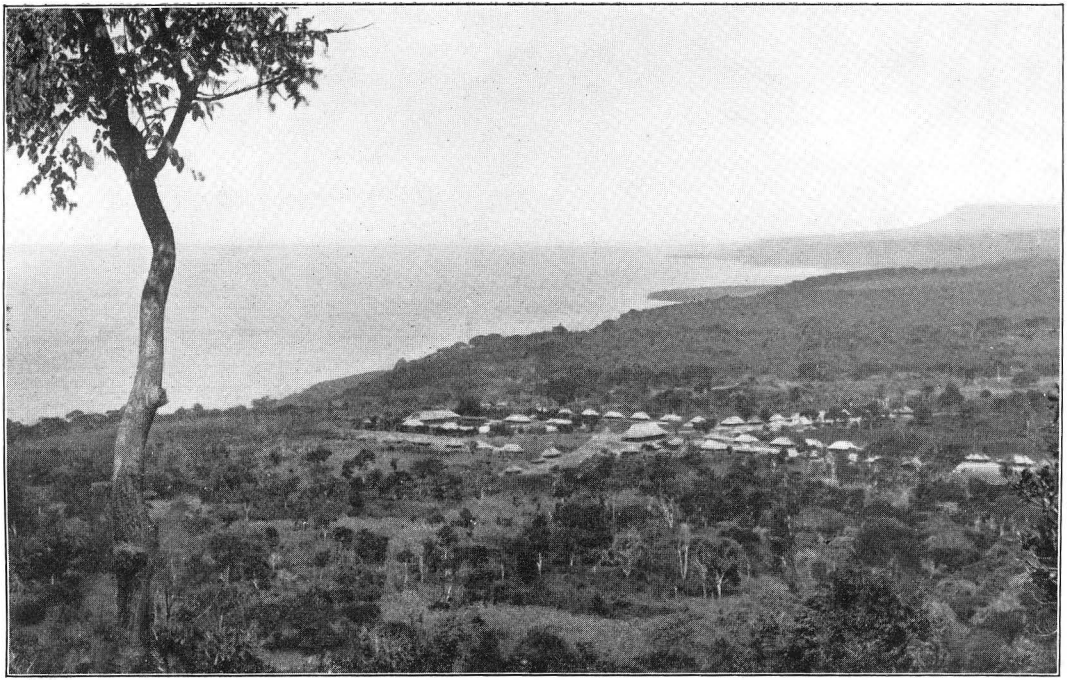


A VIEW OF LUANZA ON THE SHORES OF LAKE MWERU

Three days more and Bailundu is reached, at the time when Mr. Arnot is completing arrangements with his carriers and preparing to take them with him to the coast.

Immediately the party of carriers arrived at Benguella no time was lost in preparing the loads and gathering together what was necessary for the long land voyage. The pilgrims had only gone two days' journey when two of the ladies were laid down with fever, which meant that the caravan was held up. The carriers, ready to seize an opportunity, began to desert, and before their places could be filled three weeks had passed. Everything was in readiness for a start again when Mr. Morris showed symptoms of fever, which meant further delay; then a grass fire broke out in the camp and threatened to destroy all their supplies. The exertion in fighting the fire in his fevered condition proved too much for Mr. Morris, and he became dangerously ill. Mr. Gall also developed sickness. After a few days, both men passed on to their reward. Inasmuch as it was in their heart to serve the Lord in Africa, they will receive a missionary's reward. Of the fourteen who had set out, three had given their lives on the threshhold of Africa. Mrs. Morris and Miss Davies, accompanied by Mr. Fisher, returned to England, while the others, sad at heart, turned again toward the interior. Before they reached Bailundu, Dan Crawford was away alone on the first lap of the long journey to Katanga.

CHAPTER IV

An Untrammelled Start

"Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew;
Garments fresh and foot unweary
Tell how God hath brought thee through."

THE meeting of Arnot and Crawford at Bailundu was of great importance to both, and in the two days they spent together ere the former started with his carriers for the coast, important and far-reaching decisions were made. Letters from a Mission Station several days' journey further in had brought the information that goods intended for Messrs. Swan and Faulknor, the two missionaries whose arrival at Mushidi's kingdom made it possible for Arnot to leave, had been held up at that point, but it also conveyed the intelligence that an important caravan under the charge of a well-known slave trader was setting out for the country of a relative of Mushidi's. Misfortune is said to mix men with strange bed-fellows, and little as they liked the company, this caravan seemed to present an opportunity of getting in the necessary supplies to their friends, and at the same time allowing one of the men at Bailundu to press on toward the territory of this black emperor.

The choice was not difficult to make. Arnot had his responsibilities at Bailundu and at Benguella; Crawford was free and untrammelled in any way; therefore, despite his youth, his colleague bade him go, and gladly he went. "Refuse I could not," said the younger man, "or else vows made would not be vows paid." When Arnot turned his face toward the coast, the other was preparing to face out toward the East, where superstition, ignorance, and cruelty ruled the land; but he was undaunted, for he felt that God was with him. Thus at the age of twenty, Dan Crawford, with the hacking cough and the tell-tale spit, the missionary with the solitary load of personal belongings, which did not contain even a complete change of raiment, leaves the outposts of civilisation to dare the unknown. Surely few other missionaries have gone forth so near to the apostolic example. "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes" (Matt. 10. 9, 10), and few have ever gone forth so absolutely dependent upon God.

Four days after his leader left for Benguella, the young man, accompanied by the six carriers who had come with him from the coast, started off for Bié, at which point they hoped to catch up on Sambaca's caravan. Crawford's care for others was evidenced by the fact that he only took from the stores of the missionary party one bale of barter cloth and a small medicine chest, while one of his six carriers

was taking into the interior a load for a Portuguese trader whose station the party hoped to pass on their way.

His diary of that journey is remarkable for the keen interest it manifests in the sights and scenes through which the traveller passed. The aptness with which Scriptural phrase or story comes to the point of his pen in the daily descriptions bears witness to the fact that, like the man of Psalm 1, the law of the Lord was his continual meditation. Describing the operations of a colony of ants, he ends his notes with the words: "The one who wrote, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard,' knew where good training colleges were to be found."

On arriving at Belmonte, the residence of the Portuguese trader, he found a letter from the missionaries further inland urging haste, as the caravan for the interior was expected to leave any day. For two and a half days the little party struggled on, making long and weary marches to reach Chisamba, from which point the caravan was to leave. When they ultimately got there, to his great disappointment, he found that he was four days too late.

As there was a prospect of another caravan setting out in about a month's time, Crawford settled down in the home (a mud hut) of Mr. Currie, another American missionary, to wait as patiently as he could for the next opportunity to move forward. He communicated with his friends at the coast, informing them of his disappointment and his prospects. Mean-

time they had begun their trek inland, and had got as far as Bailundu, when circumstances arose which made further advance impossible.

Mr. Arnot, finding that further advance was in those circumstances impossible, moved with his fellow-missionaries to Kuanjelula, a day or two's journey further inland. Here they erected a station, and began cultivating, the while seeking to evangelise the natives in their midst, albeit the language was a difficulty. Their sojourn at what was at first looked upon as a temporary halting place was not without stirring incidents, one of which was the arrival of a warlike party of natives, sent at the command of the local chief for the purpose of driving them out. When these men of war found that the missionaries met them unarmed they were taken aback, and when one of the headmen met Arnot, he found that this was the white man who had given him a piece of cloth which enabled him to redeem himself from slavery. The palavers which followed put an end to further trouble.

Meantime the ardent youth at Chisamba was finding himself in similar difficulties, and the days of waiting stretched out to weeks and months. Movement forward being impossible, he retraced his steps and joined the party at Kuanjelula. It has been said that it is a wise arrangement, and a great blessing to the missionary, that he must first learn the language before he begins to preach to the native, for in the learning of the language he also learns the

native. Crawford, in his desire to acquire Umbundu, decided to live with the natives in their own surroundings. Here, as the power of speech came to him, he would sit with the village men over the evening fire, and present to them the Gospel story. Of these days he said that he felt it was a mercy the gift of tongues was no longer with us, as the spelling out of John's Gospel in another tongue gave him a fresh vision of the love of God. It was while learning the language that he also learned how to "think black," and as he acquired a knowledge of African proverbs and African folk lore, these months of village study and village preaching—for he was never idle—proved to be of inestimable value in after days.

The halt to Crawford's pilgrim journey was called in August, 1889, and though the missionaries received permission from the Chief Chindundumuna in May, 1890, to collect carriers for a trek inland, events moved slowly in these days, and it was not until 16th August that the caravan crossed the Kwanza River on its long trail to the kingdom of Mushidi.

On this occasion Crawford was accompanied by H. B. Thomson and Fred Lane. The fact that Dan had grown a beard seems to have established him in the minds of the natives as leader. His kit at the end of twelve months was badly in need of replenishing, but judging from the order he sent to his mother, his wants were small. Scotsman that he was, when asking for two pairs of strong trousers, he re-

quested that a bit of cloth be put in for patches.

River, swamp, long grass, or arid plain, repeated over and over again, make up the sum of Central African travel, and each of these things present their own peculiar difficulties. The river crossings in frail bark-boats, with treacherous currents, and the presence of the hippo. or the alligator; the cunning and cupidity of the native ferryman, the ease with which he can capsize a load into the river at a spot conveniently shallow to permit of the load being salvaged by him at the proper time, were some of the experiences these men passed through as they trudged along.

Crawford's long spell among the natives had taught him more than the language, and not infrequently the wily African was surprised to find how much the white traveller knew of his dark ways. When nine days out from Bie, they entered the Chokwe country, an arid, hungry district, and here they encountered an enormous slave caravan of 800 persons, from aged men and women to little tots of three and four years, and even infants in arms, all being driven on under the cruel lash of the slaver's headman. Crawford came across one of these monsters clubbing a defenceless girl, and sprang at him with a stick, saving the girl's life. Before they got out of the hunger-stricken country missionaries and carriers were greatly reduced from hunger. To the credit of the missionaries be it said, they were subsisting like the men on such native food as they could find.

At one point on the journey a chief, after he had received their present, intimated that he intended to visit the missionaries. As an introduction he sent them his minstrels, and for a whole night the caravan was entertained by a native band, the fierce beating of two native drummers making rest impossible. However, when he arrived he brought with him a fat sheep, which, considering the state of the camp larder, was very welcome, and made ample amends for the night's discomfort.

The caravans they met coming out to the coast bore witness to the lawless state of the country. More than one trader complained of having been attacked and robbed. Marching was commenced early in the day to avoid the scorching heat. Sometimes one of these petty chiefs would block the way just when a day's march was well begun, in order to extort a toll or to secure a further present in addition to the usual number of yards of cloth. As at this time the missionaries' caravan was of important dimensions, it was hard to act with gentleness and grace, and the missionaries were often put to it. They found it difficult to act as heralds of the King of Peace, but firmness and a small present sufficed to enable progress to be made.

In Crawford's diary, dated Sept. 26, he writes: "To-day, in all probability we passed Dr. Livingstone's route going north-west to Loanda in 1854. Touching it was to think of the old warrior trudging along these parts."

About the beginning of October trouble

began to manifest itself among the carriers. A number became discontented and threw down their loads, declaring they would go no further. Encouraged by the malcontents, the whole caravan demanded pay, but the missionaries had bargained to pay them when they arrived at Nakandundus, and they wisely refused to yield, with the result the company marched on. When they arrived at the agreed upon place, the pay was measured out, twenty-four yards of cloth for each load. The native carrier must be like the British cabman, for the exact payment was another cause of dispute. Threats of desertion and worse followed, but the missionaries were unable to make any advance. Their position simply was: If we pay now, we shall be short at the end of the journey. Therefore they could only sit still and await developments. After three days of sulking and grumbling, finding they could do no better, the men again took up their loads for the remaining twenty-seven days' journey. The condition of their resources is stated thus by Crawford in a letter to his mother: "The many inroads made by petty chiefs into our cloth supply has brought it very low, but our *hope* is in God."

From this point their journeyings were amongst the Lunda-speaking people, which at that time were under the dominion of the Luvale. A few days out, a young man, a native of Mushidi's country, joined himself to the caravan, and begged protection. He had come down from the interior some time before,

but had fallen sick on the way. He was found by Kayamba, who enslaved him. Under cover of night he escaped, and after a journey of a day and a night he caught up on the missionaries' caravan and joined himself to it. As the carriers protested that they would be robbed on the way back if he was permitted to accompany them, Lane and Crawford determined to redeem him. This they did for cloth and gunpowder. The missionaries found that their Bihean carriers were secretly engaging in this infamous trade, and the business of redeeming some of the slaves involved Crawford in the care of a tiny girl. To save her from being clubbed and thrown into the bush, the missionary bought her, and took her under his care.

On the 30th October their journey took them past the famous Mirambo Copper Mines, where for many years native requirements for metal were satisfied by their primitive methods of digging. The following day they were at the Lualaba River, and into Mushidi's territory. The usual African delay and wrangle about the crossing occupied a day. Then moving forward at an easy pace for nine more days, they reached their destination. Crawford went forward alone, and Swan met him on the hill just below the village. The meeting cannot be described, but two men who were hitherto unknown greeted each other with a warmth and sincerity which was begotten of more than ties of nationality, great as they were.

CHAPTER V

Mushidi, an African Napoleon

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing" (Psalm 2. 1).

MUSHIDI, or, as Mr. Arnot always spelt his name Msidi, this powerful chief, who was absolute monarch over the largest portion of the territory which is now known as Katanga, but in those days was spoken of at the coast as Garenganze, was an upstart emperor. He was not a native of that district, but came from the East of Lake Tanganyika, from a country called Unyamwesi. His father was a trader who came from the East to buy copper from the Basanga natives, and Mushidi came first to the country with his parents, though afterwards he settled in the land and named it Garenganze. With his coming gunpowder was introduced to the native, and the deadly power of the new weapon gave him his opportunity. Crafty, cruel, and unscrupulous, but far-seeing and astute, he saw the possibilities of the land to which he came. He allied himself to one of the tribes, then he waged war on neighbouring tribes, using their rivalries and feuds as an excuse, until, having by force subdued the forces opposed to him, he secured the chieftainship of the Basanga, and thus became one of the most powerful of Central African rulers.

First and last he was a trader, and it was due to Mushidi and to a Portuguese named Silva Porto that the trade in ivory and slaves, which at this time was of great dimensions, had been established. When he found the way closed to the markets of the East, he sent out his nephew to blaze a trail Westward to the ocean. This he did; and slaves, rubber, and ivory were passed down the trade route to Benguella in ever increasing volume. While his riches increased his vanity and desire for power increased, until it knew no bounds. Rapine, plunder, murder were the everyday happenings in his kingdom. His collection of wealth involved him in constant warfare, and he passed from riches to riches, and from power to greater power, through a virtual sea of blood.

His wives were reputed to number 500. Many of these women were put in villages of their own, and in order to make his government secure, the wife or her relative, a nephew or a brother, was a chief who ruled the district. Through these women and their friends he governed his vast dominions, for all must pay tribute, and yield obedience to Mushidi. To serve him was a perilous undertaking for the person of his choice. It was easy to fall into disfavour, and disfavour frequently meant death. From Bie to Bunkeya he was known and feared, and wherever his influence was exercised, raids, village burning, warfare, and the capturing of slaves were carried on without cessation. Under his commands great cruelties

were often perpetrated on the captives; ear lopping and the maiming of hands and feet among them. Success and unlimited authority probably took his brain, until to kill became a mania. Swan tells of him that he would sometimes say: "I am not well to-day, and I shan't be well until I see human blood flow."

Yet this man was throughout the years kind in turn to Arnot, Swan, and Crawford, often showing them deference and great consideration. It is also told of him that he would share his food with the leper and the outcast; but to stand in the way of his purposes or to thwart his power was to court certain death.

Withal, he was so vain that when Crawford and his companions presented him with a few pieces of gaudy trade cloth he wrapped himself in it, and in the presence of one of his favourite wives, turned himself round and pirouetted like a frivolous girl in her first dance frock.

F. S. Arnot, in the course of his first itinerary in Garenganze, had bored into his territory, and probably his very weakness commended him to this strange contradiction of a man, for he received him, not because he could get any gain from him, but because Arnot could do him no harm, and because the fact of a white man being with him added to his dignity and power. Even when the Arabs plotted against the lonely missionary, the chief refused to listen to their tales. It is to be feared that Arnot was virtually a prisoner in his hands, for while the chief had given him land, and

allowed him to erect buildings, he refused to permit him to leave, and it was only when C. A. Swan and W. Faulknor, who had gone to Africa—Swan from Sunderland and Faulknor from Canada—in search of Arnot, arrived at Nkulu, that Arnot was permitted to return home, and then only on the condition that he would bring more white men to Mushidi's country. Mr. Arnot, who had seen something of the teeming thousands in the villages along the Rivers Lualaba and Lufira, was nothing loath to give the promise, which, as we have seen, he did his best to fulfil. Thus it happened that the beleaguered servants of Christ in Satan's stronghold, and the small expedition of helpers from the homeland, were now meeting under the shadow of what was a veritable shambles of human blood.

A day or two after their arrival at Mushidi's capital, Crawford, Thomson, and Lane, accompanied by Swan and Faulknor, went to pay what might be described as an official visit to the chief, and to present their gifts. When they approached his stockade the newcomers were horrified to find that each post was decorated with a human skull; and once inside, they were worse horrified to find that the skulls were too many for the posts, and they not only made grim decorations on other posts and rude tables inside the fence, but they overflowed on to the ground around. The crafty old man took care that missionaries and traders were camped at some distance.

They might see too much. He said of Arnot, "He has a weak stomach; take him far away."

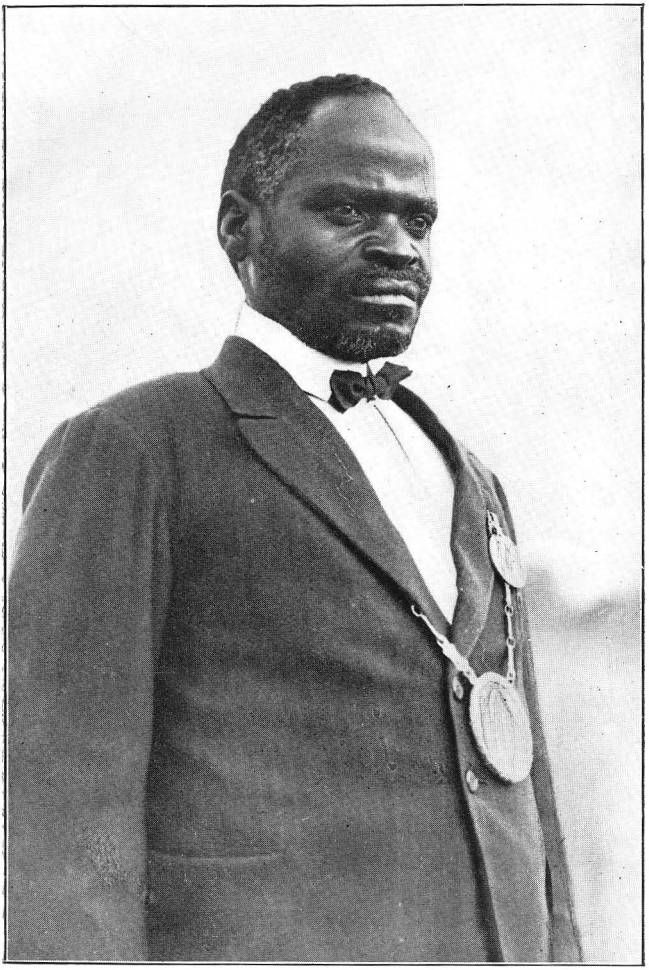
It can never be imagined that Mushidi had any love for the missionaries, nor that he wanted them for the tidings of righteousness and peace which they brought. The fact is, their presence pandered to his pride, and among the natives he spoke of them as his white slaves. Nevertheless, he treated them with kindness, courted their company, and listened to what they had to say to him of sin and of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. Crawford particularly, whose knowledge of the Umbundu language enabled him to speak fluently in a tongue which the old chief also understood, was able frequently to present to him the story of the love of God as revealed to us in the Lord Jesus Christ. His lust for the things of this world prevented him from opening his heart to the Word, and the same orgies of passion, hate, and blood continued.

Though he knew it not, the hand-writing was already on the wall. "Weighed in the balances, and found wanting," destruction swift and sure was already on the way. The nations of Europe were then angling for his rich territory. Two days previous to the arrival from the West, an ambassador from the British South Africa Chartered Company, Alfred, afterwards Sir Alfred Sharpe, came to Mushidi from the East, empowered and prepared to treat with the chief regarding his lands. Unfortunately Mushidi, influenced by a story

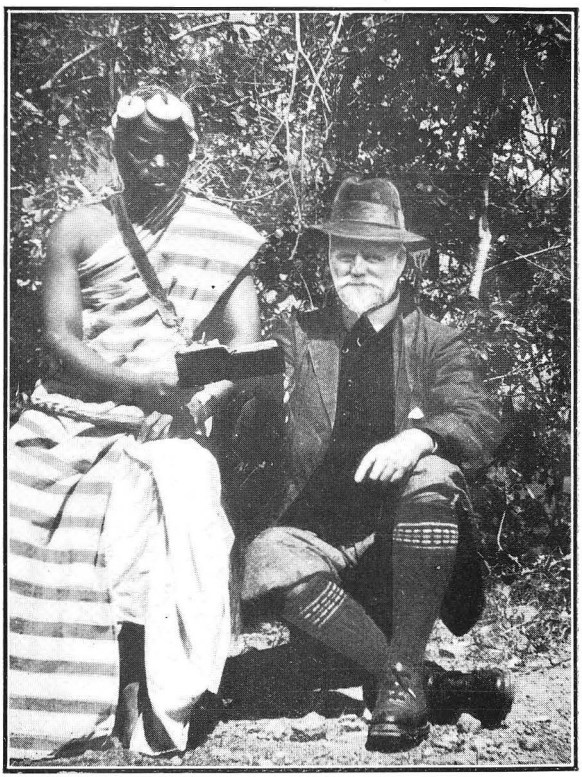
of the Arabs, which warned him of white men coming from the East to rob him of his power and his country, treated Sharpe with suspicion. Mr. Swan, who was the intermediary between the Chartered Company's agent and the chief, says that the treaty which Mushidi was asked to sign was couched in such terms that it was almost certain he, if he knew the conditions, would refuse to sign it. Under pressure from Swan, Mr. Sharpe agreed to the treaty being fully explained to the chief, who refused to agree, and sent Sharpe about his business. In any case, the Britishers knew that the treaty would have been useless, for by this time news had reached them of the arrangement whereby Mushidi's country was within the southern boundary of the Congo Free State.

Within a year after the arrival of Crawford and his companions three armed expeditions of Belgians arrived at various points around Mushidi's territory. There was only one object they could have had in doing so. What Britain desired to accomplish by treaty, Belgium was going to do by force.

These were not the only troubles the old chief had to contend with. His desire for power was to be his undoing, for into his domains there had been gathered a heterogeneous mass of different tribesmen, who were waiting for the opportunity to break their yoke. Some one of the tribes was always in rebellion, and in the period following the arrival of the new missionaries a rising of the Sanga tribesmen was



CHIEF MWENDA, MUSHIDI'S SUCCESSOR, IN EUROPEAN DRESS



DAN CRAWFORD READING THE SCRIPTURES
WITH MWENDA

causing the old man much concern. Added to this, the disturbed state of the country between his territory and the West Coast prevented the arrival of the trading caravans which brought the gunpowder that made him superior, for force, grim and relentless, was the order of his rule.

Warfare is never conducive to good conduct. Where men are continually engaged in strife, lawful pursuits are forgotten, and bad manners and worse habits soon become evident. In Mushidi's dominions tillage and the sowing for crops was neglected, while even of the scanty crops grown a great portion was wasted in order to provide the spirit for the orgies of drunkenness which were of frequent occurrence. Famine and hunger were the results.

The arrival of the first Belgian expedition, Le Marinel's, supplied the old man's lack of gunpowder, but this was rapidly expended on the bit of warfare he had on hand at the time, and that without quelling the rebellion. Matters were going from bad to worse with him, and he was finding it increasingly difficult to keep his empire from falling to pieces.

His own health was beginning to fail, and frequent attacks of sickness were proving very weakening, but with the tenacity of a man fighting for his life, he struggled on. His arrogance was as great as ever, and his capacity for intrigue and shady dealings was unchanged. When he found that the Belgians were coming into his territory he sought to recall Mr. Sharpe in order to play the Belgians and the British

against each other, never dreaming that he was dealing with determined men who had come to conquer and possess.

During the eventful days, while these comings and goings were taking place, the little mission band was gaining their first experience at close hand of what life in primitive Africa could contain. They were eyewitnesses of some of the dark deeds already described, and not infrequently they felt called upon to intervene as far as it was possible for them to do so. As a result, Crawford was not long in the country till he had a following of small children gathered round him, for those ruthless days saw no mercy shown to the men, and no regard or consideration paid to children who were likely to be burdensome to the tribesmen.

One little boy came to Crawford's care when he followed the head of his father, which was being carried to Mushidi by the executioner. The homes the missionaries provided for themselves, if not quite so primitive as the native huts, were only such as would provide the necessary shelter from the elements, and were of the simplest construction. Crawford shared Swan's house for a time. Evangelisation was the purpose for which these men came into Central Africa, and from the first this work took precedence. However, language difficulties had first to be overcome, and as this had not been reduced to writing, contact with the native was the only way to gain a knowledge of it. In this vast cosmopolitan town,

for trade and force had gathered into the area men of many races and many dialects, Umbundu, the language which Crawford had first learned, served a useful purpose, but the language or dialect of the district differed from it so much that painstaking weeks and months had to be spent in the language quest. All the while the missionaries were not only seeking to acquire; as they gained a little, they gladly passed on as they were able, the story of a Saviour who came down, not to save men from the influence of evil spirits, but to cleanse them from sin and to purify their evil hearts. After a period of about seven months we find references in Mr. Crawford's letters and diary which indicate that he was able with a tolerable measure of freedom to preach to the natives. Recording the death of a village headman, he says: "Just two days before, while I had a group of natives round me in the hut, telling them of the Gospel, he joined the company."

Speaking of the chief, he relates that on his first contact with him he felt in bondage in speaking to him, but ere long that bondage was broken, and with great freedom he warned the old man of a fearful looking for of judgment which awaited the impenitent sinner; but he told him also of a Heaven of pure delight, opened to the lost of earth by the grace of God and by the precious blood of Christ. Thus the seed was sown, sometimes to the chief, sometimes to his counsellors, often to his slaves for the same God is rich in mercy to all.

CHAPTER VI

The Wheels of God

"And when the rebel chooses wrath
God wails his hapless lot,
Deep breathing from His heart of love:
I would, but ye would not."

As Mr. Faulknor's health did not improve, and it became evident that he required skilled medical aid, arrangements were made to get him to the coast. Accompanied by Mr. Thomson, he left Nkulu for Bie, in the February following the arrival of Crawford and his companions. Mr. Swan would have gone with them, but he was forbidden to do so by Mushidi.

The first of the Belgian expeditions was under the command of Lieutenant Le Marinel. He had come to take over the country of Mushidi. Their arrival was accompanied by an alarming incident. Scarcely had they got their goods stored away when the ammunition which was stored in a native hut exploded, injuring a number of the tribesmen. Fourteen of them succumbed to their wounds. It is very probable that the presence of Mr. Swan and the two other young missionaries prevented fighting taking place between Mushidi and the Belgian troops. Le Marinel established a post on the bank of the Lufoi River, leaving

two officers and a number of native soldiers to garrison it. He returned to Lusambo, and as he offered to provide carriers for Mr. Swan, that gentleman accompanied him to the coast, and returned to England. Thus Crawford and Lane were left alone in Mushidi's stronghold.

Crawford's diaries at this time contain numerous references to the chief and to happenings in the capital. This strange contradiction of a man would exhibit at one time the greatest interest in the country of the white men, inquire about India, then in the midst of such conversations engage in some affair of state. That this frequently meant punishment and death for some helpless mortal did not cause the cruel monarch any concern.

Internal dissension, inter-tribal conflict, and the presence of this new disturbing element in the person of the Belgian forces, caused the old man to make arrangements for the change of his capital. He ordered Crawford and Lane to cross the Lufira River to precede the removal of the village to its new site. Here, under the shadow of the Belgian post, the missionaries erected their huts; but while it was much healthier, because of its abundant supply of good water and its freedom from the contamination of the native village, it had the disadvantage of separating them from the natives. They found, further, that the attitude of the new whites and their conduct towards the natives was so unlike the behaviour of Arnot and those who followed him

that the natives were shy and shunned their company.

Their outward circumstances were far from being helpful to carrying on the work of evangelisation. They were at this time enduring considerable hardship. We know how scant was the provision Crawford made on going into the interior. As no further helpers were coming into Mushidi's territory, the trade cloth which is the currency of the country and their personal belongings and stores were still in the region of Bie. All they brought up with them was long since exhausted, their clothing was worn done, and Crawford was compelled frequently to lie down as near the fire as possible to protect himself from the cold of the African night. Yet we find him writing home of being helped to adapt himself to his surroundings, both as to climate and diet. "God has at His disposal limitless supplies to meet our every need in this land. Our knowledge of this takes away all temptation to think of ourselves as being shut in here helplessly." When Crawford wrote thus he and Lane had been for fully a year absent from Bie. In order to feed themselves they had recourse to hunting, and from the spoils brought down by their guns the two young missionaries provided themselves with flesh, and by means of barter secured supplies of native flour and oil. Speaking of his hunting experiences, he says that the "command to slay and eat" was to Peter a vision, but to the missionary it is a necessity.

Crawford's following of native children had grown to five boys and a little girl, and to provide for them we find him engaged in the arduous task of clearing a part of the jungle near his home in order to form a garden.

Mushidi's affairs had become increasingly difficult, and the missionaries found him giving way again and again to wild fits of ill-temper. As they resisted his demands that they should aid him in obtaining gunpowder, his rage knew no bounds, and they marvelled they were allowed to leave his presence alive.

A few days after Mr. Thomson's return the third expedition of the Congo Free State Government arrived from the East, in command of Captain Stairs, an English soldier of fortune.

The Captain made no secret of his purpose. On Dec. 19 he presented Mushidi with the flag of the Free State, and bade him put it up. When Mushidi refused, he took the flag and planted it on the hill adjoining Nkulu, then informed Mushidi that he was in command, and from henceforth Mushidi must not take the life of a human being. The following morning Lieut. Bodson, an officer of the Free State Expedition, accompanied by a number of soldiers, went to the village of Munema, to which the chief had gone overnight. An account of what took place in the tragic moments that followed was gleaned from native sources by C. A. Swan during his recent visit to Bunkeya, which is as follows:

"The stones of the veranda where Mushidi

sat are still clearly visible, and the spot where Bodson fell is marked by the large letter B. traced in stones. Katereka gave us a graphic description of all that happened. The exact spot where Mushidi sat, with a few of his wives, was pointed out. Bodson entered the village with some soldiers, while others remained outside. Bodson explained the object of his visit. It was to take Mushidi to the camp of Capt. Stairs, that they might make blood-friendship. Mushidi said he would not go till he had gathered a number of his sub-chiefs, that they might be present at the ceremony. Bodson insisted that he go at once. The chief again requested that the visit be delayed till he could be suitably accompanied, but the Lieut. urged that it must be without delay. Mushidi said: 'This is not like going to see a friend. It is more like war than friendship.' Then began a hot argument, and the chief said: 'You are not men; I know you want to kill me, so you had better do it here and now,' and he spat on the ground to show his determination to stand by his word. Probably Bodson took this as an attempt to spit at him, for he jumped up, walked toward the veranda, and holding one of the veranda poles with his left hand, he drew his revolver with his right, and shot Mushidi in the breast. The chief got up and staggered into the house, where he fell dead immediately. Musaka, one of his body-guard, whom I knew very well, was watching through a window, fired, and shot Bodson, who fell

instantly to the ground mortally wounded. The soldiers who were waiting outside ran in, and Musaka, having reloaded his gun, ran forward to meet them, saying: 'I'll kill as many of you as I can before you kill me.' He shot two of the soldiers before he himself dropped dead."

Thus ended the reign of a desperado, whose hands were steeped in blood. He was beheaded by the native Belgian soldiers, and his head was carried by them to the fort on the hill above the village.

Captain Stairs gives his version of the incident in a letter which he wrote to Mr. F. S. Arnot, Fort Bunkeya, 29th Dec., 1891:

"I arrived on the 14th, and asked Msidi to take the flag of the State, which he refused. On the 19th I put it up in spite of him. The next day he was to make blood brotherhood with me, but refused to come, so I sent two officers and 100 men to *tell* him to come. He refused, ordered his men to cock their guns, and drew his sword, one which I had given him as a present only a few days before. On this Capt. Bodson drew his revolver and shot Msidi dead. There was great commotion, but the country is now quiet and breathes freely since released from the tyranny of Msidi. No more heads will be stuck on poles, ears cut off, or people burned alive if I can help it. Thomson, Crawford and Lane will have free scope, and no longer be Msidi's white slaves, as he told me they were."

CHAPTER VII

The Aftermath of Strife

"O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of Heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven."

THE partition of Africa had taken place, and the rich lands of Mushidi were to be from henceforth part of Belgian Territory. It is easy to draw a line across a map and recolour a portion of it, but the occupation and administration of the territory thus annexed is quite a different matter. The old chief had been ruthlessly disposed of, but the results were to prove disastrous to the invaders. Captain Stairs commenced to build Fort Bunkeya, but in a few months sickness and stealthy shooting had so reduced his little force that he decided to abandon the project, and set out for the coast. But the suffering and misfortune continued to dog the expedition, and its leader succumbed to disease on the journey.

Mushidi's son, Mukandavantu, was appointed chief, but the forces of disentegration were too strong for him. The removal of the strong and iron rule of the old chief permitted slumbering discontent and overt rebellion to find vent,

and for a time not only did every man do that which was right in his own eyes, but every man's hand was turned against his neighbour.

In addition, hunger and want stalked the land, and the paths around the old capital were strewn with corpses. Was it any wonder that the people scattered, and that ere long the teeming land became a solitary place? The Free State officials entrenched themselves on the Lofoi River, and to the chagrin of the three missionaries they made it compulsory for them to remove their goods into the fort, and to live in the shelter it afforded.

Mr. Lane returned to Bie in February, 1892, and from that time his work in Africa was carried on in and around that district. Thomson and Crawford remained in the vicinity of the old capital and the Lofoi settlement for several months, but the eager spirit of the latter kept him on the move. The circumstances in which they found themselves, and the experience of their sojourn in Darkest Africa, might well have quelled more experienced men, but the young missionaries were dauntless in the face of these new difficulties, and if they had a burden it could be described best in the apostle's prayer: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Should they evacuate or should they stay on, and if they remained, what were they to do? These were the questions which confronted them, and for answer they settled them by commencing at once a work of itineration

from their centre on the Lofoi River. These journeys were undertaken for the twofold purpose of discovering the whereabouts of the scattered tribesmen, and for carrying out the work for which the missionaries had come to the interior. "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," was continually before them.

Restrictions which hampered their movements were withdrawn, and the year spent in Mushidi's capital had been sufficient to permit of their presence in the land and their peaceful intentions becoming widely known. They were therefore free to move about the country even in its unsettled condition without hindrance and without molestation. When they approached the natives they did so with empty hands, or with a walking stick; they shared the native food, and as near as possible entered into the native conditions, and consequently the African found he had nothing to fear from them. As they moved from place to place they let it be known that they were the friends of all and the enemies of none.

The scenes which met their eyes were saddening in the extreme. Bunkeya was a picture of desolation and devastation. In the villages the paths were overgrown with rank grass, the poor huts in a tumble-down condition, and the people gone; many dead from hunger, the others scattered in the search for food. Of the people Crawford said: "They like us missionaries. All were very earnest in their entreaties for us to stay in the country." On

another occasion he writes: "There is something so tragic and so beseechingly helpless about black heathendom that one wonders how God can ever spare time to leave it in its helplessness." His description of their methods of evangelism indicates that he found greater freedom in getting a group of two or three men apart from their fellows, and to this group seek to set before them God, His claims on men, His love for men, His provision for their pardon and forgiveness. How perplexed they looked as he talked to them of their sins!

As soon as the rainy season was over, their journeys became longer and we find them at the base of the Kundelunga Mountains in June, 1892, preaching to people who had never before heard the Name of Jesus. These hill people, who for years had been preyed upon by their stronger neighbours, were exceedingly timid. Their dwellings were among the rocks, and frequently when the missionaries reached their villages they were deserted save for some old person. When the peaceful mission of the visitors was evident, a shrill cry or whistle brought the villagers from their hiding places to welcome Crawford and his companion.

As they journeyed northward toward the confines of Mushidi's dominions they had plenty of evidence that the Free State rule was only of a nominal character. Little that was good could be said of the old chief's government, but what followed in these parts was, if anything, worse. Arab freebooters and other

powerful chiefs raided the country, burning villages, murdering the men and carrying away the women and children as slaves. No wonder the young man was moved by these sights to write: "It was touching to bid good-bye to these old white-headed mountaineers, whom we shall never see again in this world," nor that his diary closes thus: "Farewell, dear aged pilgrim. May we meet where twilight is turned to day. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

After a short stay at their base on the Lofoi, the missionaries set their faces toward the South, having for their objective the Lamba country, whose principal chief was called Ntenke. They had only gone two days when Thomson was attacked by sickness, and judged it better to return. Crawford, however, pressed forward alone, and reached Ntenke's village after a period of twenty-four days, during which he carried out the command, "As ye go, preach." The hardships of the journey may be imagined from what his diary reveals. On Aug. 3 his guide missed his way, and Crawford, under the blazing sun, fell behind and, thoroughly overcome, lay down in a stupor. Here he was found by some men, who carried him to the nearest village. Repeatedly he was forced to rest on account of fever, and we read of him endeavouring to lower the temperature by means of Dr. Kirk's treatment.

During the tramp he had to hunt for game to feed himself and his boys, and as he passed a

dry watercourse a number of lions sprang out in his path; happily, they bounded off again into the long grass.

He describes most of the villages through which he passed as very filthy and unhealthy, and says their prevailing pests were sleep-destroying prowling dogs, which seem to be awake only during the night. The natives on the banks of the streams were too lazy to fish in the usual way, but secured their fish by throwing a poison into the water, and the hunters killed their game by means of poisoned arrows. As Crawford carried no food with him, it is pretty certain he frequently dined off meat and fish secured in this way.

Their wanderings took them through the Salt Pans of Muachia, where for a great stretch the salt lay on the ground like snow in Britain on a December day. The natives place but one restriction on the gathering of salt. It must be gathered by hand. The missionary stooped down to scrape some up with his pocket knife, when the chief in consternation urged him not to do it, as that would bring the rains. The rains were at that time a few weeks' distant; but as they come with unfailing regularity and wash away the salt each season, the natives' logic is not easy to understand. Even when faced with the absurdity of his superstition he laughs, shrugs his shoulders, comments on the cleverness of the white man, but clings to his folly as before.

While at Ntenke's, two Belgian officers

arrived, one of them looking worn and ill. An evening or two afterwards the senior officer, Commandant Bia, who with his companion was sharing a meal with Crawford, excused himself on the ground of illness, and took to his bed. As a result of his long tramp through the fever-laden swamps he developed black-water fever. The remedies which Crawford had tried for himself he used on the suffering officer, and for two days the two white men fought for the life of the third, but their efforts were unavailing, and as the day wore on the laboured breathing ceased, and Commandant Bia's spirit passed out into the unseen. This, the first bush death the lad of twenty-one had been a fighter at, created an impression that remained with Crawford all his life.

Before they were able to get back to the Lofoi the rains overtook them, and as Crawford was without protection in the shape of a tent, he suffered severely from damp and exposure. The same evidences of lands which had shortly before been well cultivated and were lands of plenty having been ruthlessly laid waste confronted him on his return journey. At Katanga he found a sister of Mushidi's, who had formerly been one of Mushidi's governors, now a slave to the chief there. Old, frail, and literally starving, this woman, whose village was once bursting with plenty, made an appeal to the missionary for her freedom, and despite his own poverty the appeal was not made in vain. Whatever means Crawford used, the

Sanga chieftain was forced to give up his notable captive, and when the caravan finally got home, Crawford found himself the object of affection and respect as it became known he had brought with him Inanzala, their lost friend. Poor old woman, within a year she was killed by a lion while she tilled her field. The young chief, to show his appreciation of Crawford's action, gave him a little lad of seven as a slave. Though the missionary gave him his freedom on the spot, the lad added one to the missionary's family.

Up to this time the buildings which Crawford and Thomson had prepared for themselves were temporary, and little better than a native hut. Even these had barely escaped destruction in a grass fire which occurred during Crawford's absence. These houses were replaced by larger and more commodious buildings. Crawford's was a three-roomed house, built in the hope that some of the workers which were between Bie and the coast might be led to come into the interior to join them. As much of the labour had to be performed by themselves in a temperature well over 100 in the shade, we can understand they suffered much discomfort. Crawford moved into his house on Feb. 20, 1893, and immediately thereafter was laid low with an attack of pleurisy. Hardly had he recovered from this when the whole district was flooded, the mission settlement being completely under water.

The Belgian officer at the fort came to their

rescue, and brought the motley company from the ant hill, on which they had gathered, to safety by means of canoes. It took three days for the waters to subside, and when the missionaries returned to their houses they found that all they had was destroyed in the flood. This loss was keenly felt, as MSS. and native vocabularies, the results of months of painstaking labour, were destroyed. No word of rebellion is noted in the young missionary's account of the loss. On the other hand, he writes: "Seeing it was the Lord who did it, there must be no commiseration." An outbreak of smallpox and an epidemic of disease among the bush animals were also part of the "all things" they were called to endure. His diaries at this time also contain records of a visitation of locusts, which, like a black cloud, darkened the sky. Fortunately they came before the young herbs began to sprout, or the damage resulting from this plague would have been very serious.

In the month of May, 1893, Mr. Crawford set out on a trek eastward, his company numbering twenty-four all told. This is a larger company than accompanied him on his previous journey, when his companions were his boys, none of them over fourteen, and one at anyrate only seven years of age. But for a small quantity of trade cloth which Mr. Thomson brought in with him on his last journey from Bie, Crawford was entirely without the usual aids to travel. His sole protection from the

weather was a square of coarse cloth to protect his bed from the dew. Coffee and tea he had none, and as we have already seen, boots and clothing were worn to shreds; indeed, he tramped miles of Africa in a pair of flapping slippers tied on to his feet with rough twine.

During this journey he suffered much from festering sores on his arms and body, the result of being stung with the spear-like grass through which the travellers had to push their way. He records the uniform kindness of the natives, and expresses his regret at being unable to return their gifts with calico; but concludes by saying that he had given none because he had none to spare.

The scarcity of small game, owing to the plague mentioned, made the larger animals fierce from hunger, and during this journey their little camp was raided by the starving animals, some of whom jumped their stockade. During this and his previous trek, Crawford was fulfilling his desire, frequently expressed, of "running a Gospel seed furrow across the scene of David Livingstone's wanderings." Now that he was actually going over land where the mighty pioneer had been, he found his memory held in highest esteem. Ingeresa was the name by which he was known. If the record of the white men who have followed into the regions made sacred by these men of God had been as *white* as theirs, African history would have been different from what it is.

CHAPTER VIII

A Pioneer Prospector

"We fight against wrong with the weapon strong
Of the love that all hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall from the down-trodden thrall
As the thrones of the tyrant vanish."

DAN CRAWFORD and H. B. Thomson were men so temperamentally different, it is not to be wondered at that ere long their paths lay apart. Crawford, energetic and restless, ever on the move, shaped his course regardless of his companion; the other man, stolid and staid, doubtless thought that Crawford's restlessness was energy dissipated. At anyrate, they agreed to separate, Thomson purposing to remove to the Lufira valley and work among the tribes there. Circumstances arose, however, which necessitated Thomson's return to Ireland, and though for many years he carried on an acceptable ministry as a teacher and preacher in the British Isles, he never went back to the scene of his early labours.

Something in Crawford's disposition appealed to the African, with whom he seemed to have an unlimited capacity for making friends. Mushidi, by whom he was known as Kalawfwa, had named him as his successor, and ere long,

after Mushidi's death, he came to be known as Konga Vantu, the Gatherer of the People. Certain it is that the presence of the two lone white men, who travelled the country as we have described, had a far greater influence in steadying the people than had the forces of the Congo Free State. Youth as he was, Crawford's counsel was sought by the chiefs, and from one and another requests came for him to come and settle among them. Not only so, his presence on the Lofoi settlement inspired confidence in the scattered tribesmen, who began to return and rebuild, and as the season advanced commenced to again cultivate their land and raise their crops of sorghum and corn, until in time the old valley began to resume something of its former look of prosperity.

Further south conditions remained unsettled, for a Sanga chief entrenched on Kilwa, an island on Lake Mweru, had resisted all efforts to dislodge him, and in consequence developed a contempt for the white man, Belgian and British. His frequent raids to the mainland not only inflicted much suffering on the people, but kept them in a constant state of tension. When he was at the height of his folly his life was cut short through a pistol which he carried in the fold of his loin cloth going off accidentally. He received the full charge in his body, and died almost immediately. His death provided an opening for the peacemaker, and Crawford was able to bring about an adjustment of the relations between the tribe

and the powers, which put an end to the warlike activities in that part of the country. His counsel in the case of another chief, Miermiere, saved the situation and prevented bloodshed. When he left this chief's territory he carried with him an iron boat in sections which Miermiere had stolen from Geraud, the French explorer some years before. On another occasion when trouble arose among the soldiers of the Free State, and a party of discontents came to him for protection, after they had virtually deserted, he with great tact informed them their only course was to return; and, failing this, he had a duty to their officers which he must perform. They were induced to obey his advice, and thus an ugly situation was saved. The greatest unsought-for honour which came to Mr. Crawford in the unsettled days was to be left in command of the Free State Fort and to be virtual Governor for a short time. The two Belgian officers, Lieutenants Brasseur and Verdich, before setting out together on an expedition against Shimba, the marauding chief on the island of Kilwa, finding that they could not leave the district without a Commandant, pressed Dan into the service. To secure that everything was in order, in the event of neither returning, the Senior Officer prepared for Crawford a regular commission as Commandant. He sought not this position, and would probably in other circumstances have refused it, but he saw in a firm Government which would punish evil doers the hope

for the future of the country, and could not but respond to the call. This period of command lasted for two months, and these months were occupied in preaching to the soldiers at the Fort.

Crawford's mind was steadily fixed on Lake Mweru as a centre for the work he purposed carrying on among the tribes, but we find that for three months in the autumn of 1893 he is unable to move, as all his barter cloth had been expended. He had reached the point when he was about to set out to kill an elephant in order to secure the ivory so that he might barter it for cloth for his personal needs and for the needs of his family of black children, when a caravan from Bie brought him further supplies. On the arrival of this caravan we find that there is a big list of indebtedness to native kindness in the form of flour and vegetables which must be repaid before the slender stock is set to use again for the work of travelling evangelism. The confidence in God which marks his letters to his friends at home in these days of want indicate that whatever his lot, his heart was fixed, and the eternal choice had been made. He speaks of God's supply dovetailing into his need, tells his friends to think of him always as in the "cleft of the rock," tells them of the heat, then says that the height of the thermometer is not the question. The question is: "Who sent you here, and why?" For him that question had but one answer, for he never doubted for a moment that he was

God's sent one, and that whatever was in his life of joy or sorrow, of abundance or want, was God's ordering, and he was content it should be so. "If God sends rain, then rain's my choice."

Although the rains had began to fall, Crawford set out in October, 1893, for a trip round Lake Mweru, a journey which occupied fully two months, during which he was subjected to all the discomforts of the wet season and was twice so very ill with blackwater fever that his heart-broken followers feared the end had come. The spirit of the man is seen in some notes which occur in his diary at the time of setting out. After the goods came to hand there was a further delay. His heels were ulcerated and refused to dry up. Socks worn done were the cause of the ulcers. Yet he speaks of shouting along the Kemdelunga range the message old yet ever new. Ten days after he set out he records that the sores on his heels remain troublesome, and that he is limping along in old slippers.

Notes of this journey make saddening reading as he records lands wasted and natives mutilated and slain as the result of the Arab slave raids. Shimba, the freebootter, is busy at the time, and Crawford was shocked to learn that the day following his visit to a friendly chief, Shimba made a raid, burned his village, and carried him off in chains. This was done because the chief had received Crawford, in whom the old Arab saw a rival to his greatness.

The missionary was gladly received as he trekked from village to village, and everywhere he found friends. Of those whom he had formerly met he wrote that these lasting friendships were formed when he had not one yard of cloth to give to the chiefs. His wanderings brought him to the boundary between the Congo Free State and British territory, in what is now known as Rhodesia. At the British fort he was shown no little kindness by Mr. Bainbridge, the officer in charge. This lonely man in one of the outposts of civilisation who had buried his colleague a short time before, and who was himself ill, gladly welcomed this true tramp evangelist. Ragged and travel-worn, this place proved to Crawford a house of refuge. Bainbridge plies him with European food, reclothes him, and in order to make up his empty medicine chest, insists on giving him a generous share of his limited stock. He does more: he unburdens his soul to the missionary, who tells him the secret of his confidence and commends to him the Succourer of his weakness; then in heart to heart talks repeats again and again the wondrous message of the Gospel, of the precious blood which cleanseth from all sin, and of the power of the Lord to save and to satisfy. The great day will reveal the result, for a few days later poor Bainbridge was dead.

Before he returned from this journey, the site on Lake Mweru had been settled on, and, native fashion, the bargain as to the land was sealed and ratified. Where the river ran into

the lake there was a stretch of foreshore, with a bluff immediately behind. This land belonged to Chipungu, who granted to the missionary the right to occupy it. A tree from which part of the bark had been removed, and containing the scars of two bullets, one from Crawford's gun and one from the flint-lock of Chipungu, is the evidence that the right to occupy these lands was the missionary's from henceforth. As the native knows nothing of buying or selling of land, Crawford only entered into a native undertaking. He asked for nothing more, and got nothing more than what was customary among the tribe.

The journey back to the Lofoi must have been a terribly trying experience amidst the tropical rains, where day after day they plodded on through fever-laden marshes and swamps, picking their steps through tangled grass and thicket. December was well gone ere he got back to the old district, and he records that he reached home on Christmas Eve. Of his experiences he makes several comments. Speaking of those days of fever, when he lay in a state of coma, he says: "I never expect to be lower, but I came up again out of the valley of the shadow leaning upon the arm of my Guide." His itinerary was a rough enough bit of travel through the distracted Lubaland. "His dark hours . . . seem resplendent with light." Describing the future plans and the prospects of the new centre, he says: "These are our hopes; fears we have none." Con-

scious he was in the line of God's commandments, he made light of present trials, and closed his vision to the seeming difficulties of the future.

During these and his previous travels, Crawford had allowed himself one luxury, and it was to it he probably owed his life when down with fever. From a trader he had purchased, on the strength of a draft in Europe, an iron camp bed, and this had been carried by him all round the country. Had he lain on the rain-soaked earth during either of the attacks from which he suffered on this last journey, death would have been inevitable.

If the natives loved Crawford, they only returned the passion of his own heart, for all he writes of them at this time reveals a tender affection for these dark-skinned sons of Ham. He is never blind to their faults, but he is also seeking opportunity to praise them. He says that theirs is no friendship of the loaves and fishes. If anybody got loaves and fishes it was himself. "They have fed me when I was hungry often and often."

At this time he was becoming almost embarrassed with the number of boys entrusted to his care, *i.e.*, given to him. On this journey he received seven. Yet he says, "Welcome even seventy. Who in this dark land is better able to care for them." And as he writes he plans for their future, having ever in mind that the aim above all else is to secure them as jewels for the crown of his Lord and Master.

CHAPTER IX

The Village on the Lakeside

"Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in."

THE last journey in the wet season of 1893, with the consequent exposure and infection with malaria, must have had a serious effect on Mr. Crawford's health, and we are not surprised to find that the contemplated move to Chipungu was not undertaken until July, 1894. Health was not the only consideration, though it was an important one, for the attacks of fever were very serious, and he was frequently very ill. He wished to make a final tour through the district in order to visit again the kinsman of the old chief. How he yearned to impart to these tribesmen the Gospel, and to see them turn from idols to God. Further, Thomson was absent on a tour to Lubaland during these months, and Crawford did not feel free to vacate the Lofoi until the former returned. During the time of waiting he also performed the duties of Commandant, as mentioned in the previous chapter.

Among the missionaries' most devoted followers was Mushimishi, who formerly was Mushidi's executioner. The story of the first meeting of this man of blood with the messenger of peace deserves, and shall have, a place later in this biography. This man, along with a few others, an advance guard, had already been at work on the new site, clearing it from trees and undergrowth, and preparing rough timber and other materials for the building of huts.

Immediately after Thomson's return, Crawford, with his household, which consisted of thirty boys and lads and one girl, set out for what was to them the land of promise. On their first night in camp, Crawford was startled and surprised when over 130 natives and their children stalked in upon him. They were from the old district, and they had come determined to follow him to Chipungu. Remonstrances were useless; they clung to him like children.

After setting before them his conditions regarding the past strife, and their future conduct, he allowed them to accompany him. Though not in the same numbers, many of the people through whose lands he passed joined themselves to the caravan. Chiefs also sent their sons to go and live with the white man in his new village, while others, tired of the continual strife, sought refuge under the care of this one who was called "Gatherer of the People." This pilgrim band, attracted not by any hope of gain, for he was alone and as poor as the poorest of them, saw in Dan Crawford

those marks of character which inspired their confidence and drew forth their affection. That he never abused the power thus put into his hands is one of the best testimonies that could be given as to his selflessness and his devotion to Christ's cause and kingdom.

The scene which followed the arrival of Crawford's hundreds at the lake side was one of bustling activity, and it was not long ere a native village was erected on the bluff and on the foreshore. The days which followed the first settlement on Lake Mweru were not without anxiety. The country around was still in an unsettled condition. From east and west Arabs and Biheans penetrated into the interior to raid and plunder and secure slaves. Against these the forces of the British and the Belgian Governments, hindered as they were by tribal disputes and native animosities, were making but slow progress. As we have seen, some of those chiefs who had entrenched themselves in the country successfully resisted the attempts of the Europeans to oust them. One of these was Shimba, on the island of Kilwa, and his activities almost led to the abandonment of the new village. The Belgian forces having failed against Shimba, the Commandant was inclined to force a withdrawal of Crawford and his friends from their exposed position, until Crawford said: "Well, hear the chiefs." At the palaver which followed the chiefs propounded a riddle of an elephant and a musk rat, much to the disadvantage of the elephant.

The interpretation of the native riddle was so obvious that the Commandant wisely decided to let well alone. The immediate result was a further concentration of tribesmen at Chipungu, adding further to the missionary's cares and responsibilities, for these men had come for his protection. Mushimishi's answer to a question as to what Crawford would do is informative as to his mode of life: "Do what he always did: shut the gate at sundown and trust His great God."

If by the year 1895 the last of these war parties had been disbanded, and in the Congo Free State conditions of peace and quietness obtained, when the fear of the raider had disappeared, Dan Crawford, the unarmed, lonely Scotsman, living on day by day isolated from his fellows, existing on the native's food, wearing native clothing, and sharing the natives' hardships, played no mean part in its accomplishment.

Success such as is almost without parallel, so far as outward conditions were concerned, in this part of Darkest Africa had attended Crawford's wanderings. To all intents and purposes he was now monarch as well as missionary, though the former position was never of his seeking.

Owing to the great number of natives who were flocking to his station, it soon became evident that the site at Chipungu was too small to provide for all, and in consequence a move was made as soon as possible to a new piece of

land on the lakeside where the Luanza river enters it. On this extensive plateau the town of Luanza has sprung up. Knowing the natives' laxness, Crawford took care to do a bit of town planning before building began. Marking off wide streets and dividing the borders on either side into allotments; he secured a plenitude of room and fresh air. Further, he decreed that the native houses should have two apartments at least; and for the first time secured for mothers and children some of the privacy that is necessary for decent living. Sanitation and cleanliness, to which the raw African was a stranger, were insisted on, and by these means the health of the missionary and his followers was vastly improved.

So far, however, these things which were but the incidentals were all that the zealous and energetic young man had apparently accomplished. The thing he had come to Africa to do was to win men for Christ, and at the end of four years he could not point to a single African and say: "This man was converted through my testimony." Those who knew him knew that Crawford's one passion was to preach Christ; they further know that through forest and swamp, from village to village, for four years he had, to use his own language, "been running the Gospel seed furrow;" and from his letters and diaries we learn that to him was ever present the truth that God giveth the increase. If on the fourth anniversary of his entrance into Mushidi's domain the young pioneer was

bemoaning his isolation and feeling dissatisfied and disappointed, who could blame him? These had been years into which had been packed enough to break down the stoutest constitution and the most resolute nerve, far less the stripling who entered Africa with the symptoms of the disease which brought his father to a premature grave. That he had been thus sustained and could write with the buoyant hope which characterised his letters was proof that his strength was in Him whose word is: "Lo, I am with you all the days."

Before the end of the year, however, his heart was gladdened when the missionary and his men were gathered round the log fire at the end of an eventful day. One of those men stood up at the end of the Gospel talk and said: "Why should I not speak? The God words have reached my heart; now they are coming out of my mouth." That man was Mushimishi, once the executioner, now the faithful servant and follower of Dan Crawford. Years before, Mushi was sent to put to death a young woman who had offended the bloodthirsty chief. The young man found her with her infant strapped to her back. Her last act ere he took her life was to hold up her helpless child, and beseech him to deal kindly with it. The woman's appeal and the orphan's cry awakened an echo in his being which kept repeating till conscience accused him and scorched him. Oh, how the question arises at this point: "How shall they hear without a preacher?"

On an evening in 1891, just after sundown, Crawford, the new friend of Mushidi, took the wrong turning on the path outside the village. Mushi saw him, and went to his aid. At the first opportunity, in spite of the darkness and the possibility of further danger, Crawford poured into his ear the message of love and of redemption by blood, of the two ways and of the open door, all as proclaimed in the old Book. "Where you are going, I am going too," was Mushi's answer that night, and then and there he turned his back on the old job, and became Crawford's follower. When and how the light dawned we know not; but at the camp fire that night the story is told, and the first convert witnessed a good confession for Jesus Christ.

For four long years Crawford's eyes were at intervals turned westward. Somewhere between Benguella and Lake Mweru those loads which represented all his earthly possessions had been held up. When were they to reach him? When were his friends coming in to join him in this great work? It was a long time to wait for an answer. Succour came first to him from the east. By this time the operations of the African Lakes Corporation were beginning to simplify the transit of goods and persons into the interior of the Continent, via Lake Tanganyika, and from one of their representatives Crawford received goods and credit which caused him to sing, "that God never is before His time, and never is behind."

The first man to succour his loneliness was Dugald Campbell, from Glasgow, who reached Chipunga on the fourth anniversary of Mr. Crawford's arrival at Mushidi's capital. He had penetrated from Benguella by the Western route, and the journey took two years. Thus at the time when Mr. Thomson was preparing to return to Britain, Crawford was joined by this young enthusiast. Campbell in those early days was of great service to Crawford. He it was who returned to Bie and brought in the long-delayed loads. No great time elapsed after Campbell's arrival until Mr. Arnot reached Chipunga from the East Coast, accompanied by a young man, Benjamin Cobbe, from Belfast. Unfortunately, Mr. Arnot's health had been so much undermined by his previous privations in Central Africa that a return to the interior at once set up a chronic malady from which he suffered, and he was forced to return after a very short stay.

Before a year had passed, Ben. Cobbe had died of blackwater fever. His greeting to Crawford when they met, was: "I've come to pay my debt," and though he only lived among the Africans for a few months ere he paid his debt with his life, he left behind him a memory which after many years is still fragrant.

Mr. Crawford was doubtless sincere when he spoke of having cut all home ties; but that there was one reservation, time made manifest. During these years of isolation he had cherished a memory, and as he sat round the

blazing logs in the evening, he saw faces in the fire and built castles in the air, like many another banished Scotsman. As he dreamed his day-dreams, he hoped against hope that these dreams would come true. The memory he cherished was of a Christian home in Bath, and the face in the firelight was that of a comely maiden in that home. His stay at Bath had been a brief one, but it was long enough to plant a tiny seed which the hardships of the African jungle failed to kill, for amidst them he dreamed of the day when she would come to him. No word of that tender passion passed during those years of unsettlement and difficulty, but with the prospect of a peaceful country came the urge, so he took his courage in both hands and sent to Miss Grace Tilsley of Bath a letter which contained the strangest of proposals. Whether or not the tender passion struck both hearts at one time we cannot say, but Miss Tilsley had for some years been preparing for such a call. "An extremely capable woman," was a well-known Glasgow lawyer's estimate of the lady, who because of her exceptional interest and ability had been allowed to attend a course of medical instruction at the Anderson Medical College, Glasgow, which is seldom, if ever, given to others than those studying for a medical degree. She had shown herself an earnest and tactful soul-winner, as well as a capable housewife. Dan Crawford's proposal was the call, and in a very short time after receiving it, Miss Tilsley was

on the high seas *en route* to Blantyre, where Crawford met her, and they were married.

The conditions which this woman was invited to share were primitive in the extreme, and it speaks volumes for the character and devotion of the woman that she was so fully able to fit into the life of this itinerant African preacher as to be to him in the truest sense of the word a help-meet. She was not only his partner in life, but a frequent partner in his journeyings as well as sharer in his sufferings. Embracive as his activities were, she was able to supplement them for the blessing of the native and the extension of the kingdom of God. Two years after their marriage their first child was born, and twelve months after that, when the father was absent on one of his journeys, the mother experienced the lonely bitterness of giving up her first born. Their second child, also a boy, was born two years afterwards. His mother brought him to Scotland and entrusted him, then an infant of two and a half years, to his grandmother. For the sake of Africa, they had surrendered both their children. We can be sure this was one of the greatest trials of the devoted and single-hearted couple.

CHAPTER X

Out of the Long Grass

"Through good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful Word,
Our Staff, our Buckler, and our Sword,
We follow Thee."

To Mr. Crawford, at anyrate, the most notable of his many journeys was the trip he took to the grave of David Livingstone's heart. His desire had long been to evangelise in the lands made sacred by the labours and sufferings of the great pioneer. In addition, he felt he had a responsibility thrust upon him to go there. When F. S. Arnot returned to Africa in 1889, he carried with him a bronze tablet, the gift of the Royal Geographical Society of London, inscribed to indicate it marked the spot where the explorer died. This, and a gift of cloth from Christian friends in Scotland, he hoped to place in the hands of Chitambo, the native chief, and to see that the memorial was erected on the tree which marks the spot where his faithful native boys buried Livingstone's heart. Finding he was unable to proceed to the interior, Arnot entrusted them to Crawford, who carried them with him into Nkulu. Crawford, finding himself virtually a prisoner

with Mushidi, saw in Commandant Bia, the Belgian officer who was travelling toward Ilala, a suitable person to take these things to their destination, and therefore passed them on to him. Bia reached Ilala, but failed to put the tablet on the tree; instead, it was erected in the native village, and subsequently carried off as booty by marauding Arabs.

This information Crawford gleaned when in the summer of 1897 he made the long contemplated journey to Ilala in company with Mrs. Crawford. The four months which the journey occupied were spent fraternising with chiefs, helping to establish peaceful relations between families and tribes, gathering all the information he could about "Ingeresa," *i.e.*, Livingstone, but all the while preaching the Word, and reasoning with all who would listen of righteousness and judgment to come. He found when he arrived at his destination that the Chitamba who befriended Livingstone was long since dead.

The first batch of helpers which came in from the East travelled by the same steamer as Mrs. Crawford. The three young men were named, W. H. Gammon, W. George, and H. J. Pomeroy, and with their advent the work began to extend. George and Campbell went to Mwena, in the vicinity of the old capital, and Pomeroy proposed to work on the Luapula River. We find Crawford frequently on the trek in these days, assisting the new-comers to prospect, and introducing

them to his native friends. Death and sickness soon thinned the number. Gammon died from lightning on Feb. 3, 1898, and the following year Pomeroy was invalided home suffering from sunstroke. When these three young men came in they brought with them an iron boat in sections, the gift of some of the Clyde tradesmen in Greenock and elsewhere. She was named the "Mtume na Imani," and for years proved of great service in securing easy movement on the lake. In September, 1898, a large contingent, which included two negro Christians from the West Indies, arrived at Luanza. Eleven in all, they were five married couples and one young man, John Wilson. Poor Wilson, who was called by the natives, "He goes a smiling," died of fever within six months after his arrival.

Luanza was to these workers, and to many others who have followed them during the thirty odd years since Crawford established himself there, the place of welcome and instruction; but Crawford dreaded centralisation, and as soon as possible new workers set out to open up new districts to the Gospel.

As workers began to multiply, the fruit of those years of patient sowing also began to become manifest. Following Mushimishi's testimony, others manifested interest in the word spoken, but the first large ingathering followed an epidemic of smallpox, which did havoc amidst the native population in 1900. The Crawfords became sanitary officers, and

from a slender supply of lymph, increased by using the lymph obtained from successful vaccinations, they were able to help in the arresting of the plague. One of the victims to succumb was Mushimishi, but he died full of joy in the Lord. Doubtless his dying testimony and his assurance of faith moved many hearts, but from his kinsmen and others there began to come inquirers. Others boldly confessed that they were Christ's-men. Before the year was out some of these were baptised. Thus the sower became reaper, though in the joy of harvest he had the fellowship of others. It is interesting to note that Crawford's explanation of the years of waiting was this: "The African was waiting to see the missionary living his Gospel before he believed it." Our friend's constant dread was lest he should create a class of station natives, with an air of superiority over their fellow-blacks. Concerning this his comment was: "Who makes a most astounding Pharisee."

Following the example of Paul and Barnabas, Crawford founded the Church, and as these converts from heathenism were instructed in the truths of God, the responsibilities of the Church fell on them. From their midst was to come the evangelists and the teachers of their fellows.

The years that have followed have demonstrated the soundness of the principles upon which the work was established and maintained. Native Churches have been multi-

plied, and native workers are being raised up in ever-increasing numbers to carry the Gospel to their fellow-tribesmen. Sickness and death have removed workers, black and white, but the work thus established continues to progress.

From the day he entered Central Africa, Mr. Crawford not only sought to immerse himself in the native language, and, if possible, acquire the "native mind," *i.e.*, literally to think as the black man does; but he also set about endeavouring to reduce those baffling tongues to an ordered whole. In the light of the reed lamp, in a native hut, or round the camp fire, his pencil and paper were ever at work, and wherever he had opportunity he collected with resolute patience the material from which was afterwards to be built up vocabularies, grammars, text-books, and, best of all, translations of the Scriptures. Much of the fruit of his early labours was lost in the disastrous flood on the Lofoi, but though some of that was never replaced, the translation work which he accomplished was monumental. In 1896 he published, at Livingstonia, a small reader; in 1899, a catechism; in 1903, Dr. Laws printed for him two of the Gospels to be used as readers in the schools; in 1904, through the kindness of the National Bible Society of Scotland, the New Testament in Luba was printed at Livingstonia; and just before his death the complete Bible was translated into Luba-Sanga. The printing of this book, which

was carried out after Crawford's death, cost £2000, a sum which was gladly subscribed by Christians in the home lands.

The secret of Crawford's sustained labours in the cause of Bible translation is to be found in his settled conviction that it was the Word of God, Divinely inspired, authentic and authoritative, the only thing which could meet the need of the African.

Corresponding with his zeal for the work of supplying the African with the Scriptures in his own tongue was his zeal for Bible schools. "Let the emphasis always be on the Bible," he was wont to say. These Bible schools were nothing more nor less than evangelistic centres in the various villages, always under the care of a devoted Christian, who, whatever his teaching capacities, was a trustworthy servant of the Lord Jesus. From these centres the Word of the Lord went out, and many in the villages heard and believed.

The years that followed the advent of the white man into Katanga brought with them rapid changes. Gradually the country became settled, though not before gross abuses of power on the part of the European had been brought to light and dealt with. The rubber scandals of the Congo are still fresh in the public mind. With these changes the isolation of the missionary disappeared. First came the prospector, then followed the engineer and trader. In their wake came the road and rail maker, and now districts which took long weary

months of tramping to reach are readily accessible by rail, or at the most they are reached in a journey of a few days from the rail head.

The steady inflow of workers which enabled new districts to be opened up freed Crawford from the former necessity of long tramps into the surrounding country, therefore he became increasingly localised at Luanza, a circumstance which enabled him to carry on the translation work from which he hoped so much would come. This, and questions of the administration of the land taken over by the Congo Free State, which were likely to affect the missionary work in and around Lake Mweru, took Crawford south to Elizabethville in the spring of 1911. Feeling that his way was now open for a visit to Britain, this journey seemed to point that the time was opportune. Any doubts he had were put to rest by the receipt of a letter from a London solicitor, intimating a legacy of £100. An unknown friend who had been at the farewell meeting 22 years ago had not forgotten him, and now her gift arrived just when it was required. Mrs. Crawford, who was then at Luanza, joined him at Cape Town, and ere 1911 had closed, Crawford, after a lapse of 22 years, was back in Scotland, and had clasped in his strong arms the frail woman who had made the heroic speech on the Central Station platform, and who had during those long years never ceased to follow with a mother's prayers her "wandering boy." His absence had often

given her cause for anxiety, but, thank God, his conduct had never once occasioned her a tear.

Crawford's long years in Central Africa, the story of his association with Mushidi, the hardships which he endured, and the work which he had been permitted to accomplish, had all made him known beyond the small circle of intimates who had followed with prayerful interest his activities as recorded in *Echoes of Service*. For twenty-two years *Echoes*, a missionary paper issued from Bath, had inserted his letters and diaries as they came to hand. This was almost the only link Crawford had with this country. This paper, issued monthly, publishes letters from nearly a thousand missionaries in all parts of the world, who have gone forth from the Assemblies of "Open Brethren" so called.

Dr. Laws of Livingstonia, Dr. Chisholm, the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, and others who had visited Luanza, had all spoken in the highest terms of the thoroughly practical yet withal deeply spiritual character of the work carried on by Dan Crawford and his colleagues.

This had prepared missionary friends in this country for Crawford's coming. It is not to be wondered at that before long he was having a regular missionary's holiday, *i.e.*, "a meeting on each night of the week and two on Sundays." From his attitude at these meetings it was not difficult to notice he enjoyed them as much as

his audiences did. His style of speech was all his own, his language was continually figurative, native proverbs, and parables sparkled in his addresses; but when the theme was Africa he was inexhaustible. The man of the slippered feet and mud hut found he had easy access to Prime Minister and Privy Councillors. Bishops and authors flocked to hear him, and came away sometimes startled, often surprised, but always convinced that here was a man who had something to say, and knew how to say it. Dan Crawford of the long grass was unspoiled by all this notice. Unconventional as ever he had been, he was the old Dan Crawford of Greenock, only more so.

During his sojourn in Great Britain he published his missionary book, "Thinking Black," a title by which he will be remembered, for it describes his outlook on Africa, on Africa's problems, and on Africa's evangelisation.

Crawford visited the United States and Canada in 1913, and found there the same enthusiastic audiences as in Great Britain. Moreover, he made there many friends, who all bore witness to his absorbing passion for the souls of his fellow-men. W. R. Moody said that this was his outstanding characteristic. He sailed for Australia in May, 1914, calling at Honolulu on the way. Open doors for Mr. Crawford wherever he went meant a frank and fearless criticism of all that merited censure, but it also meant that those who

heard him never failed to hear a moving appeal, as well as a loving presentation of the Gospel of Christ. The outbreak of war in 1914 detained him in Australia, but this delay provided him with the opportunity of preaching to great companies of young Australians, who were in training camps prior to their transhipment overseas.

Unconventional to a degree, his talks to these men, freed from all pious phrases, dealt with the real things of life in such a way that many a young fellow was convicted and converted to God.

He returned to Africa the following year, and reached Luanza in June, 1915. The rapidly changing character of the district and the new conditions with their fresh problems gripped the returned missionary. Especially was this true of the advent of the Roman Catholic missionaries, who had by this time come right into the district in which Crawford had pioneered so long. It is an evidence of how deeply grace had penetrated into his nature that we find him saying: "Though here is the king under my thumb waiting for a nod to turn them out, yet the weapons of our warfare are not even a little carnal." The advent of the priests settled for Crawford the question of another furlough in Britain. His answer was: "How can I go home and leave God's lambs to the wolves?"

His Bible for the people, and the Bible School in which it could be taught, were the

two means by which this valiant servant of Christ sought to meet the Romish menace. All the while the Gospel was spreading south, east, and west; and where it was being taught by European and native evangelists, souls were being saved. Almost the whole of Mushidi's empire, once the scene of idolatry and horrors, was being steadily evangelised. New and younger workers were entering into the field, and the man of 56 was beginning to feel a veteran. Early in 1926 the translation of the Bible into Luba-Sanga was completed, and the work of preparing it for the press was proceeding satisfactorily.

Just at this time the end came. In his tiny bedroom, where he slept alone, he scratched his hand on a rough board near his bed. He for once failed to sterilise the wound by means of iodine; it was so trifling he seemed to have forgotten it. In a day or two inflammation appeared and the condition rapidly grew worse. Though everything which the love and tenderness of his devoted wife, and the missionaries who were at hand could suggest was carried out, Crawford's strength steadily declined, and as the evening shadows fell on June 3, the "Gatherer of the People" passed into the presence of Him whose voice the labourer had heard and followed, and of whom the prophet said: "Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."