

Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Jan., p. 13

Vol. 43 (1914)

NORTHERN RHODESIA.

"Good Spirits" (Lunda Country)

P13

71404

Kaleñe Hill, Oct. 17th.—A week ago my daughter and I entered a village thirteen miles north of this. She was soon surrounded by the women and children, who were more numerous than the men. While waiting for the chief to appear, I joined myself to a group of men sitting in front of a hunter's fetish, which was an exceptionally gaudy one. As it is one's custom to get a local object as an introduction to a talk on heavenly things, I asked the names of the spirits to which this fetish was dedicated. Thinking I was making fun of it, it was some time before they gave me five names of

spirits supposed to be powerful to prevent success in hunting, in consequence of which fetishes were needed to propitiate them. But on asking, "Have you no good spirit, who will help in your hunting?" we were surprised to receive the following answers "Yes, there are two—our mother's ancestor and our father's; they help us." It surprised us very much, because during our many years in Africa, one has never before succeeded in getting any one to acknowledge the presence of good spirits; all are supposed to be against them. The answer, however, gave us the opportunity, for which we were looking, to speak of the One who has proved His love for us by dying for us, and His power to help us by rising from the dead. Please pray that little words left here and there last week, in villages practically unevangelized before, may bear fruit to the One who is still longing to help and to save.  
*Walter Fisher.*

Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Jan, pp 13-15 G. R. Suckling

p13 A Change of Sphere.—A Strange Delusion.  
 G. R. Suckling. 71405  
 Vol. 43  
 Durban, Nov. 11th.—Some months ago we heard at Kaleñe Hill from Mr. Arnot that he purposed, God willing, to set out in November for the interior. Since he was compelled to leave his newly-opened station on the confluence of the Zambesi and Kabompo Rivers, the district had been visited by Mr. Cunningham and also by Mr. A. W. Bailey (S.A.G.M.), and both reported large numbers of A-Lunda and Va-Lwena in the districts served by the new station. This fact gave us in the North an increased interest in Mr. Arnot's efforts to secure our southern base, already threatened by those who would propagate error in the very languages that we were seeking to use. After prayer and

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page 14

Continues article  
by Suckling

p 15 end of  
Suckling article  
on page C

1914] AFRICA

of 1,000 miles of water-way. We believe, too, that it will form a real support to the work already being carried on further north. Need we ask you to pray for us, that we may be kept in physical and spiritual health, and be made a rich blessing to those needy people?

G. R. Suckling.

# Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Jan 13-15

Suckling article (continued)

Vol. 43 (1914)

14

7	1	1	4	0	5
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AFRICA.

[JANUARY, PART I.]

consultation with Dr. Fisher, I decided to leave the scene of my two-and-a-half year's apprenticeship, and to join Mr. Arnot in his courageous effort to re-open the work on the Kabompo. In so doing, I had in mind the needs of the un-reached extremities of our vast Lunda parish.

In order the more satisfactorily to arrange our plans, and to obtain the benefit of a change of climate, it was decided that I should first go to Johannesburg. I set out early in August, having a journey of 450 miles before me in order to reach the railway at Broken Hill. It is impossible rightly to express the feelings with which I left the scene of my early experiences in Central Africa. There I had formed many associations it was hard to break; there I had uniformly met with kindness and true Christian fellowship, and had been treated with parental care by Dr. and Mrs. Fisher.

Very soon after leaving Kalefe Hill, we began to be told by the people: "Jesus has appeared." A native of another tribe, some 200 or 300 miles to the south-east, had professed to be the Lord, and was calling the natives from far and near to come to him, the healer of diseases and the destroyer of death, to accept him and to pay him tribute. It was impossible at that distance to ascertain accurately what he was actually teaching, but it seems clear that he had no direct influence from whites, though he must have heard something of the Christian message, and that, surrounding himself with much mystery, he was professing himself to be, and by many was accepted to be, a manifestation of Deity. Thousands of people must have gone to where he was; in several villages we passed we found practically all the men had gone there. An enormous interest was being thus created, yet in it all surely we must see the activity of the powers of darkness.

One day we reached a village on the Lunga River. Late in the afternoon I went out hunting, and only got back after dark. On my return I found all the people arranging their sleeping mats outside the huts. Two messengers, who had been sent to enquire of the self-proclaimed god, had returned, and the people were obeying the instructions they had brought. A long pole was raised in the centre of the village, the ordinary fetish marks were made all round it, and the fetish offering of blood made to it. Then the people were gathered together in one compact mass with the two messengers in the rear. Turning their faces towards the afterglow of the sunset, they proceeded to chant their song, with each new phrase swaying their bodies and stretching out their arms to the west. The messengers led off with: "We will believe 'Jesu' for rain." The people: "We will believe." "We will believe Jesu for fruitful fields." "We will believe." "We will believe" for corn, beans, potatoes, success in hunting, children, cloth, and all the things they so much desire. All this was several times repeated, the while they swung out their arms and swayed their bodies rhythmically with the time of their low, solemn

chant. In the thick darkness, only relieved by the faint flickerings of a fire, it left an indelible picture of Ethiopia stretching out her hands to—what? Had their hearts been turned to seek the Living God? Alas! no. Ere long the messengers changed their song; in a while they were dancing and singing the old spirit-songs, and in this the people joined. Soon we could stay no longer, the hands were no longer outstretched; body and soul, they were yielding themselves up to the passion and sensuality of their spirit dances, while ever and anon the name of "Jesu" would be heard above the confused uproar by which they sought to placate their new-found god. Thus they went on through the night, and sleep was hard to find. But was it the noise that kept us awake, or was it the thought of the awful activities of the spirit-world thus displayed—bringing in *the lie* before ever the truth has been fully heard?

Friends, it is time we should awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The darkness is deepening; the powers of darkness are gathering strength for the last great struggle. While they are so active, shall we be idle? Shall we continue to hesitate and calculate while the enemy of souls is sweeping the field?

I reached Johannesburg on Sept. 19th, and have spent two happy months enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Arnot and the fellowship of Christians. Johannesburg, with its 300,000 natives, presents a missionary problem in itself. Our friends carry on what is known as the "Rand Native Gospel Mission." A fine hall has been built, and a dozen or more honorary workers serve the Lord there. In addition to the work at the hall, the mining compounds are regularly visited (though this entails being up by six o'clock on the Sunday morning), and a weekly open-air meeting is held in the Market Square. Some of our friends speak Zulu fluently, others are working hard at the language, while others speak by interpretation. The open-air meeting seems specially blessed of God, the numbers are large and the attention wonderful. Often one or more natives come after the meeting to be dealt with, and not a few are led to the Saviour. I am sure friends at home will remember this needy work in prayer.

I am writing this in Durban, whither I have come for a few days in order to become acquainted with our friends here. On all hands I meet with kindness. I hope to reach Johannesburg by the end of the week. Mr. Arnot, Mr. Rogers (who is now back from Basutu-land, where he has been studying the language) and I are due to leave on Nov. 21st. We go by train as far as Livingstone, where we shall probably be delayed a few days. Thence we are to go by waggons to the Zambesi River above the falls, where we are to be met by canoes. From there we expect to travel about three weeks in canoes, arriving, we trust, at our station about the end of the year.

We believe that this new post will be one of great opportunity, forming, as it does, the base

Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Jan, Part II, 1914, p. 25

Vol. 43

**Africa.**—Mr. Arnot and his party set out from Johannesburg on Nov. 21st, and left Livingstone on the 27th, whence two days' journey from the rail would bring them to Katombola. There they were expecting to embark in canoes on the Zambesi for the Kapombo station.

Feb, Part I, 1914, p. 45

**Africa.**—We would draw especial attention to the spiritual needs of the *West Coast* ports described by Mr. H. L. Gammon, and also to Mr. Lane's words concerning the *Luandu Country*. Several believers have recently confessed Christ in baptism at Kapango. Ere leaving for the Kabompo, Mr. Suckling wrote, "Try to think of us as men, with all our human frailties and passions, men in a world of sin. When you remember that, surely you will seek to shield us by your prayers." Mr. Arnot's party reached Shesheke in detachments on Dec. 13th. Delay was caused, firstly by a break-down of the waggon on the way to Katombola, and, secondly, by the non-arrival of canoes promised by King Liwanika, who was ill. He made other provision, however, and the Paris Missionary Society lent a barge.

March 1914, p. 86

**Africa.**—Dr. Fisher writes that all the money necessary has been subscribed for the completion of the Benguella railway, which will pass fifteen miles north of Kaleñe. That hill station proved a great help last year to many workers in that part of C. Africa who were low in health. Mr. George Sims, writing from Kaleba, speaks of a tour taken by Mr. W. Lammond among outlying villages, with his headquarters at Muskyota, where they hope to see a mission station eventually. Seventh-day Adventists and Ritualists have missions in the district, which means doctrinal snares for the natives. Hence the need to teach them to read the Scriptures. The Epistles are now in course of translation into Chi-Vemba. Mr. Archibald M'Kinnon reports several conversions at Hualondo, and Miss Dodington the same at Kapango.

March 1914, Part I, p. 99

**Northern Rhodesia: Kaleñe Hill.**—*Miss Hoyte*—"I have taken my old place in the school and much appreciate the fine new school-house built in my absence. Miss Fisher and I have lately spent two week-ends at villages too far to be visited in an afternoon. On the whole we had good hearings. A headman and his wife walked two miles to our camp on a dark night to hear the gospel again. We had had a meeting at their village earlier in the day. Their son had worked a while for Mr. Sawyer and seemed to understand the gospel well."  
*Lake Bangweulu District.*—*Mr. Dugald Campbell*—"We have just got back from two months' travelling, having been to Ndola to bring up a steel boat given by a brother in Germany to the work here. We put it together near the Falls at the south end of the Luapula, and, as the river was low, we had to cut and dig our way through sand-banks, tangled swamp growth and mud. By dint of pulling, pushing, poling and paddling, after a fortnight we reached a point two days' sail from here, and there we have left the boat till the rains raise the rivers, probably two months hence. Going, my wife had a slight touch of pneumonia, and on returning I had a severe attack, coupled with bad bilious fever; but, thank God, I recovered, which we did not expect. We had many meetings in villages and camps by the way. We had a warm welcome back, and have recommenced school and meetings."

March, pp 103-104

March Vol. 43

7 1 4 2 6 a

1914 Part II

"I HAVE GIVEN THEM THY WORD."

103

## Echoes of Service.

"From you sounded out the word of the Lord."

### The Divine Authority for Missions.

MISSIONARY work has its rock foundation in *the will of God*. For anyone into whose heart the light has shone to rest content that multitudes are lying in darkness cannot be the outcome of fellowship with Him. God "willeth that all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. ii. 4, R.V.). Not that all will be saved, but that His good will, "the kindness of God our Saviour, and His love toward man," has extended to all; fullest proof of which has been given in the voluntary and vicarious death of His Son. Thereby "the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men" (Tit. ii. 11, R.V.). The salvation of all is His good pleasure, not His decree, for man has power to refuse His mercy. God is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Pet. iii. 9). His grace, then, is provisional; but in that grace, now expressed in His long-suffering patience, lies the great cause for our reaching, by whatever means He puts at our disposal, the perishing around us. Our own salvation is the result of missionary effort. That alone is sufficient ground for us each one to find out what share he is intended to have in bringing light to those who are still in darkness. God would have a recipient of blessing become a channel of blessing. *Receivers become transmitters* in the sending of messages of salvation.

Secondly, missionary labour is based upon *the counsels of God*. That salvation should in the present age be offered to all the Gentiles forms one of the most frequent subjects of quotation from the Old Testament in the New. The theme lies embedded in all parts of the Old—Law, Psalms, and Prophets. In the space of a few chapters of Romans, to say nothing of other passages, Paul quotes from Deuteronomy, 2 Samuel,

Psalms, Isaiah and Hosea. The Divine purpose was briefly yet comprehensively stated by James at the Council of apostles and elders at Jerusalem, when, in summing up what Peter had just rehearsed, he said that God had visited the Gentiles, "to take out of them a people for His name" (Acts xv. 14). The quotation with which he confirmed his statement was deeply significant, coming as it did from the lips of a Hebrew of the Hebrews. Using the Greek translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, he saw the saving effects of the gospel among the Gentiles in the light of the spiritual restoration of the ruins of the tabernacle of David (vv. 15-18).

Since the purpose of God now is to take out a people for His Name, plainly we are not in this age to expect the conversion of the world, nor of any nation therein. The gospel is a separating power, and the separated constitute the Church, the Body of Christ, heavenly in calling and destiny. They are the gift of the Father to the Son, chosen in Him, and purchased by His blood. But the scope of God's choice is nothing less than "all nations." That the number of His elect was predetermined by Him does not remove our responsibility towards the perishing. A decision on my part that God will carry on His work among the heathen apart altogether from my instrumentality involves the risk of my suffering eternal loss. He can work without me, and my indifference cannot thwart His purposes, but the reward that would be mine will be another's.

Thirdly, this great work rests upon the authority of *the command of Christ*. By His atoning death the Lord Jesus had laid the foundation of the missionary service of His followers. By His resurrection and subsequent appearances to them on various occasions in bodily presence, He had established their faith in Himself as the Personal subject of their testimony. And now, at the last of those appearances—the last until for them and for all who are the fruits of that testimony He comes again—He gave them His parting commission, "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy

Mardy, pp 10 3-104 (cont'd)

Vol. 43 (1914)

714 266

104

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY FOR MISSIONS.

[MARCH, PART II,

Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always [lit., 'all the days'] even unto the end of the world [or, as it should be rendered, 'the age']" (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20).\* Can there be any doubt as to His intentions in these words? Could they have referred to something yet to take place, to a testimony still future? Let us beware of beclouding plain statements by dispensational inferences. Here was a company of men with their Lord and Master standing in their midst. His command was unambiguous. There was no hint as to the postponement of its fulfilment.

But did He mean perhaps that the work was to cease with their removal and to be resumed hereafter? How could it be so? His promise, "Lo, I am with you all the days, *even unto the end of the age*," gave assurance of the continuance of His presence after His immediate hearers had passed away. The age has not yet ended. He has been with His servants throughout it hitherto, and will be with them till its close. In this farewell message the Redeemer of men was looking down through the present age. His thoughts comprehended the successive generations of sin-stricken humanity, the souls for whom His soul had been in travail. Had He not prayed for those who would believe on Him through the word of His Apostles (John xvii. 20), for all believers, therefore, throughout this age (for the faith of all is the outcome of their testimony)? Yes, as He was about to "leave the world and go unto the Father," His Church, of which ere He suffered He had made special mention to one of His hearers, was engaging His heart. Hence His injunction. The "foreign missions," for which He therein gave His authority, would from thence

onward continue till that Church is complete.

Fourthly, the commission given by the Lord was to be sealed by *the empowering of the Holy Spirit*. When instructing His disciples that repentance and remission of sins must be preached among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem, He had said, "And, behold, I send the promise of My Father upon you; but tarry ye . . . until ye be clothed with power from on high" (Luke xxiv. 47-49). Without the Spirit they could bear no witness, for the witness must be borne by Him (John xv. 26, R.V.). When once He came He would be with them *for ever* (xiv. 16), and therefore obviously not only with the Apostles themselves, but with those who should continue their testimony. The day of Pentecost was the day of empowering. The ripened harvest-fields lay ready for the Master's labourers. His voice still calls us to pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust more labourers forth.

The will and counsels of God, the command of Christ, the empowering of the Spirit, all unite in the authority given to us to spread the glad tidings, to "Bear the news to every land."

We are not all called to leave our present sphere of testimony; but it is ours, one and all, to consider what part the Lord would have us take in the work, and having said "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" to fulfil that which He lays upon us. His word comes with special force and significance to-day, "Behold I have set before thee a door opened." Let us diligently co-operate in entering it.

"Each in his allotted portion,  
Let us work, not counting cost,  
To make known through every nation  
Him who came to save the lost."

W. E. VINE

\* We may remark that the word "them" cannot refer to the "nations," as the gender is different. It must refer to the "disciples," which, though not a separate word in the Greek, is yet implied in the verb rendered "make disciples of."

Noticeable, too, in connection with Matt. xxviii. 19, is the record given in Acts xiv. 21, where it is stated that at Derbe Paul and Barnabas "preached the gospel" and "made many disciples."

Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

April, Part I, 1914, pp. 134-5

A Narrow Escape.—Beginnings at the Kabompo.

F. S. Arnot (From a Home Diary.)

Njonjola, Jan. 11th.—Here at last, but the past week has been quite eventful. I sent my last letter from Likapali, the village by the grove of palm-trees. That day the rain delayed us; during a heavy storm a beautiful wild duck came into my boat and crept to my side like a tame thing, lying down quite satisfied with the shelter; I did not kill it. Mr. Rogers and I, who occupied the same barge, were rather late in overtaking Mr. Suckling, and just at dusk the men stopped paddling and said that a swarm of ducks were on a sand-bank in front. Mr. Rogers seized his double-barrelled gun and fired into their midst, afterwards dropping the muzzle of his gun towards his foot as he craned his neck to see the effect of his shot. Instantly bang went the second barrel, and the air seemed to be full of flying shot. Mr. Rogers remarked that he was afraid he had shot off two of his toes. In the darkness we saw nothing but the black hole in his boot. I pulled it and the stocking off at once, dipped up water in a bucket, dropping in a

tabloid of disinfectant and put his foot into it. We then paddled with all haste to the shore. I soon saw that he had really had a marvellous escape; the muzzle of the gun was so near to his foot that most of the shot had passed between the two small toes. The bone of the little toe was badly splintered, but not broken across. I got out one long splinter, bandaged it as well as possible, and waited for the morning. Mr. Rogers slept better than I did. I did not know what to do, whether to go on with our injured man or take him back to Mongo. However, after a long examination and careful dressing of the wound, we decided to go on, and here we are. This very trying journey is over, and our goods are all here. Mr. Suckling's men have brought ten loads for him from Kaleñe. The little house seems to be exactly as we left it, though the bush is all grown up thick again. The people were very glad to see me.

12th.—Mr. Suckling left to open a station twenty miles up the Kabompo. Mr. Rogers' toes prevented my going with him, but, seeing ten Ba-Lunda had come down from Kaleñe to help him to build, it was not easy for him to delay. Mr. Rogers is building a small house here, and studying Lwena as well as Sekololo. To-day I began school with seven little boys. No girls are allowed to come round, and we have no women visitors. Mr. Rogers is in a good deal of pain, requiring constant attention.

17th.—This has been a busy week. Mr. Suckling writes of being pleased with site. The school increases by leaps and bounds, and the people do listen. I am tied up with little duties from morning till night—baking, cooking, buying, talking, gardening, farming, house-repairing, building small house for Mr. Rogers, store-keeping, butter-making, school-teaching, etc., etc. All are preparing for the railway coming in and for the Barotse trader coming up this way.

(From a letter to ourselves.)

Jan. 17th.—Ten days have passed since the accident. Mr. Palmer, the Native Commissioner for the district, saw the foot yesterday and thought our treatment successful; the wound is healing rapidly, so I am most grateful. Mr. Palmer is anxious to give us every assistance, and has been giving Mr. Rogers details of the Lovale people across the Zambesi, whom our brother hopes to visit. It is a mistake to separate this district from the Lunda and Lovale field, for a line drawn up the Kabompo for three hundred miles to the N.E., and up

1914]

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AFRICA—

the Lungebungu for the same distance to the N.W., and then eastward, say from the Chokwe stations to Kaleñe Hill, encloses a vast territory containing scarcely any but Ba-Lovale (Ba-Lwena) and Ba-Lunda. We are here at the apex of this triangle, and hope to be more intimately linked up with the work at Kavungu, Kazombo, Kalunda and Kaleñe. The three great waterways meeting here give us three great highways to begin with. No better centre could be found for hospital work. F. S. Arnot.

Mr. Arnot's illness. 71430

Johannesburg, Feb. 18th.—Mr. Rogers and Dr. Dickson both write from Mongo that my husband was taken ill suddenly on Jan. 24th, and Mr. Rogers and a Native Commissioner, who happened to arrive that day, took him on the 25th to Lealui. From there the Government doctor took him to his own house at Mongo, where he was being nursed. He was better, and they hoped that he would soon be well enough to travel, but the doctor says that he ought on no account to return to the interior. M. Casalis, the secretary of the Paris Mission, is up there visiting the mission-stations, so that if my husband is well enough by the time he leaves, he will come down with him in his barge. There has been no hæmorrhage, but great pain and sickness. The doctor says that Mr. Rogers will not be able to walk for a month, so what he is going to do I do not know. It is all very sad, but next week may bring brighter news. Harriet J. Arnot.

## Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

June

### A Remarkable Conversion (Lovaileland). pp 214-5

To-day an old woman, with a pleasant, happy face, presented me with a small basket of meal. Mrs. Hornby told me that she is a bright Christian, whom they hope soon to baptize. The history of her conversion is very encouraging in connection with medical work. In 1905 her nephew, named Chikunga, was carried here from the Lutembwi, a hundred miles away. He was apparently dying, partly from pernicious anaemia and partly from the numerous cuppings with which every fresh native doctor whom he consulted had endeavoured to cure him of loud noises in his ears (caused by the anaemia), which they thought were

442

1914

Vol. 43 Pt. I

71

AFR

p. 215

the voices of evil spirits. After six months he left us, a new man as far as health was concerned, but apparently the gospel had had no influence upon him. On returning to his village, however, he told his friends, not only of the treatment he had received, but also all about the gospel he had heard. This latter news came as water to a thirsty soul to his aunt, and, after hearing all, she asked him if he believed. He said he did not, but many did. She told him she believed, and immediately destroyed her fetishes. It is only recently this poor old soul has found her way here, and it is her one joy and delight to attend the meetings and learn more about our Lord Jesus. Such a case encourages us to pray more for the numerous patients who have come to us from unevangelized regions. Who knows how many more are being won for our Lord Jesus Christ through their testimony?

Kazombo, Feb. 25th.

Walter Fisher.

71443



Vol. 43 (1914), June Part I, pp 215-6

**NORTHERN RHODESIA.**

The New Work on the Kabompo.—G. R. Suckling.

Balobale, March 15th.—It was scarcely feasible for us all to concentrate at Njonjolo's, and my eyes were naturally turned more to the Lunda villages. Before we could decide on anything definite, Mr. Arnot was taken ill, and it was a great disappointment to us to lose him thus at the very beginning.

This district is inhabited by portions of several tribes, most of which come largely under the influence of the Barotse and understand a good deal of their language. These tribes are mostly to the south of us, and the district for a hundred miles in that direction is said to be well populated by them, though they are never visited by messengers of the gospel. We do not know how far these peoples stretch east and west, but there must be a considerable area, and Mr. Rogers is now working at Sekulolo (the Barotse language), with a view to reaching these entirely unevangelized tribes. He is at present with me, and will probably wait for the dry season before deciding on a base.

Here, too, we have the most southerly portions of the Lwena and Lunda tribes, though there is not the large Lunda population I expected, the villages for thirty miles up the Kabompo being very few, and each little group separated from the next by two to three hours' walk. The Native Commissioner assured me I should not find a well-populated locality throughout his district, the only one there was having just been

adjudged Portuguese territory by the Boundary Commission. As it was necessary to keep within touch of Njonjolo, owing to the goods Mr. Arnot left there, I decided for the time being on a spot about twenty-five miles up the river, where my camp is now pitched. I have a small Lunda population round me, which may increase in time; but for the present I must, God willing, aim more at itinerating than station work. To go out from the routine of station work for a few weeks' itineration is very different from having to be continually at it, and I seek your prayers that I may have real spiritual enthusiasm for the work. Going north, for the first thirty miles foreign villages are to be found, but beyond that, right up to Kavungu and Kaleñe Hill, I am told that there are only Lwena villages (on the west bank) and Lunda ones (mostly on the east). Altogether these represent a very large population, though so scattered, and they present a most hopeful field for itineration. From this spot I am able to touch, with only one day's journey, some good centres, and at these I am having small native huts put up for my use, so that I can frequently spend a night or two there.

Imagine fifteen youngsters from Kaleñe Hill, none over seventeen years at the most, wandering down 200 miles or so to meet me! The change of altitude did not seem to suit them, and several had various attacks of sickness. It seemed unwise to keep them, and they were going back hence to Kaleñe Hill, but were delayed, owing to one boy's illness. He got better, but, just before they were leaving, another, who had been with me ever since I came to Africa, became ill, and ere long it seemed clear that he was suffering from pneumonia. For six days we had a very sad time, and then he died. I am glad to say he professed to be a Christian, and during his illness he stated, quite definitely, that he was going to "the country of God." Though only sixteen years of age, he was married, and his young wife journeyed all the way here with him. His death rather frightened the rest of my boys, but two of them refused to return to the hill. They, too, profess to be Christians, and desire to stay here in order, as they say, to help me to carry the good news to those who have no other teachers. It is a great joy to me to see that their faith, young as they are, is producing courage and zeal for God's service. Please pray that they may be led on into full knowledge of the Son of God.

Think of us two young men at this isolated

Vol. 43 (1914)

216

7	1	4	4	3
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spot on the Zambesi, seeking, by God's grace, to reach between us so vast a field. How many Christian souls at home do we two represent? To how many poor heathen souls out here are we responsible? Please pray for us, and at the same time try to compare your share in this "divine enterprise" with what that share ought to be.

George R. Suckling.

June, p 219

1914 | 7 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 7 | MISCELL  
 June 15, 1914 p. 219  
 Mr. F. S. Arnot's Home-call.

Those who have known of Mr. Arnot's serious state of health will not be surprised to learn that his time of precious and devoted service here below has come to an end. We had written a note about his health for this number of *Echoes*, but on the 15th a cablegram reached us from Johannesburg with the words "Fred at rest." How expressive is the brief and simple message! His life has been one of toil—toil for Africa, and a sentence in his last letter shows us that his mind was still what it has so long been. Quoting the words, "All in Asia heard the word," his comment was, "We easily content ourselves with reaching particular places, such as Kavungu or Koni, but ALL in AFRICA would mean a continuous reaching out East, West, North and South ere we begin to fulfil our ministry." For our dear brother the change is truly a blessed one; but for his fellow-workers, for African saints, for us all, the loss is truly great, and it may well remind us of the possible brevity of our own time, and that it behoves us to seek to know more of the Spirit of our Lord as expressed in the words, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

Shortness of time as well as of space prevents our adding anything about our brother's fruitful service at present, but we hope to say a little in our next number. We will only quote a verse that comes to mind.

"I need not be missed, if another succeed me,  
 To reap down those fields which in spring  
 I have sown,  
 He who ploughed and who sowed is not  
 missed by the reaper,  
 He is only remembered by what he has  
 done."

It is scarcely needful to remind our readers that, though our brother is beyond the need of our prayers, his dear wife and family are not; the sorrow to them must be great, and it is our privilege to bear them up before our God.

71450a

1914]

"I HAVE GIVEN THEM THY WORD."

223

## Echoes of Service.

"From you sounded out the word of the Lord."

### Labour and Rest.

"A VOICE from heaven" may well have our diligent attention. In one sense the whole Bible is a voice from heaven, the voice of our God to us. But in Rev. xiv., amidst symbols of solemn judgments unfolded to the Apostle, there is a distinct "voice from heaven" telling of the blessedness of those who "die in the Lord." The words "from henceforth" may be specially connected with the iniquities and the judgments of which that and other chapters tell us, yet it is allowable to take the words as expressive of an abiding truth. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," wherever or whenever they die. This is confirmed by the expression, "Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours."

They who die in the Lord have previously lived in the Lord, and the first thing that this statement suggests is that those who are in the Lord are a people who labour. This is assumed throughout Scripture. It is true that before we are in a position or condition to labour for the Lord, we must receive the rest which He gives and the righteousness which He bestows, for not by any of his own doings can the sinner become righteous; not by any efforts of his own can he weave a robe in which to appear before God. The fine linen in which the bride is arrayed for the marriage supper of the Lamb is a gift from God (Rev. xix. 8), and that fine linen denotes the righteousnesses of the saints—each several saint of that vast number, who collectively become the bride, having been justified by God's grace through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. The blood of Christ, which is the ground of justification (Rom. v. 9), also cleanses, removing every stain; and the justified one possesses a righteousness worthy of God. But though salvation is not of works, lest anyone should boast

(Eph. ii. 9), the saved are created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God prepares for His people to walk in. These truths are the counterpart of each other—salvation without works and salvation unto works, as the Apostle wrote to Thessalonian believers, "Ye turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God and to wait for His Son from heaven." If the truth that we are saved to serve had been maintained and carried out, the false doctrines of those who teach that salvation is to be obtained by ceremonial observances could have found no place.

In one of his last letters—the Epistle to Titus—the Apostle reminds his younger fellow-worker of the great truth that God saved us "according to His mercy" and justified us by His grace," and "not by works of righteousness which we have done," and he bids him to "affirm confidently" these truths, to the end that they which have believed in God may be careful to maintain good works (chap. iii. 8). In the Epistle to the Romans he sets an example of this. In the first part of the Epistle he confidently and fully sets forth the truth that believers are justified solely by God's grace through the blood of Christ, and in the latter part he as clearly shows what is the result and fruit of God's grace when truly known, even the yielding of the body to God as a living sacrifice to carry out His will. God's children are called to pursue very varied paths, the few in comparison being separated wholly from the ordinary course of life to the gospel and the ministry of the Word, though many have the privilege of giving not a little time and strength to such work while following an ordinary calling. But the path to be pursued is a secondary matter; all alike are servants of Christ, and while one is called to special service in the church, or to carry the gospel to those who have never heard it, another is called to follow the more ordinary path of life, and has the privilege of using his means for helping forward the work of the gospel. But in some way or other all are called to show the fruit of God's grace in a life of good works and often of endurance in them. Yet to

Vol. 43 (1914)

224

7 1 4 5 0 6

LABOUR AND REST.

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 [JUNE, PART II.]

this there is a limit, and when the time of departure comes they "rest from their labours," as he who laboured more abundantly than others, though they were by no means slothful, said, "the time of my release is at hand." This is part of their blessedness, though who while here can estimate what even that part of it means? The joy of closing the eyes on a life of toil and endurance and opening them in the presence of the Lord, with the consciousness that toil and endurance are for ever past, must vary according to the labour bestowed and endurance exercised, but it is a joy that cannot be estimated till it is tasted. And when we try to think of the further joys inseparable from being "at home with the Lord," we are lost in thought and can only repeat, "Blessed, oh how blessed, are the dead which die in the Lord!"

Then we are reminded that if "they rest from their labours," the fruit of those labours is not lost, for "their works do follow them"; they do not precede them as if they gave any access or title to this blessedness, but they follow, or "follow with them"; the works are kept as carefully as the worker, and will be found to his account in "the day of Christ." Does this not remind us of the value of our time here? and is it not calculated to stir us to diligence? While reward as well as salvation will all be of God's grace, yet rewards will be bestowed in righteousness by "the righteous Judge," who will give to each one according as his work shall be (Rev. xxii. 12). The present is our day for service, and how soon in this respect the night will come, none of us can tell, for though "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," it means that the day of service here below is ended (John ix. 4), and with it the opportunity of laying up for the future.

Let us then take to heart the truth so forcibly expressed by H. Bonar:

"Not many lives, but only one have we,  
 One, only one;  
 How sacred should that one life ever be,  
 That narrow span!  
 Day after day filled up with blessed toil,  
 Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

W. H. B.

IN MEMORIAM.—F. S. ARNOT.

The preceding little paper seemed to grow naturally from thoughts about the devoted toil and endurance of our brother Mr. F. S. Arnot, whose call to rest we mentioned in our last issue. In his labour for Africa he was a true successor of the one who was specially used of God in the opening up of that previously unknown and neglected country.

The full effect of Dr. David Livingstone's journeyings and sufferings in Africa will only be known when all things are brought to light. As a result of his reports of the state of things in that vast country and his appeals on its behalf—if not in each case the direct result—various efforts have been made to reach the people with the gospel. The chief of these are the Mission of the Free Church of Scotland, the headquarters of which are at Livingstonia; that of the Church Missionary Society, which has done much in Uganda, where one of its Bishops—Hannington—and about sixty converts were put to death, and that of the Universities Mission to Central Africa. The first two are Evangelical, and there may be others. The third named is decidedly ritualistic, and there are Romish Missions also.

But another result of Dr. Livingstone's work shows how much may grow out of little things, and how God can use little things to bring forth instruments for the carrying out of His great designs. One of the chief friends and playmates of Dr. Livingstone's children was Fred. Stanley Arnot, and when they received letters from their father telling of Africa and its need, and of the sufferings inflicted by slave traders, they shared these letters with their playmate, in whom there thus gradually grew an interest in the dark continent, so that, as he tells us, from the day of his conversion, when quite a boy, he cherished the desire to have some share in carrying the gospel into Central Africa.

It was in very real dependence upon God that Mr. Arnot, accompanied by Mr. Donald Graham, who like himself was well commended from Glasgow, left England July 19th, 1881, for S. Africa *en route* for the Zambesi. On the voyage Arnot wrote, "There is no doubt that we have uphill work before us, and I more than ever feel persuaded that it will only be by much prayer and waiting upon God that we shall be enabled to be faithful to Him." Having been advised that Natal would be their best starting-point for the interior, they proceeded to Port Durban, where they landed on August 20th. Mr. Graham's health failed and,

1914]

IN MEMORIAM—F. S. ARNOT.

225

acting on medical advice, he remained in Natal, so that Mr. Arnot had to proceed alone, his first stage being to the Western Transvaal in the company of a party of Boers, with their waggons, and then on through Kama's country, making his way up the Zambesi to King Liwanika's capital. Though at that time Liwanika stoutly refused to hear his "words about God," wanting someone who could teach his people to make guns and powder, yet he treated him kindly and, following his advice, sought an alliance with Kama instead of with Lobengula, the warlike King of the Matabele. A lasting friendship was formed between King Liwanika and Mr. Arnot, so that when a few years ago the former came to this country, as a guest of the nation, he was glad to welcome the visits of our brother, and in spite of many invitations kept his last evening in England free, that Mr. Arnot might spend it with him, which he did, the time being occupied in earnest conversation.

The brief record which Mr. Arnot has written of his first seven years in Africa is of great interest; it shows how truly he was cast upon God, and what occasion he had to prove and how he did prove the sufficiency of God in circumstances of deepest need and difficulty. Details of these and the following years of service we do not attempt to give, but will say here that just before he was taken home he completed a book he desired to issue for the helping on of prayerful interest in the work in Africa, and this volume we hope to announce very shortly. But it does seem right to say that no one since has had equal difficulties, and that travelling in Africa has been for some years now very different from what it was when he took his first journeys. The change, of course, has been gradual, and we do not forget what it cost Mr. Swan and Mr. Faulkner to reach the Garonganze country, or make light of what they had to endure and others have had to endure since then; but without doing this we believe all will justify us in saying that, as Mr. Arnot was the pioneer in the work, so he was called to the greatest share of physical endurance.



MR. F. S. ARNOT.

However, God knows what each one has suffered and it will not be forgotten.

While in this country for six months in 1888-9, Mr. Arnot was invited by learned societies and others to tell of his travels and discoveries, and was made a Fellow of the R.G.S. But none of these things turned him from his one object or made him ready to allow delay in the pursuit of it. In March, 1889, he married Miss Harriet Jane Fisher, of Greenwich (one of whose brothers, Dr. W. Fisher, is now working in Africa). In the same month he and his wife left for Africa with twelve fresh workers, of whom Mr. D. Crawford was one and Dr. W. Fisher another. One of this party was taken away before he could land, and others very soon after they had set foot on African soil. Mr. Arnot remarked that they as a company "experienced their full share of perplexity,

Vol. 43(1914) 71 | 4 | 5 | 1 | 1 | 0

226

IN MEMORIAM—F. S. ARNOT.

[JUNE, PART II.]

anxiety and sorrow; but the survivors have also had much proof of God's watchful care and delivering mercy." We cannot here follow the steps of our brother, but hope many will soon read from his own pen the record of the succeeding years. It should be remarked, however, that climate, exposure, lack of proper food and arduous labours told upon his health; and after a time he was compelled again to return to this country. He visited Central Africa as he was able, and in July, 1908, moved with his wife and family to Johannesburg, that he might more easily visit the various fields of service and render some help to those labouring in them.

He had much desired to see the work begun in the Kabompo district, and in 1911 he and his wife went to pioneer in that part. They were well received and remained for a while, but his spleen, from which he had suffered so much, again began to enlarge, and they were obliged to return to Johannesburg. He made a further attempt the following year, but was again taken seriously ill, and was advised to seek surgical aid in England. He therefore visited this country and, after rest and medical treatment, seemed better, and said with much exultation that he had been told he might go to Africa without fear, provided he took ordinary care. He left England for the last time in May, 1913, and in November went once more to the Kabompo, being accompanied by Messrs. Suckling and Rogers.

They arrived safely and began work, but after a very little while Mr. Arnot was stricken down with illness. He was conveyed to the capital of the Barotse, where he obtained some medical aid, and thence to Johannesburg. He suffered much, and it was finally decided that relief could only be obtained by a serious operation, which was performed, May 6th. Writing on the 7th, Mrs. Arnot said her husband was going on as well as could be expected, and the doctors quite hoped it would be a perfect cure. This was virtually repeated on a card dated 14th. The only subsequent information we have is that of his falling asleep, which came by cable on the 15th, showing that the end must have come suddenly and unexpectedly.

Thus at the comparatively early age of 55 our brother finished his noble course. He truly gave his life to and for Africa, and, though we could not help desiring that his valuable life might have been lengthened for the sake of his dear wife and family, as well as for the work, we know that He who called His beloved servant to rest will care for both, and as to the departed one we may quote another verse from Bonar,

"He liveth long who liveth well,  
All other life is short and vain;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain."

The extent to which Mr. Arnot gained the respect and confidence of African natives was very marked and was shown by their readiness to do anything for him. When carriers were needed and it was difficult to obtain them, as soon as it became known that those needing them were friends of Mr. Arnot the difficulty was overcome and they obtained as many as they needed. Perhaps we cannot better conclude this brief notice of our departed friend than with a quotation from the book, *How I became a Governor*, by Sir Ralph Williams, who came across him about 1884. He writes:—

"At the great fall (the Victoria) we crawled to the very edge, and lying flat looked down into the chasm below. . . . While thus wondering we were amazed to see two white men coming towards us, who proved to be Mr. Edmund Selous, the brother of the famous hunter, and Mr. Arnot, a missionary among the Barotse and later on I think a Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. It was a strange place in which to foregather.

"Mr. Arnot, the missionary, was a remarkable man. I met him some weeks later, and had many talks with him. He was the simplest and most earnest of men. He lived a life of great hardship under the care of the King of the Barotse and taught his children. I remember his telling me with some pride that his pupils had mastered the alphabet. I have seen many missionaries under varied circumstances but such an absolutely forlorn man existing on from day to day, almost homeless, without any of the appliances which make life bearable, I have never seen. He was imbued with one desire, and that was to do God service. Whether it could be best done in that way I will not here question, but he looked neither right nor left, caring nothing for himself if he could but get one to believe; at least so he struck me. And I have honoured the recollections of him ever since as being as near his Master as anyone I ever saw."

226  
**MISSIONARY TRAVELS IN  
CENTRAL AFRICA.**

By FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT.

This volume, which was finished by Mr. Arnot a very little while before he was taken to rest, and gives an interesting sketch of his journeyings from the beginning to the end, will, it is hoped, be ready for publication very shortly. The price will be 2/- net.

1914]

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NOTES & COM

pp. 226-7  
In Memoriam.—Frederick Stanley Arnot.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them" (Rev. xiv. 13).

Home at last, dear faithful warrior,  
Sweet thy rest from conflict now!  
Thou hast fought, and wast a conqueror;  
Yea, a crown shall grace thy brow.  
Thine shall be adorned with jewels  
Won from Afric's sin-bound land,  
Where for years thy feet have travelled  
By thy Lord's express command.

Long shall Afric's sons remember  
Thy dear name and loving toil,  
And thy ceaseless, dauntless courage;  
O'er vast tracts of burning soil,  
Through the swamps and long grass going  
Thou hast toiled mid scorching heat,  
But dark Africa is lighter  
Since thy march with weary feet.

K. G. M.

# Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Page k

June, p. 240

June 1914 #11 p. 240 71455  
Lundaland.—Miss Hoyle.—“The school at Kalene Hill is more absorbing than ever before, and at Kalunda they are working hard, printing Bible stories, written by various workers, for school reading. Our boys and girls are ready to buy any literature that can be provided for them, and, as for writing, there is a perfect mania for writing notes on scraps of paper to give any bit of news or ask the most trivial question. Many of the notes are rather absurd, but we are glad that so many find they can express themselves on paper. Some who have left us are very faithful in writing.”

Mr. T. Rea reports from Kalunda that meetings are very encouraging, attendance being good, and among the Christians there seem to be growth and a desire to spread the gospel. One man, converted about a year, had just left for his village, three or four days distant, to make known the news of Christ to his own folk, and an older Christian was desiring to make a similar trip. School-work, both among adults and children, continues good.

71456  
Kabompo District.—Mr. T. L. Rogers.—“I have just returned from a little trip overland to the mouth of the river Dongwe, about 80 miles from Balobale. When Mr. Arnot was there, on his last visit to the Barotse, it was the centre of a large population, under the biggest chief in this part of the country, Chinyama, but, being a bit of a firebrand, he has been forced to leave and to build another village about twenty miles this side of his old site, and now the Dongwe junction is practically deserted. Both going and returning I visited Chinyama's new capital, and feel it would make an excellent centre for gospel work. It is the largest native village for over 100 miles round, and Chinyama himself wishes to be 'taught the words,' so I may eventually settle down near him. He especially asked that his eldest son, Sekofelo, a bright little fellow about twelve years old, might remain with me and be taught, but I was unable at the time to take him. Later, I hope to be able to do so. He might become a great witness for Christianity if truly converted, as he is the next heir to the Barotse kingdom after Liwanika's son, Litia.”



July 1914 (P+I)

7 1 4 6 2 9  
 'RICA. 255

<sup>Kavungu</sup>  
 Miss Ing writes, "We hope to be able to hold the gospel meeting in the new temporary school-house next Sunday. To-day the old one was packed with adults, and we had seventy-nine at the children's meeting, while the commander at the Fort came down with six traders and a Portuguese lady, wife of one of them. A good many of them understand U-Lwena, and if they listened they heard the gospel. We have an old blind and almost deaf woman living here, and she is saved. When Dr. Fisher was here a short time back he operated on one of her eyes, hoping to give her sight; but it was not successful, and although she had much pain and the disappointment to bear, she has never murmured. It does me good each day when I go to see her, and she is so grateful for the little I can do. Mr. and Mrs. Schindler are busy on a new edition of our primer, and hope to get it finished this week. I have the usual amount of medical work, and am able to get to the villages two or three times a week."

71461  
**SOUTH AFRICA.**

**FURTHER NOTICES OF MR. ARNOT.**

**His Peaceful Departure.**

Johannesburg, *May 20th.*—My husband suffered much after the operation, but we hoped all was going right until Tuesday (May 12th), when a bad symptom appeared. On Thursday he was very low, and while I was there he had a sudden attack of the heart, with terrible pain. He became easier, but steadily sank, and was quite peaceful and happy when he knew all hope of recovery was gone. He told me to send the cable, "Fred at rest," and then gave me directions about his funeral, as to whom to invite. The end was very peaceful, just the breathing becoming slower and slower, no pain or struggle. It was such a mercy to feel that all the pain and weariness of the last four months were over, and he was in the presence of the Lord he loved so well.

71462  
*Harriet J. Arnot.*

The above was written to ourselves, but Mr. Arnot's sisters have kindly sent us extracts

from a letter to their mother, giving more details. From this we learn that our dear brother spent four weeks in the Nursing Home, from March 4th, and then had five weeks at home, during which he was sometimes quite bright and was pleased to see friends, numbers of whom visited him, but his nights were very weary and there was no real improvement. On May 5th he re-entered the Nursing Home, with a view to the operation, which was performed the next day, Wednesday. He knew there was a possibility of his not recovering, and that the risk was great, but he felt he could not hold on much longer if something were not done. He was resting on the text, "I cried unto the Lord, and He . . . strengthened me with strength in my soul." When he recovered consciousness after the operation, the pain was most severe, and he said his family must all pray for him, adding that it would do the children good, bringing them nearer to God to have something so definite to pray for. On the Sunday he was very restless, but said he thanked God for the discipline, and that it was just what he needed. Good news had come from the Kabompo, and, though only able to listen to one letter, he was very anxious that his wife should see to some school material and other things the brethren there had ordered. The following Thursday Mrs. Arnot was informed by telephone that he seemed very weak, but had had a quiet night, so she hurried to the Home. He enjoyed hearing some letters she took with her, but just as he was going to sit up the above-mentioned attack came on. When the special nurse came for the night, he asked her name and said, "Is it not a comfort to have everything settled and to know one is safe for eternity?" Later he told his wife to lie down, but when she went to him about midnight he asked her to stay with him. He had no pain towards the end, and was quite conscious. As Mrs. Arnot repeated the verse, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," he nodded his head brightly. He fell asleep quietly, without any struggle, at 4.30 a.m. on Friday, May 15th.

**Particulars of the Interment.**

We have received an account of the burial of our departed brother, and are sure the addresses given will be appreciated by many, who will thank God for the witness borne to him as a man of faith and devotedness. Mr. Baker's address especially furnishes a little glimpse of the far reaching effect of his life.

A service, impressive in its simplicity, was held at the Johannesburg (Brixton)

Continued ↓

More on Arnot's death  
Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

Page L2

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

July 1914 (Pt I)

Vol. 43 (1914)

256

7 1 4 6 2 6

AFRICA.

[JULY, PART I,

Cemetery, on Saturday, May 16th, on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Frederick Stanley Arnot, the well-known missionary of the Cross and explorer of Central Africa, famous as the author of *Gavenganze*.

A large number of Christians followed our brother's remains to the grave. Mr. Laurie Hamilton was in charge of the burial, and opened with the hymn, "Till He come." After Mr. Hamilton had engaged in prayer, Canon Digby Berry read a few solemn and appropriate Scriptures, and gave his personal tribute to the close fellowship in Christ which he had enjoyed with Mr. Arnot. They were burying that day one of Africa's heroes. Canon Berry then engaged briefly in prayer, and the remains of our missionary-pioneer were committed to mingle with the dust of the great continent on whose behalf he had dared and suffered so much.

Mr. Ernest Baker, Pastor of the Johannesburg Baptist Church, after speaking words of sympathy and comfort from the Word, said, "I would like to lay three wreaths upon the grave to-day. The first is from myself. I could hardly believe my eyes this morning when I read in the obituary notice that Mr. Arnot was only 55 years of age. My mind went back twenty-five years ago to a country village in Sussex, where my father had a copy of *Gavenganze*, when that book first came out. My father was captivated by it, and gave it to me. It was the first missionary work that had a place in my library. Straightway "Fred. Arnot" became one of my heroes. Just over twenty-two years ago I came to Africa, and at Wynberg I met the Hepburns, the missionaries to Khama. I found that they knew our brother, and I learned all I could of him from them. My earliest sermons in my first pastorate culled from *Gavenganze* more than one illustration of the faithfulness of God, and of how He answers prayer. Then just over three years ago I met and worshipped with the brethren in Kansas City, where my uncle, C. J. Baker, known by repute to some of you, resides, and I found much interest in Arnot there. As I came from Africa, I was asked to tell all I knew of him. I discovered later from Mr. Arnot himself that my uncle had helped him and his associated missionaries with gifts in the shape of tents. Two years ago, during the missionary conference at Capetown, I was taking a cup of tea, when one, who I thought was an old man, approached me and addressed me by name. It was a couple of minutes before I found that the speaker was Arnot. I can hardly tell you the feeling

of reverence that came over me as I realized I was face to face with one who had been a hero to me just as I was passing out of my teens into manhood. It was the only time I met him, and we were only together for a few minutes, but in those minutes what a vivid picture he drew of the tens of thousands of natives in Central Africa waiting for the gospel! The second wreath is from my church. I am charged by its members to speak of their debt to Mr. Arnot. My predecessor, Mr. Doke, and Mr. Arnot were kindred spirits. As you know, we are about to take up a great missionary field in N.W. Rhodesia. The journey which Mr. Doke took, and which cost him his life, to investigate that territory was suggested by Mr. Arnot. It was he who first proposed that we should enter that sphere. Then Mr. Arnot's lectures were a great inspiration, and the missionary spirit and giving of our church have been much stimulated by them. Then, of course, we must lay a wreath from a wider field. How little the significance of his death is grasped by the community in which we live! I do not think I exaggerate when I say that, next to Dr. Livingstone, Central Africa owes more to Mr. Arnot than to anyone else. Perhaps more on him than on anyone fell the mantle of the great pioneer of missions in this continent. To call to mind that Arnot was amongst the Barotse before the venerable Coillard settled among them, and that he had something to do with the communications which issued in Coillard returning to Liwanika's country; to remember that Crawford, who recently emerged from the "long grass" after twenty-two years, and who has had such a triumphant missionary progress in Great Britain and the United States, was established in his work by Arnot; to note on the map his great missionary journeys, the missionary sites surveyed and suggested by him; to remember also the names of the missionaries who were piloted and directed by him; to call to mind these things is to see that we are to-day paying our respects to one of Africa's greatest men. Fred. Arnot was one of the gifts of the ascended Lord to a lost world. His life and work are a proof to us of the power of God, and also of the love of God to our race. Right to the last he was an inspiration. Mr. Brailsford, who is to represent Johannesburg in the Sudan, told us at his farewell meeting of the last words spoken to him the other day by Mr. Arnot. Mr. Brailsford was sympathizing with him in his illness, when he replied, "When you have spent thirty years in the

Continued

More on Arnot's death  
Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

Page 43

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

July 1914 (PT I)

July  
1914]

pt I

p. 257

AFRICA-

mission-field you will not mind having an illness." Mr. Arnot paid the price, and he was quite ready to pay it. The Spirit of Christ was his, and this is our inspiration to-day. That Spirit is given to us all, and can empower us in our degree and spheres to fulfil the works which for us also have been "prepared from the foundation of the world."

In bringing the service to a close, Mr. Hamilton referred to the tremendous obstacles which had been overcome by Mr. Arnot when, during the Boer War of 1881, he came to Durban, and, under great disadvantages, travelled through Khama's country. Khama and his people hailed Arnot as one sent from God in direct answer to their prayers for a missionary to be sent to the very place where Arnot was bound. Being lent that chief's own private wagon and oxen, and loaded with gifts from Khama's people, he went on, through periods of sickness and destitution, face to face with death in its most terrible forms, until he reached that vast and hitherto utterly unevangelized land, in which he marked out sites for missions now effectively occupied for the gospel.

Mr. Jas. F. Goch offered the concluding prayer.

More on Arnot's death  
Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

Page M

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Aug (Pt 2), 1914

CENTRAL AFRICA. 295

Mr. Arnot's Last Journey in Africa.

Mrs. Arnot and her elder daughter have kindly sent us a brief account of the last journey of dear Mr. Arnot. Though this was not intended for publication, we think Mrs. Arnot will not object to our sharing with our readers the profit of reading it. Its interpositions remind us that the God of Ps. cvii. is still the God of all who trust in Him, and we might well quote the closing verse of that Psalm with reference to this last journey, as well as others recorded in Mr. Arnot's new volume—"Whoso is wise and will understand these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

Miss Rachel Arnot writes:—I do not know whether you heard how suddenly father was taken ill on January 24th. The Commissioner, Mr. Thwaites, who had come

Unhappily none of these messengers could get through, as the roads were made impassable by heavy floods. Before reaching Shesheke one interesting little incident took place. They were in need of meat one time, so the canoes were stopped while M. Ellenberger took aim at two or three guinea-fowl that were on the bank and shot one. Before they could land, however, to their astonishment, they saw a lion suddenly seize the shot guinea-fowl and make off with it. The lion had been lying, unperceived by the party, behind a bush near, eating a baboon. The other guinea-fowl had seen the lion, and did not move when the gun went off, but waited to see

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what the lion would do. The lion evidently preferred the flesh of the guinea-fowl to that of the baboon.

They did not know how long they would have to wait at Kayungula for the waggon—perhaps a week, perhaps a fortnight, as no message had got through. What was their surprise therefore to hear the crack of a whip in the distance half an hour after they had disembarked! M. Jalla had heard a rumour of a party coming down the river, so sent the waggon on "spec." Father was carried overland in a hammock, while the other missionaries and the goods went in the waggon. One day the waggon-driver said he wanted to push on for two hours longer that evening before camping for the night, as he was afraid that a river now low would fill in a few hours. They looked towards its source and saw heavy black clouds in that direction. They pushed on hoping for the best; what was their relief to find the river quite low! They had hardly crossed when they heard a roar behind them, and down came the water carrying all before it and flooding both banks of the river. If they had been on the wrong side of this flood it would have kept them a week or ten days at the least. When they arrived at Livingstone father looked up the first train for Johannesburg. Some wanted him to wait for the quick train, which left a day later, but arrived before the slow one. But father would take the slow, stopping train, which in the end proved the quickest, as the other was delayed seventeen hours by a wash-away. Mother got Dr. Berry out to see him the day after he arrived. Dr. Berry ordered him off to the Nursing Home at once to be tapped. The doctor then told us that he did not arrive here a day too early, as the blood from the ruptured spleen would have turned septic in another day or two.

I think you know the rest of the story. He was ill four months altogether, six weeks of which he spent at Mongu and in journeying to Johannesburg.

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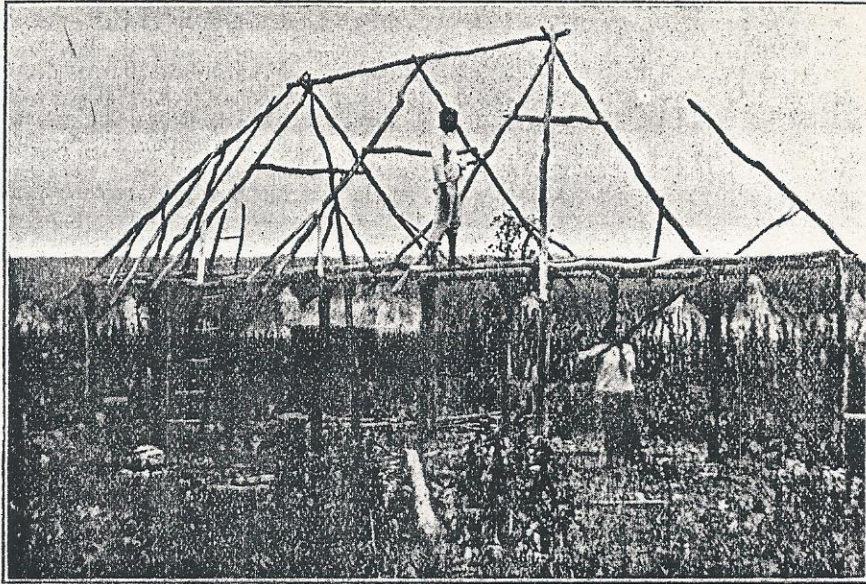
AFRICA. up to the station in his barge with the mail, had only been in the house five minutes before father complained of great pain. They got him to bed and the next day hurried him off to the doctor at Mongu. All the Commissioner's things were bundled out of the barge, and Messrs. Thwaites and Rogers took father a five days' journey in two days, through terrible storms of thunder and rain, travelling night and day. When Mr. Suckling, who had camped twenty miles further on, heard of father's illness, he walked that distance in one night through a country infested with wild animals. He arrived just in time to see them off and to fling into the barge his good eiderdown quilt, which proved a great comfort. The doctor was kindness itself to father, and nursed him night and day. After a fortnight at Mongu father picked up wonderfully and was well enough to travel south. Dr. Dickson came with him part of the way and then gave him his own boy (trained as a cook as well as a nurse) to go with him the rest of the journey. The Ellenbergers, French missionaries from the Barotse Valley, happened to be going on furlough, so this fitted in very nicely and they joined parties at Lealui. The three weeks' journey from Lealui to Kayungula down the Zambesi was one "series of miracles," to quote father's words. It would rain all night and clear up just in time for their start off in the morning; of course they could not travel when it was raining. At night, when the pain was very bad, God drew near to His suffering servant and filled his soul with peace and with perfect resignation to His will. At times His presence so filled the tent that the whole place seemed lit with His glory. They stopped at Shesheke for a day or two, and messengers were sent from there overland to Livingstone to ask for the waggon to be sent to meet the party.

# Articles from Echoes of Service (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Aug (P+H) 1914, p. 315

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BUILDING A SHED, BIE.

is about seventeen years of age. Her master applied for her, but made very little ado about her remaining here, as I told him slavery is at an end.

*Frank Figg.*

Dr. Morey writes that four more have confessed Christ at his sick camp and two on Chilonda station, one of these being his personal boy.

Mr. Archbd. M'Kinnon writes from Hualondo, "The blessing in our midst continues, although not so many are professing conversion as when I wrote. Most of those who have confessed Christ within the last two months are suffering persecution, and so far as we know all are standing fast and rejoicing in Christ Jesus. The other day Mr. Lane came over and in the evening gave an address to the young believers. There was a large attendance, and among the number were more than forty recently saved. When we go to the villages to invite to the meetings we commonly hear, 'You invite us to your meetings, but when we go we find the school already full.'"

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**NORTHERN RHODESIA.**

The Kabompo District.—G. R. Suckling.

**Chitokoloki, May 29th.**—Since I last wrote Mr. Rogers paid a visit to Mr. Bailey of the S.A.G.M., who is our nearest neighbour to the East. You will remember Mr. Arnot helped him to build his station at Kansanshi. Recently he came farther south to within 130 miles of here, and he now proposes to go out west in order to open up work amongst

the Va-Luchaze. Mr. Rogers is thinking of going with him to help him begin his new station, and also to see the country that lies between, which must have a large population of Va-Lovale. I have already paid one visit to the Lovale portion of our district, to the west of here. About sixteen miles away, I have had a small hut built on the Kashiji River, in order to form a base for work amongst them. Along this river, its tributary the Chinono, and the parent river, the Lungevungu, with other of its western tributaries, there is a large Lovale population. I also visited our Lunda Chief, Shinde, and found there a very ready ear for the gospel. He has sent his two little sons to school here. You will see from this that our work is but a continuation of that further north. I have told Dr. Fisher, with whom we keep in constant touch, that I want him to look upon this as simply an out-station of theirs. We are working amongst the same people as they, and I hope that by a frequent exchange of visits we shall not only maintain fellowship amongst ourselves, but shall further the work in which we are engaged by reaching with the gospel the districts that lie between us. Letters we have had from the north all speak of their warm sympathy and fellowship with us in the work, and we look forward to welcoming one and another of them down here from time to time.

*George R. Suckling.*

# Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Sept (P+I) pp 334-5

## NORTHERN RHODESIA.

Extracts from a Circular Letter to Friends.

Chitokoloki.—We have already begun school on a small scale with twenty odd scholars, mostly from the immediate neighbourhood. It is impossible for boys to come every day from the more distant villages, and it is equally impossible at present for us to support all the boys that would come if we could feed and clothe them. Each school-boy costs about four shillings a month. We teach them to read and write in their own language, and when they are not in school they have to work in the garden or in clearing round the station.

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So far, I have confined my journeys to the immediate neighbourhood, as I am anxious to get to know the people thoroughly. Mr. Rogers is making good use of the dry season to go farther afield, in order to see the land to be possessed. Away from the big rivers, the country is practically unknown, and it is important to find out where the centres of population are. The district stretching from here to Kaleñe Hill and Kavungu, about two hundred and fifty miles long and the same broad, is the special object of our concern. Thus far we have been much encouraged

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In school they are also taught to learn by heart simple gospel texts and to sing our translated hymns. Every evening we have "family prayers," at which also we practise our hymns. Thus lips that from earliest childhood have been used to the vilest expressions are now being taught to sing the songs of Zion and to utter the gracious words of the gospel.

At present we have also a number of young men engaged in building and garden work. The Administration imposes a hut-tax of ten shillings a year, and as, with the exception of the local official, we are the only white people within a radius of a hundred miles, the men find it hard to earn this. At first they were taken south to the mines and farms, but so many died that the Administration put a stop to it. Consequently, the young men for a long way round are very anxious to get employment here, and it is hard to have to refuse them. The difficulty has for the time been met by my having been enabled to decide to build a brick house, which will give employment to many. To myself the great advantage in a brick house is the possibility of making it mosquito-proof, which is hardly possible with the wattle-and-daub houses we now have. We have begun brick-making.

My boundary to the south and west is the Kabompo river, and on its banks I built a small hut when we first got here. I have another hut to the east, on the Kashiji river, a tributary of the Lungevungu, which serves as a base for the many Lovale people in this district. I am hoping to put up another small hut on the Makondu river, about forty miles to our north, where Shinde, the chief of all the southern A-Lunda, has his capital. I visited him last month, and found a very willing ear for the gospel. He has sent his two little sons to school here. His father was visited by Livingstone in 1854, when the capital was farther north, on the Lefwiji river.

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335

by the interest shown, and we ask you to join us in prayer that the work may be carried on under the direct guidance of God and with His blessing, that thus many from this neighbourhood may be called out to His name. George R. Suckling.

# Articles from Echoes of Service (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Sept (Pt I) p 335

Nov. (Pt II), p. 425

## BELGIAN CONGO. p 335 (cont'd)

Completion of Bunkeya Hall.—J. Anton.

Koni Hill, July 2nd.—I have been over twice at Bunkeya in the last month; the second time Mrs. Anton accompanied me, and we saw the Christians on two successive Sundays. While Mr. Last and I were busy with the building, Mrs. Anton gave her time to the women in and around Bunkeya. I was glad to be able to complete the framework of the roof on Saturday, and now the thatching is being done, and soon the hall will be ready for school-work and meetings. You can scarcely imagine how delighted we are to see a strong permanent gospel hall at last at Bunkeya, and that all the hard manual work is over before the trying hot season is on us. Mr. Last has certainly not spared himself, and we do trust that he may be able to slow down a little now. He has been going full steam ahead for so many months. It was a joy to meet several applicants for baptism while there, and we trust this may be but the promise of much fruit from the labours of the past years among Mwenda's people. It was cheering to note that Mwenda and his elders still continue their interest and attend the meetings.

On returning from Bunkeya we found a letter from Kaleŋe with the news that Dr. Fisher's son, Singleton, would pay us a visit, but you can imagine our surprise when Mr. Campbell came in with him the next day. We are of course delighted to see them. Mr. Campbell took the meetings here on Sunday, and left on Tuesday last with Mr. Fisher on a short visit to Bunkeya. We expect Mr. Campbell to return to-morrow.

Mr. Arnot received my letter telling about the applicants for baptism at Bunkeya, and also of two men and four women here at Koni who wish to follow the Lord in this ordinance, and Mrs. Arnot writes that this news was a cheer to him, receiving it, as he did, just the day before he passed away. The good man is truly at rest, but "we weep with those who weep." Wherever we told the sad news of our loss those who knew him in the old days were moved to tears. We trust that the unflagging efforts of our dear departed brother to spread the gospel in C. Africa may be a rebuke and

(cont'd)

Africa.—N. Rhodesia is feeling the effects of the war. A strong Belgian contingent was ready in September to join forces there. The mission stations at Kaleba and Chilubula were kept in peace; the natives were quiet and there was no reason for anxiety. It is encouraging to learn of considerable blessing at the former station. Mr. Campbell has been down with fever for a time. The population in the Kaleŋe district continues to increase, which means a more limited supply of native food, though there was a good rice crop this year. It will take a year or two for that part of the country to recover from its recent unsettled state.

Nov (Pt II) p. 433

## NORTHERN RHODESIA.

First Lunda Baptism at Kaleŋe Hill.

Kaleŋe Hill, Aug. 31st.—My son Singleton has returned from a visit to Koni and Bunkeya, speaking Lunda like a native and able to rattle off a lot of Chi-Luba. He was very diligent en route in seeking to evangelize the villages, many of which had never before been touched. The knowledge that he was my son gave him a ready entrance, where usually natives fly at the first sight of a white man, for my name is well known along the route. He will soon be able to relieve me of much responsibility connected with the store, and my daughter Katolo is mastering all the intricacies of the postal work and will soon be able to take entire control. As we use an average of £10 worth of stamps a month and a score of parcel deposit accounts have to be kept, this means not a little responsibility. My elder daughter has practically the whole of the housekeeping during Mrs. Fisher's absence, save that Miss Hoyte helps her in rationing the servants and superintending the food department of patients and patients' friends.

The baptism of our first Lunda convert at this station has been a great encouragement to us all, as there are many enquirers. The most interesting are two elderly chiefs, who have asked for prayer, and are fairly regular attendants at our Sunday services. They have both been influenced by the testimony of the sister baptized a fortnight ago.

Walter Fisher.

Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Dec 1914 (P + I) p. 452

CA. [DECEMBER, PART I,

**NORTHERN RHODESIA.**

An Exploring Tour (Lovaleland).

**Balobale, Sept. 10th.**—Since I last wrote I have been a long tour to the west into Angola. Mr. Bailey, of the S.A.G.M., came here on June 12th, and on the 16th I set out with him. We followed the river Lutembwi to its source, and then went across to the river Luanginga at a point where Mr. Bailey built his new house, which thus forms a station of his mission. There I left him and proceeded north to the river Luio, which I followed for about a hundred miles, and then went N.E. to the Lumai, which I followed S.E. to its confluence with the Luio. I followed that again to the point where it joins the Lungubungu, which I crossed, and travelled overland to the Zambesi, and then south to our station. The Lumai has not been on any map yet, and I could hear of no white people having been there, but it has the largest population of Va-Lovale I have yet seen in one place. As that tribe has been left to us, this river should, sooner or later, claim a missionary. I found Va-Lovale villages along the Lutembwi, but on going south from that, on a short trip, I found only Barotse, and so feel this is our southern boundary. A line drawn through the source of the Lutembwi, going N.N.E. to the Lungubungu, would approximately mark the southern part of the western boundary of the tribe, as west of that line are Va-Mbundu and Va-Luchazi, among whom the S.A.G.M. are going to work. As the eastern boundary for some hundred miles north of us is the Zambesi, this leaves the western and northern boundaries. I believe Mr. Schindler has found the northern, and Dr. Fisher is hoping to explore the western.

In the north of Africa, where Islam has a grip, the work is very difficult, and converts are exceedingly few. It is well known that it is many times easier to win souls for Christ while in total heathenism than to attempt to do so after Mohammedanism has got a hold. Thus a concentration on this South Central African field would be a most efficient way of fighting that great menace to Christianity.

**T. Lambert Rogers.**

A Tribute to F. S. Arnot.—D. Campbell.

I hardly know how to speak of the tremendous loss sustained by the work, and by some of us here in particular, through the death of beloved F. S. Arnot, but add a tributary line. To some our brother is merely F. S. Arnot, F.R.C.S., the missionary pioneer and explorer who opened up a large tract of inner Africa to civilization and Christianity, mining and commerce. To others, he is the first of a band of missionaries who have

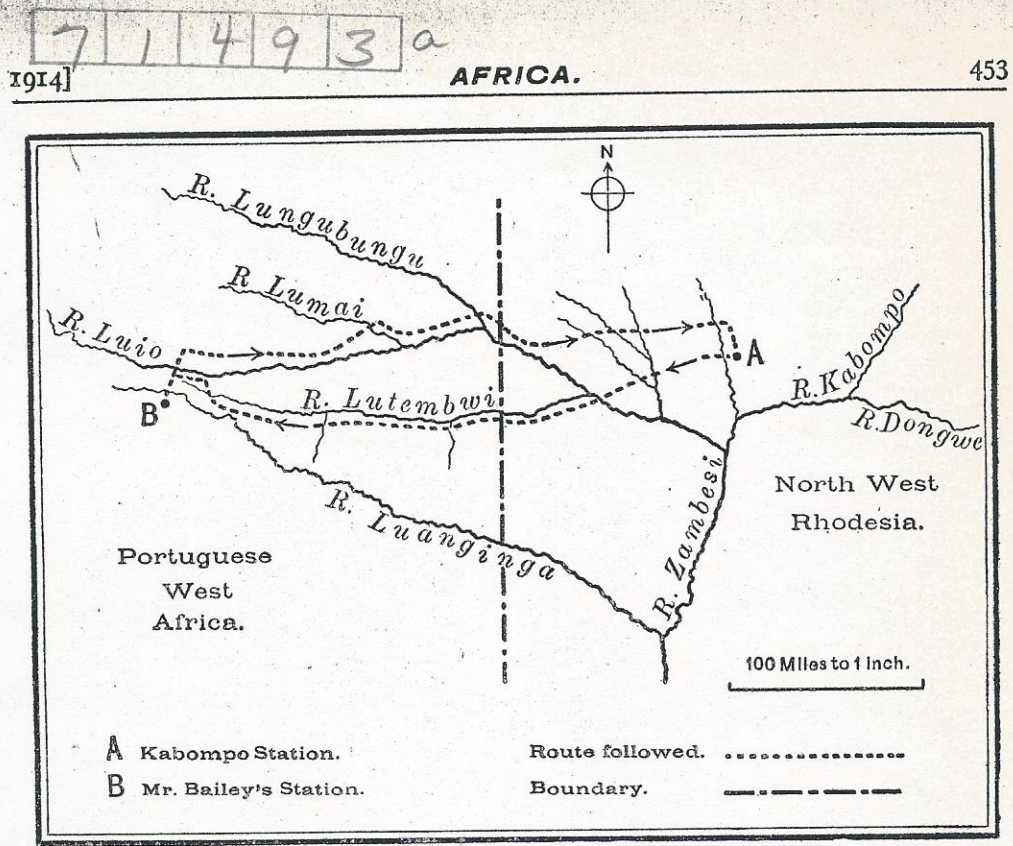
→ Continued on p. 453



# Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Dcc 1914(P+I) p. 453



MAP ILLUSTRATING MR. ROGERS' JOURNEY.

established a chain of mission stations from Bié on the west to Livingstone's grave by Lake Bangwenlu. To a select few, he is a brother beloved and close personal friend, one whose love and sympathy, whose interest and aid, were ever at their disposal, particularly those who, in the providence of God, were led to follow his steps into the interior.

Few men of great opportunities have made so little of themselves, and few have made more of the good in others. In this respect he was a true leader. The sub-title of one of his few modest volumes on missionary subjects, written after a prolonged tour (*Pen and Picture Account of a Visit to Central Africa*) might justly have been, "A Tribute to my fellow-workers in the field." There were few, if any, of whom he had not some good, generous words to say, although he personally (like many another leader) had been made more than once the target of severe, perhaps unjust, and certainly ungenerous criticism. Few men indeed have traded less on their African experiences, and he passes from among us leaving an unfillable gap. As one who has sat by his side in times of intense pain, I say, "Thank God! His work is done. The sturdy pioneer's axe is laid aside at last, while throughout a large part of Central Africa—due to his initiative—companies of native Christians, once addicted to devil worship and other un-

nameable horrors, gather regularly to worship God and spread the blessing of the gospel."

I remember the first time I saw him, twenty-three years ago, on the island of Arran, where he had gone with his parents to escape the numerous pressing invitations to speak and lecture at missionary meetings and before learned societies. Then I was seeking counsel in regard to my future in Africa. The next time I met him was on Lake Mweru, when he came out to the aid of Mr. Crawford and myself, bringing with him a rare missionary helper in Mr. Cobbe from Ireland. Mr. Arnot told us he had come out against doctors' orders, on the ground that God had spoken to him. After a very short time at Mweru his spleen trouble laid him low in my house, where he suffered much, and it was agreed that I should accompany him to the edge of civilization, the north side of Tanganyika. The day we reached the west shore of the Lake his spleen became again very bad, and he arrived at camp in a hammock more dead than alive. I nursed him night and day for a week, thinking each moment would be the last, but his strong recuperative powers again came to his aid, and, though he was weak as a baby, at the end of seven days we started across the Lake in the Government steel boat, with an Arab crew collected in an Arab walled town close by. The voyage took us three days, during which we

See p. 454

# Articles from *Echoes of Service* (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Dec 1914 (P7E) p 454

Vol. 43 (1914) Dec

454	7	1	4	9	3	b
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AFRICA-

were nearly drowned in mid-lake at midnight, our Mohammedan crew the while chanting the Koran, beating their breasts and shouting to Allah in despair.

I met Mr. Arnot for the third time in Liverpool, some sixteen years ago, and stayed for a few days, prior to sailing for Africa, under his hospitable roof. While there I learned something of the quiet, godly life, and utter unselfishness of a man who never knew the art of self-advertisement. His home was the simplest, and the table the plainest. He was then devoting his time to helping assemblies in and around Liverpool, besides keeping alive missionary interest. During the day he would be found busy in a loft lent for the purpose, with coat and collar off and sleeves tucked up, unpacking and repacking, receiving and forwarding goods of all kinds for his brethren and sisters in all parts of the African field. Tents and stoves, clothing and provisions, tools and machinery, anything and everything needful to the missionaries and their work in Africa received his minute and undivided attention. I remember on one occasion his evident pain at the carelessness of a well-intentioned friend, who had packed among provisions, etc., a bride's hat, which was crushed almost beyond recognition. The lady was in Bié, and this was meant to meet her on her arrival at the coast to be married. In the joys, as well as the trials and sorrows, of each missionary, he ever took a very sympathetic interest.

Our fourth meeting was when, by the order of the Medical Officer of Northern Rhodesia, I crossed to Koni to bring him to Johnston Falls as the shortest way home, and with a letter to him "to leave the country at once," owing to spleen enlargement. None of these things, not even doctors' orders, moved him, for he persisted in visiting Luanza before coming to Johnston Falls (where his visit was a great cheer to us) on his way home to his family. Again, and for the last time, I met him at Johannesburg, where he had settled so as to be near the interior. Yet nay, it was not the last time, for we shall meet again, praise God! in that land where there is no more pain and no more parting.

**Dugald Campbell.**

Articles from Echoes of Service (1914)

about missionary schools in the Beloved Strip (including the NWP) and educational policies

Dec 1914 (Pt II), p. 459

Very interesting quote on value of "school"

Lundaland.—Mr. Cunningham—<sup>71498</sup> "A few of the Christians who went forth from Kalunda some weeks ago to preach the gospel have returned, and it was most cheering to listen to their reports. They had seen a number of their own people decide for the Lord, and they earnestly desired prayer for these, reminding us that they had no one to instruct them in the things of God, and hoping some of us would visit them. Their testimony of the Lord's care for them was very touching."

Miss Hoyte—"We have been giving a long school holiday, and have been very glad to be free for village work. We have had a good number of letters from old scholars these holidays. One boy, whom we have prayed for a good deal, wrote the other day to say he wants to be a Christian. He is not a native of this country, and said that his sole object in coming to us was 'school'; he did not 'even want a wife, nothing but school.' He has made splendid progress there, but this is the first indication that he cares for anything more."